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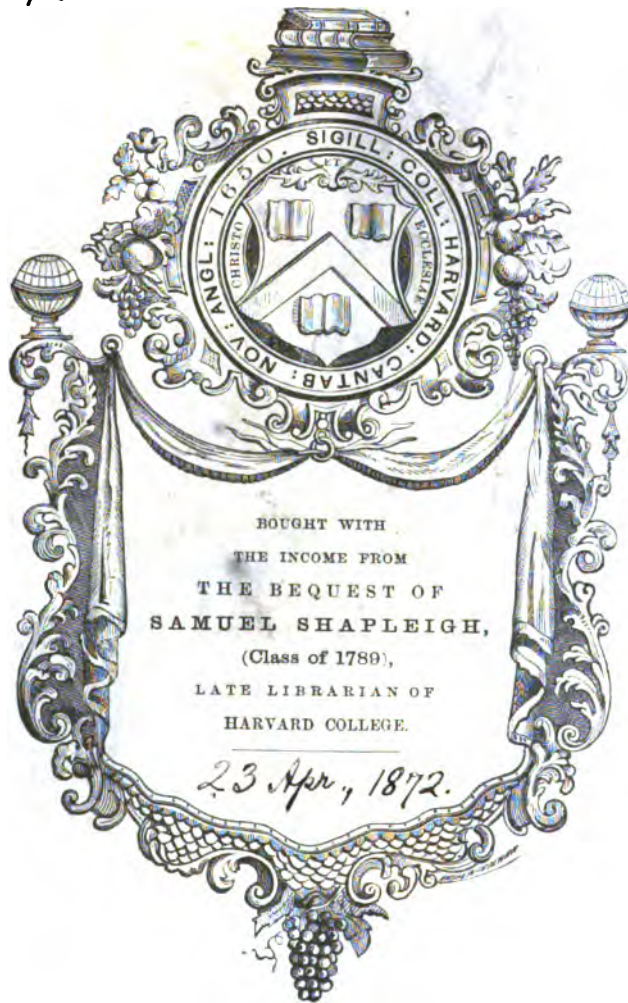
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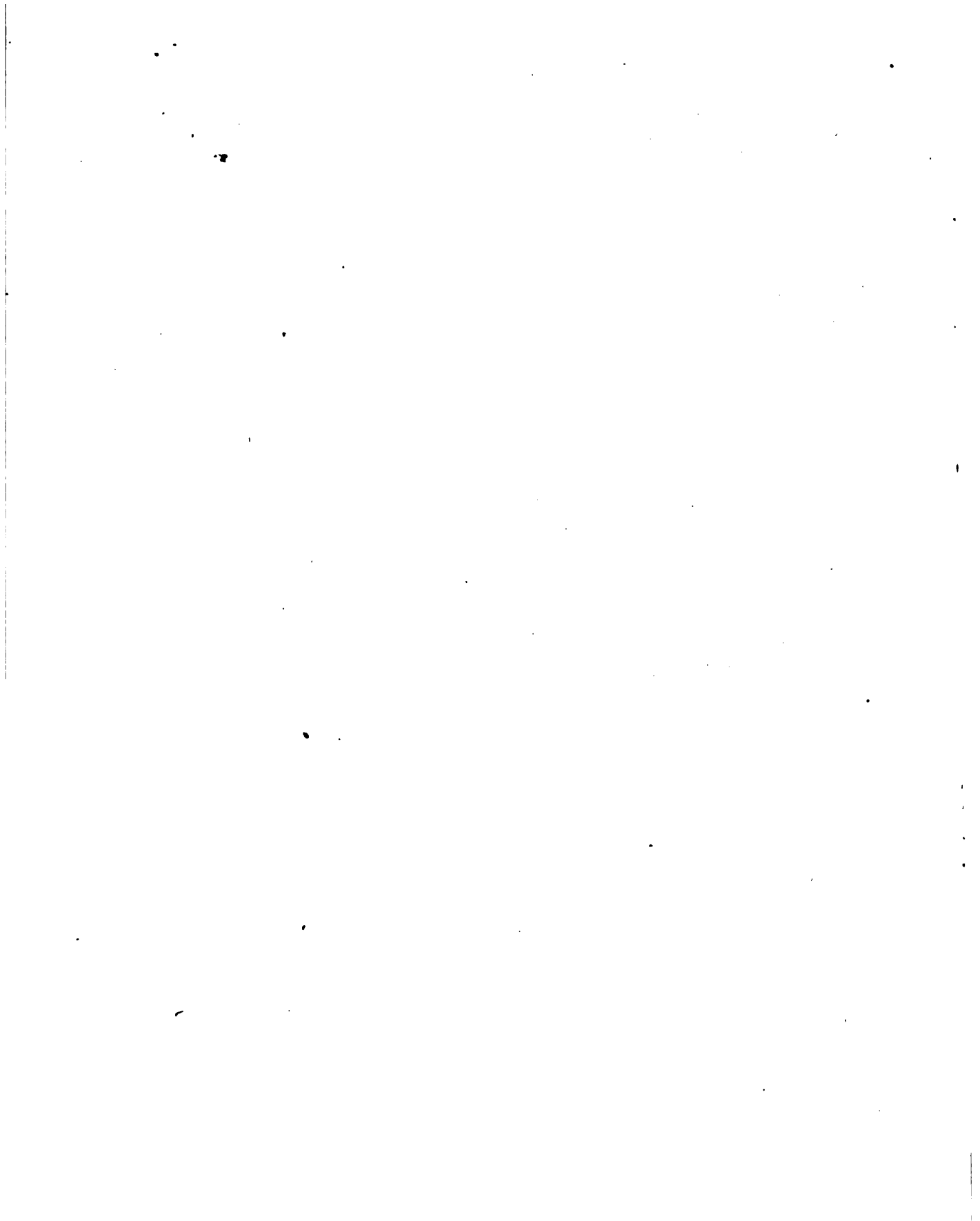
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T H E B R U S

WRIT BE

MASTER JOHNE BARBOUR

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THE BRUS

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P R E F A C E.

P R E F A C E.

THE little that we know of the author of the 'Story of the Brus,' is derived from the most authentic sources. His ecclesiastical office enables us to trace him at intervals in the public records of both kingdoms, as well as in the registers of his own diocese. John Barbour was Archdeacon of Aberdeen when his name is first met with. Of his parentage we know nothing, and conjecture is defeated by the wide spreading of the name, whether as a surname, or as expressing the original calling that gave it birth. Of his age we have some indications, which lead to the conclusion that he was born within a very few years after Bruce's crowning victory of Bannockburn.

On the 13th of August, the 31st year of his reign (1357) Edward III., King of England, granted a safe conduct to John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with three scholars in his company, going to study at the University of Oxford.* It has been supposed that the Archdeacon may have gone to the English University, on that occasion, rather to superintend the studies of the young men who are included in his passport, than for advancing his own education. But similar safe conducts, granted to himself specifically in subsequent years, show that the Scotch Archdeacon was prosecuting his own studies, for some time after, both in England and France. In 1364 a safe conduct was granted "to Master John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with four horsemen in his company, to pass through England to

* Rotuli Scotiae I., p. 808.

study at Oxford or elsewhere, as he may think proper."^a Next year he was allowed to pass through England, with six persons in his company, to St. Denis, beside Paris; and, so late as 1368 (30th Nov.) the English King granted letters of safe conduct to Master John Barber of Scotland, with two servants and two horses, to pass through his dominions towards France, for the purpose of study.^b

It is certain that, at the period of these safe conducts, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen was not a mere youth, promoted prematurely to an ecclesiastical office while incapable of discharging its duties. In 1357, the year of the earliest of his passports, John, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was named by the Bishop of his diocese one of his three proxies to attend that important national Council, which voted the large funds for the ransom of David from his English prison.^c We must conclude, then, that in 1357, John Barbour, a Scotchman of no noble family, holding a dignity and judicial office in the Church, and attending Parliament as a proxy for his Bishop, was a man of mature age; and yet he appears then to have begun, and to have continued for eleven years, a course of study in foreign universities,—an advantage which his own country could not yet afford him.

The last safe conduct which Barbour obtained to pass into France, and which probably enabled him to visit the famous University of Paris, then in its glory, was to be in force for only one year. He probably returned to Scotland the following season, and in a short time was employed in the public service. In 1373, (Feb. 18) John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was both Clerk of Audit (*clericus probationis*) of the King's household, with a fee of ten pounds, and also one of the Auditors of the Exchequer then sitting at Perth.^d He was a second time one of the Auditors of Exchequer in 1382;^e and again in 1384.^f

Soon after his return to his native country may be placed also the

^a *Rotuli Scotiae*, I., p. 886.

^b *Ibid.*, p. 926.

^c Rymer, VI., 39.

^d *Compota Camerariorum Scotiae*, vol. II., p. 32—p. 19.

^e Exchequer Roll, No. 93.

^f *Ibid.*, No. 95.

P R E F A C E.

V

commencement of his great patriotic poem. The poet tells us himself that the "tym of the compiling of this buk" was in the year of grace, 1375.^a That passage occurs within a third part of the end of the poem; and it is pleasant to think that its completion is in all probability indicated by a considerable mark of Royal bounty. The Exchequer account, which embraces the period from 5th February to 14th March, 1377, allows to the receivers of customs of the Burgh of Aberdeen the sum of ten pounds paid to the poet by command of the king.^b A year later, he had another gift from the Sovereign of 20 shillings yearly out of the fermes of Aberdeen for ever, with power to assign; and there is sufficient evidence that the latter gift was made expressly in reward of his services in composing the book of the gasts of the illustrious King Robert the Bruce.^c

There is reason to believe that Barbour was the author of another national poem, having for its subject the illustrious line of Stuart, under the first monarch of which family he flourished. Wyntown tells us,—

"The Stewartis orygenale
The Archedekyne has treftyd hal
In metyr fayre."^d

and elsewhere speaks of Barbour's genealogy of the race then reigning, in terms that cannot apply to any part of his extant work, and seems to give to it the name of "the Brute," indicating that it was founded on the great middle age fable which connected the royal races of Britain with an imaginary Brutus, a Prince of Troy. It seems probable that it was for this second work that a further mark of royal bounty was

^a cx., 75, p. 819.

^b "Et domino Archidiacono Abiridonensi de mandato Regis, per literam ostensam super compotum, x libris." *Exchequer Roll*, No. 82.

^c *Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis*, I., 180-1. This power of assignation he exercised immediately in favour of the Chapter of his Cathedral for celebrating his anniversary, who continued to receive the pension after his decease. In the allowance of the payment to them,

in some of the subsequent accounts in Exchequer, it is stated as for the anniversary of Master John Barbare, Archdeacon of Aberdeen—"qui compilavit librum de gestis illustrissimi principis quondam d. Regis Roberti Bruys," and again—"pro compilacione libri de gestis quondam Regis Roberti de Brus." *Exchequer Rolls*, No. 177, No. 178.

^d *Cronykil VIII.*, vii., 143.

bestowed upon the poet. By a charter, dated 5th December, 1388, King Robert II. granted to the Archdeacon ten pounds sterling yearly for his life, payable out of the great customs of Aberdeen. This pension was duly paid to the poet for seven years, and it is from the termination of these payments that we learn the time of his decease, which must have fallen between the term of Martinmas, 1394, and Whitsunday, 1395.^a The precise time was probably the 13th of March, on which day an anniversary was celebrated yearly in the Cathedral, down to the Reformation, for the soul of Master John Barbour, sometime Archdeacon of Aberdeen.

Besides these pensions, and the revenue of his prebend, (the whole tithes and dues of the parish of Rayne, in the Garioch) as well as an indefinite but considerable income from his judicial office of Archdeacon, Barbour, in 1380-1, had a gift from the crown of the ward of a minor, whose estate lay within his parish.^b But this was probably of small emolument, and such grants were often made really for the benefit of the young heir. Nor should it have been mentioned here, but for the curious coincidence that we find Chaucer obtaining from the King of England a similar grant of the custody and marriage of a minor heir (Edmond Stapleton) five years earlier, which in his case was very lucrative.

Such are the few events of the life of John Barbour which we learn from the public records; and though we cannot but regret the scantiness of these details, it is unreasonable to expect much more information regarding the Archdeacon of a northern diocese of Scotland during the fourteenth century, even though the ecclesiastic was the author of popular poems, one of which supplied the place of history.

Barbour's poem of "the story of the Brus" was not only acceptable at Court: it was received at once into the popular literature of the country; and what is more remarkable, even at that short distance from the events it records, was at once adopted as authentic history. Fordun himself was

^a Exchequer Rolls.

^b Regist. Episc. Aberdon., I., 201.

probably unacquainted with Barbour's works: but his continuator Bower, compiling his Latin chronicles at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and Andrew Wyntoun, writing in his own language contemporaneously with him and Fordun, yet, evidently each unconscious of the other's labours, agree in praising the Archdeacon's historical poem, and even concur in pleading its sufficiency as a reason for not giving in detail the struggles and heroic war of Robert Bruce.*

* Paraphrasing Fordun's language, Bower says—"Rem grandem certe incepit rex, onera importabilia propriis humeris imponens. Nam contra potentissimum regem Angliæ . . . non solum manum erexit, sed etiam contra omnes et singulos de regno Scotiæ, exceptis paucissimis sibi benevolis . . . se dedit ad certandum." . . . After a rhetorical allusion to the hero's sufferings and virtues, the chronicler concludes—"ideo ejus particularia gesta scribere postpono, tum quia non paucas membranas occuparent, tum quia, licet indubitanter sint vera, locus et tempus quibus fiebant et patrata fuerunt his diebus paucis innotescunt; tum etiam quia magister Johannes Barbarii, archidiaconus Abirdonensis, in lingua nostra materna diserte et luculenter satis ipsa ejus particularia gesta necnon multum eleganter peroravit."—*Scotichron.* xii., c. 9.

So, while noting the battle of Bannockburn, Bower adds—"modum mirabilem et gloriosum genus vincendi in hoc bello, vide in libro dicti domini Roberti regis quem composuit in lingua materna archidiaconus Aberdonensis."—c. 20.

And in like manner refers to Barbour for the exploits of Edward Bruce in Ireland—"cujus actus bellicos et eventus validos liber de Bruce quem composuit Barbarius declarat luculenter."—c. 25.

Wyntoun writing in the same language, makes freer use of Barbour, and engrafs whole chapters of his predecessor's poem in his rhyming chronicle, (as in the second and eighteenth chapters of the eighth book) and is equally ready to acknowledge his merit as a historian:

Quhat that folwyd eftyrwert,
How Robert oure kyng recoveryd his land
That occupyd wyth his fays he fand,
And it restoryd in all fredwme
Quyt til his ayris of all threldwme,
Quha that lykis that for to wyt
To that buke I thame remyt
Quhare Maystere Jhou Barbere of Abhyrdene,

Archeden, as mony has sene,
Hys dedis dytyd mare wertusly

Than I can thynk in all study,
Haldand in all lele suthfastnes.
Wyntoun Cronykil, VIII., r., 219.

Afterwards, referring shortly to the marriage of David Bruce, the chronicler adds—

"Of this mare qwha wyll here
Bathe the deyde and the manere,
And ma thyngis I leve behynd
In Brwsis buk men may find."—xxiii. 9.

And, of Douglas's last duty to Bruce:—

"His body was enterd syne;
And gud Jamys of Dowglas
His hart tuk as fyrst ordanyd was
For to bere in the Haly land.
How that that wes tane on hand
Well purportis Brwsys buk,
Quhay will tharof the matere luk."
—l 46.

Wyntoun's obligations to the other poem of Barbour are no less frequent:—

"This Nynus had a sone alsua,
Sere Dardane, lord of Frygya,
Fra quham Barbere sutely
Has made a propyr genealogy,
Tyl Robert oure secownd kyng."
II. i. 180.

"But be the Brwte yhit Barbare sayis
Of Yrischry all othir wayis,
That Gurgwnt-badruk quhille wes kyng,
And Bretayne had in governyng."—lx. 1.

"Of Bruttus' lyneage quha wyll her,
He luke the tretis of Barbere,
Mad intyl a genealogy
Rycht wele, and mare perfytyl
Than I can on ony wys
Wytht all my wyt to yowe dewys."
III. iii., 139.

"The Stewartis oryginale
The Archedekyne has tretyd hal

Another reason assigned by Fordun and repeated by Bower, for passing over the history of King Robert, is remarkable. They say that the great achievements of Bruce, though unquestionably true, were in their days gone out of memory, or known but to few. Undoubtedly, even the earlier chronicler, though writing before 1400, could not hope to meet many who had witnessed the beginning of the War of Independence, or drawn their own swords at Bannockburn; yet it seems to us strange to speak of the events of the last generation as out of memory, and especially for a writer who had no scruple in detailing the pedigree of the Scotch Kings, all down from Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. But those chroniclers lived in perilous times, and it might be imprudent to dwell upon the more recent history, and especially of that great struggle which, even by them, could scarcely be narrated without some expression of sympathy.

John Barbour at least had no such "scruple." His remarkable poem is not to be criticised as a chronicle in rhyme. Its author had an object independent of strict correctness in the order or dates, or even the facts

In metyre fayre, mare wertwslly
Than I can thynk be my study,
Be gud contynwatiown
In successive generatiown "
VIII. vii., 143.

They who wish to know how Brennus and
Beline, "knychtis fine," strove for Britain, are
admonished—

"Thai rede the Brwte and thai sall se
Ferlys gret of thare bownte."—IV. ix., 29.

Of Vespasian's war to recover the "trewage"
of Britain—

"The Brute tellys it sa oppynly
That I wyll let it now ga by."—V. iii., 91.

"Octavens into thai dayis
As of the Brute the story sayis,
Of all Brettayve hale wes kyng."—x. 481.

The coming in of the Saxons is passed over,
because—of their victories, and how "was
slayne downe the Brettis blud"—

"The Brwte tellys oppynly."—xii. 225.

In defending his own accuracy and that of
his admired leader, "HUCHOWN OF THE AWLE
RYALE," as to the Roman Emperor contem-
porary with King Arthur, Wyntown quotes
Barbour as an authority not to be disputed:—

"Bot of the Brwte the story sayis
That Lucyns Hiberus in hys dayis
Wes of the hey state Procurature
Nowthir cald Kyng na Emperwre."
V. xii., 295.

From these and other references to this
work of Barbour, its nature is not to be
doubted. It was plainly a chapter or modified
version of the great romance of the middle
ages—put in shape by Geoffrey of Monmouth,
or his apocryphal author, Archbishop Turpin.

Fordun and Bower do not use the poem of
the Brute so much, if at all. Yet, their con-
tinuators, down to 1510, were at least acquain-
ted with it as a popular authority, which they
blamed for misrepresenting the origin of the
Stuarts. Goodall's Fordun, II., 60, 542.

of his story. His theme was Freedom, not personal liberty, which, in the abstract was then hardly understood, but exemption from that most hated tyranny, the violent dominion of a foreign people : * And let no one doubt that the topic was stirring enough, suggesting the noblest of ' high actions and high passions.' In his patriotic undertaking, Barbour had set up for his model something like the ancient tragedy, which crowded the marked affairs of a person or a generation into a single day ; or like our own Shakspeare, who disposes of a revolution of Government in one scene. Satisfied to have real persons and events, and an outline of history for his guide, and to preserve the true character of things, he did not trouble himself about accuracy of detail. It suited his purpose to place Bruce altogether right, Edward outrageously wrong, in the first discussion of the disputed succession. It suited his views of poetical justice, that the Bruce, who had then been so unjustly dealt with, should be the Bruce who took vengeance for that injustice at Bannockburn ; though the former was the grandfather, the other the grandson. His hero is not to be degraded by announcing that he had once sworn fealty to Edward, and once done homage to Balliol, or ever joined any party but that of his country and of freedom.

After all the research which has been made of late years, the case of Robert Bruce stands much as it was put by our most dispassionate and best historical authority. " His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition and a more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward and the vicegerent of Balliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the Crown. But his

* I cannot express this so forcibly as it is set forth in a passage of a living orator and historian :—

" Of all forms of tyranny, I believe that the worst is that of a nation over a nation. Populations separated by seas and mountain ridges may call each other natural enemies, may wage long wars with each other, may recount

with pride the victories, and point to the flags, the guns, the ships which they have won from each other. But no enmity that ever existed between such populations approaches in bitterness the mutual enmity felt by populations which are locally intermingled, but which have never morally and politically amalgamated."—*Mr. Macaulay's Speech on the State of Ireland, 1844.*

character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent."^a It may surely be added, that in the enterprise, which perhaps he began for personal ambition, he used the qualities of the great captain and wise statesman always for the advantage of his country, and always made his personal interest subservient to that of Scotland.

The preliminary narrative of Barbour represents his ideal Bruce—a personage mixed up of the grandfather and grandson—rejecting the treacherous offer of the English king, who promised him the kingdom of Scotland if he would consent to hold it as the vassal of England. Balliol accepts the condition and is preferred, but soon degraded and expelled, that Edward may grasp poor Scotland in his own name and person. It is the oppression of the invader that rouses Bruce to action—now no longer the ideal type of his family, but the actual Robert Bruce—in youth, the hero of a hundred stories of suffering and of success, that must have captivated the young poet's attention by the nursery fire-side, and whom Barbour was old enough to remember in later life reigning in all honour, ruling his people in peace and prosperity, the more to be remembered from the contrast of the sad times that followed.

Barbour turns aside for a moment to introduce the second hero of his poem, hardly second in chivalrous interest, the young Douglas, roused not only by patriotic feeling, but by personal resentment, to expel the invaders who had appropriated the possessions of his family; and then, these preliminaries being hastily passed over, he plunges into his drama—

"The Romanis now beginnis her,
Of men that war in gret distres
And assalt full gret hardynes
Or tha micht cum to thar entent."^b

still, however, hurrying over the first steps; the compact with Comyn, his treachery and death; the flight of Bruce from the English Court, his

^a Hall's Annals, A.D. 1305.

^b vii., p. 19.

meeting with Douglas, the coronation at Scone. Here is our first certain date.^a

We are now in the midst of the story. Edward 'out of his wits' with rage, sends Aymer de Valence with a host into Scotland. Bruce challenges the Earl to meet him in "plain bataill," and is routed in the wood of Methven. His forces dispersed, "the thanes fallen from him," all save a handful of devoted knights; Bruce's fortune is at the ebb. He plunges into the fastnesses of the North and Western Highlands. He and his followers are reduced to great distress among the mountains. Exposed to all suffering from cold and famine, without clothes or shelter, they are not without some sweet touches of humanity and of genuine chivalry. When the ladies joined them, the pains of the starving wanderers were forgotten in providing food for them. Douglas was the most active and skilful in killing venison and snaring all manner of fish for their use. When his friends are fainting and sick with inaction, Bruce himself entertains them with tales of chivalry.

The battles and known exploits and disasters of the Scotch party; Bruce's flight to the Scotch Isles and to Rachrin; his successful onslaught on his own Turnberry and Carric; his victories over De Vallence and De Monthermer at Loudoun; his defeat of John Comyn at Inverury; the taking of Perth, of the Castle of Roxburgh, of Edinburgh Castle, are given by Barbour in their true order, though without much precision as to time and distance. For Bruce's personal adventures and escapes, some of which border on the fabulous heroic, we have no authority but our poet, nor any confirmation of his narratives (for we need not except the tradition of the broach of Lorn), except in the ascertained and most remarkable revolution wrought by his arms. From the state of desolate wandering with his handful of followers after the flight of Methven in the winter of 1306, in seven years, not with-

May, 1307.
22 May, 1308.
Jan., 1311.
7 Mar., 1312.
14 Mar., 1312.

^a 29 March, 1306. xiii, p. 32.

out many reverses and against such fearful odds, Bruce had freed all Scotland, from Berwick to the Pentland Firth, and was able deliberately to meet the power of England in open field at Bannockburn. Such a result warrants the relation of marvellous but real exploits, though it may also give some motive for exaggeration.

24 June, 1314.

The national Epic, as it begins with the coronation of Bruce and his assertion of independence, properly ends with the great battle which vindicated the independence of Scotland. Edward Bruce's expedition to Ireland, the Stuart's defence of Berwick, and the exploits of Douglas and Randolph on the Borders and in England, which come after, are episodes that would have been of more interest if separated from the main poem; and yet they form not unworthy chapters of the "Story of the Brus," the tale of chivalry, which was to conclude with the deaths of the Hero King and his gallant Palladins.

The first known edition of Barbour's Bruce is believed to have been printed at Edinburgh about 1570-1. Only one imperfect copy is known to exist, and I have not had the advantage of seeing it.*

The next known edition is that bearing the impress—"Edinburgh printed by Andro Hart 1616." One copy is in the Bodleian Library among the books of John Selden, whose well-known mark it bears. Another and more perfect copy, formerly in the Anstruther library, is in the collection of Mr Maidment, advocate. I know of no other.

The edition printed by Andro Hart in 1620, small octavo, black letter, was known to Dr. Jamieson and the later editors. Its readings do not differ from the immediately previous one, which, indeed, it resembles so much as to give at first the impression of being the same book with a new

* It is described by its possessor as a "small quarto, black letter, apparently printed at Edinburgh about the year 1570." *Memoir prefixed to Dunbar's Poems*, 1834, p. 40, note More

lately, Mr. Laing informs us, it is printed "apparently in 1571," at the expense of Henric Charteris, Edinburgh. *Ban. Misc.*, III., 160.

title page. The type is the same, the page of letter is the same size in both, and the paging corresponds almost throughout. They are, however, essentially different.*

The other editions with which I am acquainted are those of

Andrew Anderson, Edinburgh, 1670; 12mo, *bl. l.*

Robert Saunders, Glasgow, 1672; 18mo.

Robert Freebairn, Edinburgh, 1715 or 1716; 4to, *bl. l.*, in language much modernised. Issued with a false title page in 1758.

Carmichael and Miller, Edinburgh, 1737; 18mo.

Pinkerton's, London, 1790; 3 volumes, sm. 8vo.

Dr. Jamieson's, Edinburgh, 1820; 4to.

The last of these editions, that of the late Dr. Jamieson, is printed from a single MS. in the Advocates' Library, with little or no help from collation of other authorities.^b It is valuable as a careful print of a transcript of the poem, penned by "John Ramsay" in 1489, and it lays claim to no other merit.

Another MS. of Barbour is found in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge,^c for the use of which I am indebted to the liberality and courtesy

* The paper of the older book is browner and thicker. The title page, in the same words, is differently lettered. On its back, in the later edition, are the Royal arms, surrounded with the collar of the Thistle; not in the other. "The Printer's Preface to the Reader" in the older, occupies twenty-one pages; in the other only twenty, though the matter is the same; and in like manner the Table of Contents is slightly different in its paging, though otherwise corresponding in the two editions. In both, the poem itself occupies 418 pages, and both editions coincide apparently page for page throughout the poem. In the edition of 1620 there are three flourishing initial capital letters (pp. 14, 15, 16) which, like all the rest, are plain in the older edition. Occasional changes of words and spellings in the later edition are evidently accidental; but some are found which seem to show a rapidly progressive transition in the orthography, or the pronunciation of Scotland during the latter part of James VI.'s reign. For example, the following changes occur with some uniformity:—

In 1616.		In 1620.
<i>Capitane</i>	is	<i>Captaine</i>
<i>Meikle</i>	"	<i>Meekie</i>

In 1616.		In 1620
<i>He, Me, Be</i>	is	<i>Hee, Mee, Bee</i>
<i>Allane</i>	"	<i>Allone</i>
<i>Twa</i>	"	<i>Two</i>
<i>Mare</i>	"	<i>More</i>
<i>Noght</i>	"	<i>Nought</i>
<i>Shawes</i>	"	<i>Shewes</i>
<i>Thame</i>	"	<i>Them</i>
<i>Maist</i>	"	<i>Most</i>
<i>Sa</i>	"	<i>So</i>
<i>Wald</i>	"	<i>Wold</i>
<i>Thair (eorum)</i>	"	<i>There and their</i>
<i>Lawer</i>	"	<i>Lower</i>
<i>Na</i>	"	<i>No</i>
<i>Tauld</i>	"	<i>Tould</i>
<i>Quha</i>	"	<i>Quho</i>
<i>Gif</i>	"	<i>If</i>
<i>Ald</i>	"	<i>Old</i>
<i>Anefuld</i>	"	<i>Onfuld</i>

The Bodleian copy is imperfect, wanting seven leaves at the end of the poem, and the first leaf of *Tabula*. Mr. Maidment's copy is complete.

^b The editor occasionally (and often in the notes only) corrects an unintelligible reading from Hart's Edition of 1620.

^c "G. 23."

of Mr. Bateman, formerly the Librarian, and the Fellows of that College.^a It is imperfect at the beginning, commencing at present at line 57 of the 76th page of the present edition. At the end is this colophon,—*Explicit liber excellentissimi et nobilissimi principis roberti de broys scottorum regis illustrissimi. Qui quidem liber scriptus fuit et finitus in vigilia Sancti Johannis Baptiste, viz., decollatio eiusdem, per manum J. de R. capⁿⁱ Anno dⁿⁱ. millesimo quadringentesimo octogesimo septimo.*

The handwriting is very like that of the Advocates' Library MS., and the initials of the name agreeing, lead to the belief that this is another transcript made somewhat earlier by the same scribe, John Ramsay, of whom nothing is known except what he himself has told us—that he was a chaplain and wrote one of these two copies for Master Symon Lochmalony, Vicar of Ouchtremsunye.^b The Cambridge MS. affords on the whole, perhaps, the best readings, and has been written with greater care; but each of them serves to correct errors and supply omissions of the other. No other manuscripts of the poem are extant.

The printed editions are almost a century later; and these two manuscripts of nearly equal date, form undoubtedly the surest and most authoritative basis of an accurate text of Barbour's poem.^c I have endeavoured to avail myself of both, holding them of equal authority: I have used each for supplying innumerable defects and omissions of the other, and have freely adopted the best reading of every passage to be found in either. With regard to the spelling, I have used a still greater liberty. It is well known how loose and inconsistent spelling was, down to a much later period than the era of Master John Ramsay. A scribe of that age not only spells a word different ways in different manuscripts, but often

^a A very careful collation of the Cambridge MS. on the margins of a copy of Dr. Jamieson's edition, made for the present edition by Mr. J. B. Brichan, I propose to deposit in the Advocates' Library.

^b That MS. (the one now in the Advocates' Library), has passed through the hands of several members of the family of the Burnetts of Leys, who have inscribed their names upon it.

^c Hart's two editions bear to be "newly corrected and compared with the best and most ancient MSS.," and it seems certain that the editor was acquainted with the Cambridge MS. But there is no appearance of his having carefully followed that or any more ancient authority in the language of the poem, or its spelling.

spells the same word in many different ways in the same writing and the same page. It did not seem to me desirable to perpetuate those variations, and thereby increase considerably the difficulty of conversing with an ancient author; and I have endeavoured to seize the scribe's most reasonable, as well as for the most part his most usual method of spelling his words, and to adhere to that uniformly. I am aware that philologists would prefer a close representation of one MS. with all its imperfections, which they justly regard as instructive in tracing the history of language. But I must confess I have had other objects in view than those of the mere philologist. I have hoped, by settling the text on the best authorities, to make one step towards restoring a fine national poem to its former popularity, which editions like Dr. Jamieson's would render for ever hopeless. I have attempted to produce such a text as the scribe of 1487-9 would have made, if he had felt the propriety of an uniform spelling.

Supposing that attempt to have been successful, the important question remains—How far was the text of Ramsay altered from the language of Barbour? It is not quite—How much had the language of the people of Scotland changed in a century—from 1380 to 1480? For Ramsay, the scribe, professed to give the words of Barbour, and we may acquit him of making any structural change, or any but such changes as a transcriber makes, unconsciously approximating to the speech of his own time. To a certain extent such a modification must have taken place; and it would be more considerable if Ramsay copied from a later transcript, and not from an original or contemporary manuscript of the poem. But let us not exaggerate the effect of such changes in transcribing, nor unnecessarily give up our faith in the purity of the text of all ancient authors. It is not so easy, as it at first sight may appear, to modernise an old writer's language, even with all premeditation. The grammar will not always yield: the phraseology of the old time is not readily clipped down into modern speech. In a poem, the rhythm and the rhyme present all but insuperable obstacles to modernising. If the attempt be made partially, it

will be betrayed by the patch-work effect produced. To change the structure entirely requires an amount of labour and skill which no copyist will give without taking credit for it. In the present case we have some disagreeable proofs of the transcriber's honesty in the many passages which he has left unintelligible. It is plain, indeed, throughout, that he was not a very intelligent reader of his author,^a and it is impossible, after perusing either of his copies, to attribute to him the intention or the capacity of making a general, or to any extent a structural change in the language of Barbour.

We have not many extrinsic guides to show us what was the language of John Barbour and of Scotland in his time. Except his poems, there was no Scotch literature till the end of the fourteenth century. The mixed inhabitants of our division of Britain had, no doubt, much earlier adopted a common Teutonic speech, but no writer had yet given it precision and laws.^b During all the fourteenth century, the lawyer and the churchman still wrote in Latin. The courtier and the gentleman (when so accomplished as to write) probably used the language of the Norman *trouveur*, the appropriate and almost peculiar speech of all the technicalities of real and mimic war, arms and heraldry, of hunting and hawking, of the lays of love and the romance of chivalry.

Perhaps the first words of the vernacular language committed to writing, are a few phrases to be found in some charters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Thus an old charter of the reign of William the Lyon expresses the boundaries of land by *the standand stane—the stane cross*: and a penalty for destroying wood is denominated by the Anglo-Saxon term *Tri-gild*. The military services of vassals are named *Utwere* and *Inwere*.

^a Some years ago I was sitting in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth, spelling out an old MS. of Scotch Law. It was in many places ill spelt and even unintelligible. "What a pity," I said, "that this scribe did not know what he was writing about!" "Ah!" said Dr. Maitland (the then librarian) "I have come to think ignorance the least of the faults of a transcriber."

^b An English writer of the previous century tells us, "*Moderniores enim Scottorum reges magis se Francos fatentur, (than Scotch, that is, or Gaelic) sicut genere, ita moribus, lingua, cultu.*"—Walter of Coventry: *ad an.* 1212. Notes to Chron. of Lanercost, p. 371.

In the year 1312, an indenture of lease between the Abbot of Scone and the Hays of Leys was extended, like all deeds of that time, in Latin. But there were provisions of great importance to the tenants, laymen and not strong in Latin. For their benefit, a friend had gone over the lease (the original of which is extant) and interlined over each word or phrase of force, its equivalent in the vernacular. The pains of the interpreter have not been lost, for they have preserved to us one specimen of what was the language of Eastern Scotland five centuries ago. There cannot be a more pure English speech. It is without the redundancy of consonants, the gutturals, and many of the peculiarities which, in later times, gave an effect of coarseness to the language of Scotland in southern ears.*

So far as I know, the earliest connected language of our country preserved in the original writing, is a precept under the privy seal of the Earl of Fife, Warden of Scotland, to pass the wool of the Monks of Melros free of custom. It is dated 26 May 1389.^b The record or minutes of some

* Liber de Seon, No. 104, and fac-simile. The interlineation is a little later than the body of the indenture, but only by a few years.

The words translated are

Concesserunt	<i>has grantit</i>
Dimiserunt	<i>han letin</i>
Pertinenciis	<i>Purtenaunciis</i>
Rectis divisis	<i>Rithwis diuicis</i>
Solebant	<i>Was vont</i>
Linealiter	<i>Euin in line</i>
Ex latere	<i>On side</i>
Procreandis	<i>To be to gitt</i>
Descendentibus	<i>Descendant</i>
Triginta	<i>Thritti</i>
Annuatim	<i>Iere bi iere</i>
Hyeme	<i>Wynvir</i>
Immediate sequentes	<i>For utin oni mene fol- vand</i>
Quod molent	<i>That thai sal grind</i>
Pro sustentatione sua	<i>For thair fode</i>
Molendinum	<i>Miln</i>
Vicesimum quartum vas	<i>Four and tuentiand fut</i>
Jure servientis molendini	<i>i. enaveschips</i>
Prestabunt	<i>Sal gif</i>
Genere	<i>Kynd</i>
Nativi	<i>In born men</i>
Preparationem	<i>Grayting</i>
Sustentationem	<i>Uphalding</i>
In circuitu	<i>Aboite thurine</i>
Forinsecum	<i>Forayn</i>
Percipient locale	<i>Sal tak fuayl</i>
Alienabunt	<i>Do away</i>

Eorum successoribus	<i>Tha that' comis in thair stede</i>
Usufructu, etc.	<i>Gres water and other profits</i>
Indiguerint	<i>Tha' hif miter</i>
Exorte fuerint	<i>Haf gronyu</i>
Decidentur	<i>Haf fallin (a mis- reading,</i>
Reservari	<i>Be yemit</i>
Domino	<i>The lauerdscape</i>
Requisiti	<i>Requerit</i>
Simulatione	<i>Keyning</i>
Accedere	<i>i. venire</i>
Contingat	<i>Impersonaliter</i>
Revocare	<i>Cal agayn</i>
Sui recessus	<i>Of thair parting</i>
Recedent	<i>Sal depart</i>
Edificia	<i>biging</i>
Construi facient	<i>Sal ger be made</i>
Competentia	<i>Gaymand</i>
Dimittent edificata	<i>Sal leue bigit</i>
Cyrographi	<i>Hund charter</i>
Confecti	<i>Made</i>
Penes	<i>Anentis (a mistake)</i>
Residenti	<i>Duelland</i>
Appensum	<i>Hingond</i>

^b "Robert, &c., for quby that of gude memore Dauid kyng qwhilom of Scotland that God assoillie wth his chartir vndre his grete sele has gyvin to the Religious men the Abbot and the Conuent of Meuros and to thair successors for evere mare frely all the custome of all thair wollys as wele of thair awin growing

Scotch Parliamentary proceedings are preserved, for the years 1397-8,^a and from such sources we become acquainted with the formal business speech of the end of the fourteenth century. The more familiar language of correspondence may be found in some letters of George, Earl of Dunbar, and James of Douglas, Warden of the Marches, to the King of England, the first of which is of date 18 February 1400.^b The Earl of Dunbar might well call the language of his letter "English."

The first actual literary compositions of our country must have been, in all probability, those lays or ballads which are nearly at the beginning of literature in all countries, and which have influenced the literature and the people of Scotland more than others. When Barbour relates de Sulis's victory over Sir Andrew Hardclay, he says,

"I will nocht rehers the maner
For, quhasa likis, tha ma her
Yhoung wemen quhen tha will play,
Sing it emang tham ilke day."

But of the current traditional poetry of that time—of the songs of battle and adventure and infant patriotism, or of the shepherd's lays of love, we cannot pretend to have preserved anything, or if anything, only a shadow or

as of thair tendys of thair kyrkes as it apperis
be the forsaid chartir confermyt be our mast so-
nereigne and doubtit Lorde and fadre our lorde
the kyng of Scotland Robert that now ys wyth
his grete sele, &c."—*Liber de Melrose*, No. 480.

^a A short specimen must suffice. The proceedings (with a fac simile of the record) are in the "*Act. Parl. Scot.*, vol. I, p. 210. "Sen it is wele sene and kennyt that oure lorde the kyng for seknes of his persoun may nocht trauail to gouerne the Realme na restreygne trespassours and rebellours, it is sene to the consail maste expedient that the duc of Rothesay be the Kyngis lieutenande generally throch al the kynrike for the terme of thre yhere, hafande fwl power and commissioun of the kyng to gouerne the lande in althyng as the kyng sulde do in his persoun gite he warr present. That is to say," &c.

^b The whole letter is given by Pinkerton in the Appendix to his history, I., p. 442. The conclusion I have had collated with the original in the British Museum:—

"And excellent prince syn that I clayme to be

of kyn tyll yhow, and it peraventour nocht
knewen on yhour parte, I schew it to yhour
lordschip be this my lettre that gif dame Alice
the Bewmount was yhour graunde dame, dame
Mariory Comyne hyrr full sister was my
graunde dame on the tother syde, sa that I am
bot of the feirde degre of kyn tyll yhow, the
quhiik in alde tyme was callit neir And syn
I am in swilk degre tyll yhow I requer yhow
as be way of tendirness thareof, and fore my
seruice in maner as I hafe before writyn, that
yhe will vouchesauf tyll help me and suppowell
me tyll gete amendes of the wrangs and the
defowle that ys done me, sendand tyll me gif
yhow lik yhour answer of this with all gudely
haste. And noble prince mervaille yhe nocht
that . I . write my lettres in Engl' fore that ys
mare clere to myne vnderstandyng than latyne
or Fraunche. Excellent mychty and noble
prince, the haly Trinite hafe yhow euermar in
kepyng. Writyn at my Castell of Dunbarr the
xviii day of Feuerer.

Le Count de la Marche Descoco.
—*Cotton MSS.*, *Vesp. F.*, *771.*

faint outline, now a name, now the burden of an ancient ditty; or, in the rare cases where the theme and spirit are preserved, the language, passing through the mouths of many generations, has kept no impress of its first shape.

Closely connected, however, with the popular oral poetry—in some instances with us its foundation or prototype—were those early metrical romances which, though intended for recitation, were usually committed to writing; and a few of these, of Northern composition, have been preserved, and furnish us with the earliest specimens of our written language. Unluckily the poetry is of that tedious alliterative kind which wearies the ear of the reader, as it must have exhausted the invention and cramped the thoughts of the writer. One of these Romances we have in a MS. of the latter half of the fourteenth century, and so, contemporary with Barbour. But the language shows its composition to be of a period considerably earlier.*

These scanty fragments of contemporary writing serve to show that the language of Barbour differed in nothing from that of his countrymen of his own time, and also, that it had not been materially changed in the version of his transcriber, writing a century after the poet. If one could come unprejudiced to the inquiry, they might teach the Scotch student yet another truth.

It must be confessed that Dr. Jamieson's "Etymological Dictionary of

* The Alliterative Romance of *Morte Arthure*, cited by Sir F. Madden from a MS. in the library of Lincoln Cathedral (A. 1. 17). Sir Gawain, the good knight's last battle, is thus described:—

"Into the hale bataile hedlynges he rynnys,
And hurtes of the hardieste that on the erthe
lenes,
Letande alies a lyone, he lawches theme
thorowe,
Lordes and ledars that one the launde houes.
And for wondsome and wille alle his wit
failede,
That wode alies a wylde beste he wente at
the gayneste,

Alle walewede one blode, thare he a-waye
passedde."

And his death thus lamented:—

"And thus Syr Gawayne es gone, the gude
man of armes,
Withe owttynne reschewe of renke, and
rewghe es the more!
Thus Syr Gawayne es gone, that gyede
many othire;
Fro Gower to Gernesay, alle the gret lordys,
Of Glamour, of Galys londe, this galyarde
knyghtes,
For gient of gloppyngnyng glade be they
never!"

Preface to Sir Gawayne, p. xxv.

the Scottish Language," so praiseworthy in its object, and in many respects so useful, has misled the unwary, chiefly in that particular which the author counted his main strength. Dr. Jamieson was pledged to support the title of his dictionary, and pressed learning of all sorts into his service, to show that the "Scottish language" was a peculiar and national language, almost unconnected with the dialect which prevails in the other end of Britain. Where a Scotch word happened to have an equivalent in meaning, and almost in sound, in English—still more where a Scotch word was a mere misspelling of a well known Anglo-Saxon one—he thought it allowable to pass by these patent and near sources, and to fetch his etymon from the remote, though, no doubt, still kindred dialects of Icelandic, the Suio-Gothic, or the Moeso-Gothic of Ulphilas. It was not the worst effect of this system, that the etymologies are often both far fetched and doubtful. It misleads the student of our early literature, by withdrawing him from the true pedigree of the language, and makes it sound startling now to announce, that, from its earliest known fragments, down to the end of the Fourteenth century, the language of Scotland was the same with that of one half of England—of England north of Trent.

The great province of Northumbria (the most powerful as well as the most enlightened of the kingdoms of Saxon England) had, from the first, institutions and a literature of its own, and a distinct speech, peculiar in its structure as well as its pronunciation. That Anglian tongue, though modified by its successive revolutions, was yet preserved distinct under its Anglian kings, the rough rule of the Northmen, the sway of its Norman Earls, and even after their decay; and when the Anglo-Saxon language passed rapidly (so rapidly that we can only mark the extremities) through that process of decomposition which effaced its whole grammar and systematic structure—its declinable articles, its genders, its inflections of noun and verb, its final vowels—enough still remained of peculiar vocables and forms, as well as of mere pronunciation and spelling, to distinguish very broadly the Northern from the Southern tongue.

Down to the Fourteenth century, and later, this Doric dialect of English extended all over the ancient Province which derived its name from lying on the north of the Humber, and beyond even its most ancient bounds, along the whole Eastern coast and quite to the Northern extremity of the Lowlands of Scotland. Let it not be supposed that it was a mere vulgar and popular speech uncultivated by men of learning. Not to mention the wealthy abbeys which studded the valleys of Yorkshire and our own Teviotdale, each a little school of good letters, the great Episcopal Sees of York and Durham, and the Royal Court of Scotland, which, down to the Fourteenth century, enjoyed more peace and prosperity than fell to the lot of the English Monarchs, were the centres of much intellectual cultivation, and brought it about that the Northern men possessed a literature of their own, which bade fair to rival, if not to excel, that of the South, spoiled and depressed as it was by the courtly use of French, until the genius of Chaucer turned the balance. Within these wide bounds—from the Moray Firth to Trent—there were, doubtless, numerous small varieties of language and voice, most of them probably distinguishable only by themselves, while to the Kentish or London ear, the epithet “Northern” comprehended the whole; and, what is of more consequence, a uniform language was used and cultivated through that wide district by men of education and for purposes of literature. Its variations can be traced even in spelling,* notwithstanding the looseness of the orthography of that age; but it is safe to assert that there was no greater difference between the written language of York and of Eastern Scotland in the Fourteenth century, than between the modern speech of Aberdeen and Edinburgh.

Such is the language of Barbour, and of his countrymen of the Fourteenth century. It is Anglo-Saxon of the old Northern type, disregarding or confounding the characteristic terminations of the language, and

* As *Quh* very consistently used for *Wh* in “when,” “who,” &c.

altogether degenerate in grammar. It is considerably Latinised, and with a sprinkling of Norman-French phrases; but neither Latin nor French affected its grammar nor entered into its structure, unless, indeed, these foreign elements, resisting the peculiar inflections of Anglo-Saxon, tended more rapidly to break down the whole system of grammatical inflection, which appears to us so perfect and so artificial, and which is yet found in perfection only in the earliest stages of language. The dialect has a dash of Danish too, or at least of that phraseology which our etymologists ascribe to a Danish parentage,* and which is easily recognised in the language of Yorkshire, of Cumberland, and the Northern shires of England.

The evidence and pure examples which should have proved this, are rendered scarce by the prepossession which has followed the system of Dr. Jamieson, and which claims for Scotch all that is not Southern English.^b Thus the romances of "Sir Tristrem," "Havelock," some of those of which Sir Gawain is the hero, and others, still pass by the name of Scotch poems, though known by scholars to be the production of North of England "makers."

The name, however, matters little; and it is of little consequence whether the Northern romance poems were written on the one side of the Tweed or the other, if enough yet remains, of compositions of ascertained parentage, to fix the identity of the language at the extremities of the district assigned to it. In this inquiry the "Story of the Bruce" may stand for the ascertained literature of Scotland, and that, too, of its northern division, in the latter part of the Fourteenth century. Of the richer stores of the literature of Northern England, none is of more ascertained locality

* As *war* for 'worse';—all the three persons singular of the present indicative alike, as *I loves, thou loves, he loves—I, thou, he thinks* (but the verb, indeed, is often used without inflection in both numbers and in all the persons) besides a number of vocables, as *el-ting*, "fuel," *graith*, "to prepare," *braid*, "to resemble," *gar*, "to force," *greet*, "to weep," and numerous others from unmixed Northern sources.

^b It can scarcely be said, perhaps, that Scott was misled. He was rather the leader of the patriotic delusion, and had influence enough to mislead, not only his willing countrymen, but many of the scholars of England, before philology had been so much cultivated as it has been in the days of Kemble, Guest, and Latham.

than the version of the "Cursor Mundi" of the same century. A passage in it is instructive—

"In a writte this ilke I fand;
Himself it wrought I understand.
In Suthrin Englys was it drawn,
And I have turnid it til ur awn
Langage of the northern lede
That can non other Englis rede."

This "langage of the northern lede," so distinguished from the "Suthrin Englis," was the tongue of Durham and York, as well as of all Lowland Scotland. It never occurs to any writer of those ages to call it Scotch, and Scotchmen who wielded it skillfully still thought no shame to call their language English.*

At the other extremity of ancient Northumbria, in the city of York, contemporary with Barbour, or a little earlier, were composed certain "Mysteries" or church plays, which, being written for popular representation, necessarily give the popular language of the district. Not much later, a similar set of "miracle plays" was composed for the edification of the burghers of "merry Wakefield" in the West Riding. Of both, with the exception of some variations in spelling (*wh* for *quh*, *gh* for *ch*, the aspirate freely used before vowels, &c.) the language is the broad and guttural tongue of Barbour; and a comparison of the poem of the Aberdeen eccle-

* I am not aware that any of the 'makers,' whether of romantic or church poetry, calls his language Scotch. On the other hand we find writers within the kingdom of Scotland speaking of their language as English. In the *Statuta Ecclesiarum Scotticarum* of the Thirteenth century, recorded in the Register of the Bishopric of Aberdeen, priests are enjoined to teach the formula of Baptism in Latin and in English (in *Romano et etiam Anglico idiomate*) *Regist. Aberdeen. II., p. 24.* Barbour calls the language of his poem "Ingliis," c. 80, l. 95. The Earl of March, and his greater namesake, the poet Dunbar, who wrote to the commons and boasted of it, spoke of their language—the tongue of Lothian—as English. It was not till the glory and the literature of Northumberland had quite passed away, and the feuds of

two centuries had estranged the nation of Scotland from England, that Gawain Douglas announced of his language—

"I set my bissey pane
As that I couth to mak it braid and plane
Kepand na Sudron bot our awyn langage,"

and excused himself for borrowing from "Bastard Latyn, French, or Inglys, quhar scant was Scottis." Somewhat of his nationality was owing to his wholesome desire of engaging the popular ear, which made Lindsay soon afterwards, in still plainer terms, disclaim writing for a learned class. He chose to write to the people—

"Whairfor to collyearis carteris and to cuikis
To Jok and Tam my rhyme sal be direckit;
With cunning men howbeit it wil be lackit."

siastic with the church plays of Yorkshire, must satisfy the most sceptical that they were in effect the same dialect.*

While the Northern dialect, of Anglo-Saxon origin, was used by Barbour for his national epic, the Southern language of England was wielded by a greater master; but even Chaucer, incomparable as he is in genius,

*Take first a specimen of the York Mysteries. It is from the Cardmakers' play of the CREATION:—

Deus . . .
In hevyn er angels fayre and brighte
Sternes and planetis thar cursis to ga
The mone servis on to the nyght
The son to lyghte the day alsua.

In erthe is treys and gres to springe
Bestis and foulis bothe gret and smalle
Fysschis in fode, alle othyr thyng
Thryffe and have my blyssyng alle.

Adam—A lorde! full mekyll is thi mighte
And that is sene in ilke a syde
For now his here a joyfull syght
To se this worlde so lange and wyde.

Many divers thyngis now here is
Off bestis and foulis bothe wyld and tame
Yet is nan made to thi liknes
But we alone, a louyd be thi name!

Eve—To swylke a lorde in all the degre
Be evirmore lastande lovyng
That till us swylke a dyngnite
Has gyffyne before all othyr thyng.

And selescouth thyngis may we se here
Of this ilke warlde so lange and brade
With bestis and fowlis so many and sere:
Blessid be he that has us made!

Adam—His syng sone he has on us sette
Beforne alle othre thyng certayne
Hem for to love we sall noght lett
And worschip hym with myght and mayne"

I am indebted for this specimen to a paper of the Rev. Richard Garnett, printed in the proceedings of the Philological Society (Mar. 14, 1845). The original is a MS. formerly in the Library of Lord Oxford, and afterwards in the

possession of Mr. Bright. A more recent copy "of the latter part of the fourteenth century" affords some various readings of interest, as marking the rapid transition of the language into the Southern English. *Ga* becomes "goo;" *Alsua*, "also;" *Nane*, "none;" *Warlde*, "worlde;" *Sall*, "shalle;" *Mare*, "more;" *Lang*, "long;" *Mony*, "manv;" *Tyll*, "to;" *Swylke*, "suche;" *Syne*, "sethen;" *Gude*, "goodnesse"

The Wakefield plays are not mere curiosities of language and manners. There is high thought and some poetry in them, and the most grotesque humour. But it is the language only with which we have to do. The final quarrel between Cain and Abel runs thus:—

Cayn—Com furth Abelle and let us weynd,
Me thynk that God is not my freynd,
On land then wille I flyt.

Abelle—O Cayn brother, that is ille done.

Cayn—No, bot go we hens sone,
And if I may I shalle be
Ther as God shalle not me se.

Abelle—Dere brother, I wille fayre
On feid, ther our bestes ar,
To looke if thay be holgh or fulle.

Cayn—Na, na, abide, we have a craw to pulle;
Hark, speke with me or thou go,
What! wenys thou to skape so?
We, na, I aght the a fowlle dispyte,
And now is tyme that I hit qwite.

Abel—Brother, whi art thou so to me in ire?

Cayn—We, theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre,
Ther myne did bot smoked

Right as it wold us bothe have choked?

Abel—Godes wille I trow it were," &c.

— "The Towneley Mysteries" (Surtees Society) p. 15.

The careful editor notes among expressions proving a north of England origin—"Umbe-
thynke thee what thou says"—"Ather"—"Let
it be"—"Be pease yourdyn"—"Go furth grevne
horne"—"Othergates"—"a craw to pluck"—
"mon" must—"fun" found—"pik" pitch—
"skelp"—"mydyng"—"chyldre"—"kythe and
kyn"—"nearhand"—"balk" a ridge of un-
tilled land—"Wet hir whystyll"—"threpe"
—"eaten out of house and harbour:" we say,
"out of house and home"—"what alys thee?"
&c.—every one familiar to the ears of all be-
tween the Tweed and John o' Groat's.

has little advantage over our poet, on a fair comparison of the language used by each.

Of the poetry of Barbour a few observations may be allowed. The plan and conduct of his poem are exceedingly simple. There is no artificial or far-sought ornament, no invention of machinery, no imitation of the ancient epic. None of the miracles afterwards told of Bannockburn are traced to Barbour. There is not a superhuman being nor a supernatural incident introduced in his poem. We do not meet even with the name of a god or goddess of classical antiquity: I cannot recall a single deliberate simile. We are left in doubt whether the author was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.^a Barbour claims the single merit of telling "a soothfast story" ^b in verse, and with some of the graces of the fables of romance; and he was the first who did so. He prays that he may "say nought but soothfast thing."^c His story was, throughout, his first and chief object; and he shows great anxiety, lest in any point of the actual adventures he may mislead his reader.^d But the Archdeacon is no common chronicler. He has an eye for all beauty and a heart for every kind of nobleness. He delights in describing the evolutions of troops and all the pomp and circumstance of war. He paints like an artist the assembling of the English king's host of many nations, (so effectively named), in multitude overspreading the land, hiding both hill and valley; the war horses and the knights, shields and spears and burnished arms; banners and pennons glancing to the sun's beam, that all the land was in a blaze.^e On the other hand, the hardy countenance of the Scotch army, Bruce's homely manner of cheering his soldiers, "speaking good words here and there," and their confidence in their tried leader, are very skilfully contrasted with the glitter and pride of the English squadrons.

^a Perhaps he took the story of Eteocles and Polynices (c. 48) from the original Latin of Statius. He certainly had no acquaintance with the play of Euripides; and the "Ektor of Troy," to whom he compares Douglas (c. 6) is

rather the Hector of the "Nine Worthies" than the Homeric hero.

^b X. 18. 3.

^c Cap. 1. 36.

^d As at 65, 96.

^e 88 and 89.

A number of admirable incidents serve as a prelude to the great battle : Douglas, against the King's will, hastening to Randolph's rescue when surrounded and overmatched by the enemy, but halting when he sees his friend likely to have the better without his help, lest he might rob him of a part of the honour ; Bruce's own encounter with De Bohun ; the fasting and shriving of the Scotch army ; their final kneeling and short prayer, and the different inferences of the rash Edward and the veteran De Umphravil :

"He said in by
'Yon folk knel to ask mercy!'
Sir Ingraham said, 'Ye say suth now,
Thai ask mercy, but nane at you.'"

After this solemn note of preparation, the battle follows with fine picturesque incidents. The fiery charge, the gleaming armour, the mighty host of England broken against the wall of Scotch spears, the crash of lances, the hewing of mail, the confusion and promiscuous slaughter, the grass red with blood, and the panic and flight, are given not without some Homeric power. Afterwards, Edward's suffering De Valence to lead him away by his bridle rein, is contrasted very skilfully with the chivalry of the good knight, Sir Giles de Argenteyn, raising his old battle-cry, the terror of the Saracens in Palestine, and turning to sure death that he might not stain his noble name with flight.

Even more interesting than these heroic deeds are the incidents of real life, chiefly to be found at the beginning of the story ; the pictures of the manners and modes of thinking of Bruce and the brave men who followed him, outraged and hunted like beasts of prey, and sometimes as savage in their revenge, but reverting readily to the decencies and charities of life and the gentle usages of chivalry.

We owe to Barbour the earliest notices of popular Celtic poetry—of Gaul the son of Morni and Fingal, and other heroes of the Ossianic rhapsodies. It is not only the earliness of the notice of these floating fragments

of Celtic hero-worship that is remarkable. We can see that even already had begun the Teutonic feeling which has run riot in our time, and which Scott has so delightfully embodied in the person of Jonathan Oldbuck. The Lord of Lorne, a Highland chief, speaking the traditions of his country, thought he honoured a brave adversary in comparing Bruce to Gaul the son of Morni.^a But to the poet, a lowlander educated in France and England, it seemed otherwise. It had been more mannerly, says Barbour, to have likened him to Gaudifer de Larys, a person at least as apocryphal, but still a knight of chivalry.

The Norman romances noticed by Barbour are not always to be identified with existing works; which is not wonderful, when we consider the multitude of these poems that delighted our forefathers, and the infinite variety of persons and incidents which the invention of successive 'makers,' and even professed transcribers, hung round the three centres of romantic fable—Alexander the Great, Arthur of England, and Charlemagne—without much variety in thought, feeling, or imagery. There is no doubt concerning the hero whom Barbour thought worthy to be compared with Bruce. He was Sir Gaudifer de Larys, whose adventures in arms form the chief subject of that chapter of the Romance of Alexander the Great, which treats of the "Forray of Gadderis," where he is opposed by the mighty "Duke Betys that Gaderis aucht."^b But some of the scenes where these romances are introduced derive a higher interest from other causes. Almost at the lowest of Bruce's fortunes, when his little band of faithful followers, Douglas, Hay, Campbell, and his brother Nigel, were joined by their ladies,

"That for lell luff and lawte
Wald partneris of thair panis be."

and were wandering in the Highlands, destitute of all necessities, even of food, the King was always the comforter of the party, "feigning to make

^a p. 49, l. 7.

^b "The Buik of Alexander the Great," a

Northern version of the Romance. Printed for the Bannatyne Club

better cheer than he had matter for," supporting them by his example of cheerfulness, and entertaining them with stories of history and romance. At length the ladies' strength quite failed, and it was resolved to send them for security to the Castle of Kildrummy, under the charge of Nigel Bruce. The King gave up the horses for their service, and he and his followers went forward on foot. The parting of ladies from their lords, and the adieus of younger lovers, are very pathetically, yet naturally told. You might have seen, says the poet,—

"At leve-taking the ladyes grete
And mak thair face with teris wet
And knichtis for thair luffis sake
Bath sigh and wep and murning make;
Thal kisset thair luffis at thair parting."

With such touches of gentleness does the old poet know to relieve his story of stern hardship and deeds of battle. Bruce was now making his way to Kintyre, where he was to seek shelter for the winter. On the journey the party had to cross Loch Lomond; and for that purpose only one little boat, fit to carry three at a time, was found by the indefatigable James of Douglas, where it had been hidden under water. During the time that was consumed in crossing the lake by swimming and rowing, the King "merrily" read to his friends romances of the renowned Oliver and the twelve peers of Charlemagne,

"And mad them gamyn and solas
Quhill that his folk all passit was."*

These men of high blood and delicate nurture had long travelled on foot through the wildest mountains, in want of all necessaries. The whole country was against them. Starvation urged them from behind: unknown

* The transcriber has made "douze-pers," the received appellation of the twelve paladins of the romantic court of Charlemagne into

"Dukperis," and here there was no second MS. to afford a modification of the spelling. p. 63, l. 74.

dangers and hunger also might wait them on the other side. At such a time, to find the Prince their leader taking such means for entertaining and rousing them, by the examples of those Knights of Christian mythology, to deeds of chivalrous daring and endurance, gives us a higher idea of chivalry than any writer of fable has reached. Neither is there anything in fictitious romance so touching as the pictures of the love and confidence that existed between Bruce and his followers; and if we seek in real history for the chivalry of romance, we shall find it here, when men fought against all odds, against hope itself, in a high and holy cause, rather than in the wars which Froissart has gilded over, where brave knights and men-at-arms, horse and rider clad in iron, thought it noble to ride down thousands of the unarmed "jacquerie," men of their own language and country.

Barbour himself was full of patriotism, but his patriotism never prevents him from doing justice to a noble adversary. He celebrates feats of individual daring on either side, as if he could gladly have shared them; and how often of old must the heart of a soldier have beat under the frock of the churchman! While sometimes through the mouth of Bruce, sometimes in his own person, he gives utterance to the purest sentiments of love of country and love of freedom, chivalry is above all, and the honour of a gallant and loyal knight too bright a thing to be obscured by difference of party or country.

If the antique language of the book were not still an obstacle to the general reader, I should think it inexcusable to have dwelt so long on points which its perusal will much better make known. It is to encourage its perusal that I have bestowed my labour in adjusting the text; and perhaps these slight notices may serve the same end. The fine old poem deserves to be better known. It is a proud thing for a country to have given a subject for such an Odyssey, and to have had, so early in its literature, a poet worthy to celebrate it.

For the reader unlearned, like myself, in the mystery of English rhythms, it may be sufficient to observe that Barbour's verse is the old metre of four accents, and (generally) eight syllables, which had become

common in the Thirteenth century.^a In reading, it must be kept in mind that the final *e*, as a distinct syllable, once so frequent in both tongues, and still so much used in the contemporary Southern English of Chaucer, has altogether, or almost, disappeared in Barbour's verse;^b and that the syllable *it*, the increment of many verbs, and the termination *is*, where it marks a case or inflection, whether of noun or verb, are to be discounted or reckoned for syllables as suits the rhythm.^c

Pinkerton, in his edition of Barbour, thought it gave dignity to the poem to divide it into twenty books instead of the numerous divisions of the original; and Dr. Jamieson imitated him, though making only fourteen books. The divisions into chapters or 'fyttes' seem to be the Author's, since they are found in both MSS.; but, at any rate, they are manifestly useful for the sense in many places.^d I have therefore thought it allowable to return to the simple but useful divisions of the original. Imitating Dr. Jamieson, I have collected the marginal rubrics or titles of both MSS. (often of much later date than the text) and prefixed them to the poem, where they serve in some degree the purpose of a table of contents.^e The "various readings" are a mere selection of such of these as affected the sense, or required comparison to settle the best version. The multitude of amendments on the text, occurring in every page, almost in every line, will appear on a comparison with the former editions; and the more curious student who desiderates their authority will find, upon consulting Mr. Brechin's

^a "The Owl and Nightingale," "Havelok," and several other poems in this metre, are quoted by Mr. Guest. — *History of English Rhythms*, B. III., c. in.

^b In C. 79 the word *sege* occurs as a monosyllable and dissyllable.

And et | aue sege | to the | castele | l. 11.

The seg | e tuk | full ap | ertly | l. 16.

^c C. 75, l. 1:9.—

Bot tha | skaitit nocht | gretly | the King |

In this line the termination *it* (modern *ed*) is not a distinct syllable. So in c. 55, l. 76—

And askit the King gif he wold et.

In the three following lines, c. 55, l. 108-3, it occurs in both ways—

The King than winkit aue liuill we

And slepit nocht full enkirly,

Bot gluffnit of up sudanly

In c. 1, l. 8—*That schawis the thing richt as it wes.*

"Schawis" is one syllable: so "kingis" in c. 2, l. 9. In c. 8, l. 21, *yhousis* is certainly of two syllables. In c. 9, l. 3, the syllable occurs both ways. I read it—

Thar en | denturis | and ath | is mad.

^d There is a pause or break in the narrative, pointing at its being written for recitation; and each chapter or "fytte" often begins with a slight return and resuming of the previous matter, which is superfluous and cumbrous where there are no divisions. One instance may be sufficient.

CLII. ends,—

Thus ischit Thrillwall that day.

and CLIII. begins,—

Quhen Thrillwall on this maner fad ischit.

^e The letters E and C distinguish these titles as taken from the Edinburgh or the Cambridge MS.

careful collation in the Advocates' Library, that none are unwarranted. The few miscellaneous notes may seem slight and insignificant. But a dissertation upon any of the doubtful points of the history could not be tolerated among the notes on a romance. If they have any value, I believe it will be found in those illustrating Edward Bruce's Irish campaigns, the information conveyed in which I owe chiefly to my friend Dr. Reeves, to whose learning and industry Scotland will soon owe a greater debt.^a

Before concluding, I must be permitted to offer some apology for presuming to undertake this work. I feel how absurd it must appear to an English scholar of good accomplishment, that the earliest Scotch poem should be edited by one who knows Anglo-Saxon very imperfectly, and is not acquainted with German or any of the continental Teutonic languages. In my defence I trust it will be allowed that, for many reasons, a Scotsman was the proper editor of Barbour's poem. Then, it must be remembered that these studies have not hitherto been cultivated among us as they deserve. With the exception of one or two persons who study language as an amusement, amid graver and more important labours, there are no Scotsmen possessing the requisite learning.^b In these circumstances I could not refuse when asked to do something for putting this fine old poem on a better footing than it has hitherto held. If I have, by allowable means, adjusted a consistent orthography, and further, by due comparison settled the text on a good foundation, my aim is in a great measure gained, however much the edition may come short of the wishes of the philologist and student of language.

C I N N E S.

^a Dr. Reeves, who has done so much for the antiquities of his own diocese and country, is now engaged on the Life of Saint Columba, a work of infinite learning and research, and of the very highest interest.

^b I fear, in this particular, the former editors, Pinkerton and Dr. Jamieson, were equally defective. The former, with some learning and industry, had certainly no philological taste or

study. The latter, who had studied the language of his country so much, had not worked out the German and Teutonic mines in the right channels. It seems that he knew only the writers who wrote in Latin, and, in fact, used only the common Latin glossaries of the Northern tongues, which satisfied the scholar before the finer and more elaborate investigations of modern German philologists.

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[The Rubrics and Titles from the Margins of the Edinburgh
MS. are marked E. Those from the Cambridge MS. C.]

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ET VIRTUTIBUS DOMINI ROBERTI DE BRWYSS REGIS SCOCIE
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EXPLICIT LIBER EXCELLENTISSIMI ET NOBILISSIMI PRINCIPIS
ROBERTI DE BROYS SCOTTORUM REGIS ILLUSTRISSIMI
QUIQUIDEM LIBER SCRIPTUS FUIT ET FINITUS IN VIGILIA
SANCTI JOHANNIS BAPTISTE VIZ. DECOLLATIO EIUSDEM PER
MANUM I. DE R. CAP^{ML} ANNO DNI MILLESIMO QUADRINGEN-
TESIMO OCTOGESIMO SEPTIMO—C.

EPITAPHIUM REGIS ROBERTI BROYS.

Hic jacet inuictus Robertus Rex benedictus :

Qui sua gesta legit reperit quot bella peregit.

Ad libertatem deduxit per probitatem

Regnum Scottorum : nunc vivit in arce polorum—C.

FINITUR CODICELLUS DE VIRTUTIBUS ET ACTIBUS BELLICOSIS
VIZ. DOMINI ROBERTI BROYS QUONDAM SCOTTORUM REGIS
ILLUSTRISSIMI RAPTIM SCRIPTUS PER ME JOHANNEM RAMSAY
EX JUSSU VENERABILIS ET CIRCUMSPECTI VIRI VIZ. MAGISTRI
SYMONIS LOCHMALONY DE OUCHTERMUNSYE VICARII BENE
DIGNI ANNO DOMINI MILLESIMO QUADRINGENTESIMO OCTUA-
GESIMO NONO.

ANIMA DOMINI ROBERTI BRUYSS ET ANIME OMNIUM FIDELIUM
DEFUNCTORUM PER DEI MANUM REQUIEScant IN PACE. AMEN.
AMEN. AMEN.—E.

Desine grande loqui, frangit Deus omne superbum ;

Magna cadunt, inflata crepant, tumefacta premuntur ;

Scandunt celsa humiles, trahuntur ad yma feroces ;

Vincit opus verbum ; minuit jactantia famam—E.

*Per ea viscera Marie virginis que portaverunt eterni
Patris filium. Amen.—E.*

THE STORY OF
T H E B R U S

WRIT BE
MASTER JOHNE BARBOUR

ARCHDECON OF ABERDEN.

11

STORYIS to red ar delitabill,
 Suppos that tha be nocht bot fabill.
 Than suld storyis that suthfast wer,
 And tha war said on gud maner,
 5 Haf doubill plesans in hering.
 The first plesans is the carping,
 And the tothir the suthfastnes
 That schawis the thing richt as it wes:
 And suth thingis that ar likand
 10 To manis hering ar plesand.
 Tharfor I wald fane set my will,
 Gif my wit nicht suffis thartill,
 To put in writ ane suthfast story,
 That it lest ay furth in memory
 15 Sa that na tym of lenth it let
 Na ger it haly be foryhet.
 For ald storyis that men redis
 Representis to tham the dedis
 Of stalward folk that livit ar

THE BRUS.

- 20 Richt as tha than in presens war :
 And certis tha suld wele haf pris
 That in thar tym war wicht and wis,
 And led thar lif in gret travale,
 And oft in hard stour of battale
 25 Wan gret pris of chevelry,
 And war voidit of cowardy,
 As was king Robert of Scotland
 That hardy was of hart and hand,
 And Schir James of Douglas
 30 That in his tym sa worthy was
 That of his pris and his bounte
 In fer landis renounit was he.
 Of tham I think this buk to ma.
 Now God gif gras that I may sa
 35 Tret it and bring it till ending
 That I say nocht bot suthfast thing.

II.

- Quhen Alexander the king was ded
 That Scotland had to ster and led,
 The land sex yher and mar, perfay,
 Lay desolat eftir his day,
 5 Quhill that the barnage at the last
 Assemblit tham, and fandit fast
 To ches ane king thar land to ster
 That of awncestry cumin wer

THE BRUS.

5

Of kingis that aucht that rialte,
10 And mast had richt thar king to be.
Bot envy that is sa feloun
Mad emang tham gret discencioun:
For sum wald haf the Balleoll king,
For he was cumin of the ofspring
15 Of hir that eldast sistir was,
And othir sum nyit all that cas,
And said that he thar king suld be
That war in als ner degre,
And cumin war of the nest male,
20 And in branch collaterale.
Tha said successioun of kinrik
Was nocht to lawar feis lik,
For thar nicht succed na female
Quhill fundin nicht be ony male,
25 How that in his evin descendand
Tha bar all othir wais on hand:
For than the nest cumin of the sed,
Man or woman, suld succed.
Be this resoun that part thocht hale
30 That the lord of Anandirdale,
Robert the Brus erl of Carrik,
Aucht to succed to the kinrik.
The barounis thus war at discord
That on na maner nicht accord,
35 Quhill at the last tha all concordit
That all thar spek suld be recordit
To Schir Eduard of Ingland king,
And he suld swer that but fenyheing

He suld that arbitre disclar,
 40 Of thir twa that I tald of ar
 Quhilk suld succed to sic ane hicht,
 And lat him ring that had the richt.
 This ordinans tham thocht the best,
 For at that tym was pes and rest
 45 Betwix Scotland and Ingland bath,
 And tha couth nocht persaf the scath
 That toward tham was aperand,
 For that that the king of Ingland
 Held sic frendship and cumpany
 50 To thar king that was sa worthy,
 Tha trowit that he as gud nichtbour
 And as frendsum compositour
 Wald haf jugit in lawte :
 Bot othirwais all yhed the gle.
 55 A ! blind folk full of all foly,
 Had yhe umbethocht yhou enkirly
 Quhat perill to yhou nicht aper,
 Yhe had nocht wrocht on that maner,
 Had yhe tane kep how that that king
 60 Alwais forouten sojorning
 Travalit for to win senyhory,
 And throu his nicht till occupy
 Landis that war till him marchand,
 As Walis was and als Irland,
 65 That he put to sic thrillage
 That tha that war of he parage
 Suld rin on fut as ribaldale
 Quhen he wald ony folk assale.

THE BRUS.

7

Durst nane of Walis in battale rid,
 Na yhet fra evin fell abid
 70 Castell or wallit toun within,
 That he ne suld lif and limmis tyn.
 Into sic thrillage tham held he
 That he ourcum throu his pouste,
 75 Yhe nicht se he suld occupy
 Throu slicht that he ne nicht throu mastery.
 Had yhe tane kep quhat was thrillage,
 And had considerit his usage
 That grippit ay but gane-gifing,
 80 Yhe suld forouten his deming
 Haf chosin yhou ane king that nicht
 Haf haldin wele the land 'in richt.
 Walis ensampill nicht haf bene
 To yhou, had yhe it forow sene:
 85 And wis men sais he is happy
 That be othir will him chasty:
 For unfar thingis may fall perfay
 Als wele to-morn as yhistirday:
 Bot yhe trastit in lawte
 90 As simpill folk but mawte,
 And wist nocht quhat suld eftir tid:
 For in this warld that is sa- wid
 Is nane determinat that sall
 Knew thingis that ar to fall,
 95 Bot God, that is of mast pouste,
 Reservit till his majeste
 For to know in his presciens
 Of allrin tym the movens.

III.

On this maner assentit war
 The barounis, as I said yhou ar,
 And throuch thar aller hale assent
 Messingeris till him tha sent
 5 That was than in the haly land
 On Sarasenis warrayand.
 And fra he wist quhat charge tha had
 He buskit him but mar abad,
 And left purpos that he had tane,
 10 And till Ingland agane is gane :
 And syn to Scotland word send he
 That tha suld mak ane assemble,
 And he in hy suld cum to do
 In all thing as tha wrat him to.
 15 Bot he thocht wele throuch thar debat
 That he suld slely find the gat
 How that he all the senyhory
 Throu his gret micht suld occupy,
 And to Robert the Brus said he,
 20 'Gif thou will hald in chef of me
 For evirmar, and thyn ofspring,
 I sall do sa thou sall be king.'
 'Schir,' said he, 'sa God me saf,
 The kinrik yharn I nocht till haf,
 25 Bot gif it fall of richt to me:
 And, gif God will that it sa be,

THE BRUS.

9

I sall als frely in all thing
Hald it as it efferis to king,
Or as myn elderis forouth me
30 Held it in freast rialte.'
The tothir wrethit him and swar
That he suld haf it nevirmar,
And turnit him in wreth away.
Bot Schir Johne the Balleoll, perfay,
35 Assentit sone till all his will,
Quharthrouch fell eftir mekill ill.
He was king bot ane litill quhile,
And throuch gret sutelte and gile
For litill enchesoun or nane
40 He was arestit syn and tane,
And degradit syn was he
Of honour and of dignite.
Quhethir it was throuch wrang or richt,
God wat it that is mast of micht.

IV.

Quhen Schir Eduard the mighty king
Had on this wis done his liking
Of Johne the Balleoll that sa sone
Was all defaltit and undone,
5 To Scotland went he than in hy,
And all the land can occupy

Sa hale that bath castell and toun
 War intill his possessioun
 Fra Weik anent Orkynnay
 10 To Mulisnuk in Galloway,
 And stuffit all with Inglis men.
 Schirrefis and balyheis mad he then,
 And alkyn othir officeris
 That for to govern land efferis
 15 He mad of Inglis nacioun,
 That worthit than sa richt feloun,
 And sa wikkit and covatous,
 And sa hawtane and dispitous,
 That Scottis men nicht do na thing
 20 That evir nicht ples to thar liking.
 Thar wifis wald tha oft forly,
 And thar dochtris dispitwisly,
 And, gif ony tharat war wrath,
 Tha wald him wate with ane gret scath,
 25 For tha suld find sone enchesoun
 To put him to destructioun.
 And, gif that ony man him by
 Had ony thing that was worthy,
 As hors, or hund, or othir thing
 30 That was plesand to thar liking,
 With richt or wrang it haf wald tha.
 And, gif ony wald tham withsay,
 Tha suld sa do that tha suld tyn
 Outhir land or lif, or lif in pyn,
 35 For tha demit tham eftir thar will,
 Takand na kep to richt na skill.

THE BRUS.

11

A! quhat tha demit tham felounly,
 For gud knichtis that war worthy
 For litill enchesoun or than nane
 40 Tha hangit be the nekbane.
 Alas! that folk that evir was fre,
 And in fredom wont for to be,
 Throu thar gret mischans and foly
 War thrillit than sa wikkitley
 45 That thar fais thar jugis war.
 Quhat wrechitnes may man haf mar?
 A! fredom is ane nobill thing,
 Fredom mais man to haf liking,
 Fredom all solas to man gifis,
 50 He lifis at es that frely lifis.
 Ane nobill hart may haf nane es,
 Na ellis nocht that may him ples,
 Gif fredom falyhe, for fre liking
 Is yharnit our all othir thing,
 55 Na he that ay has livit fre
 May nocht knaw wele the propirte,
 The angir, na the wrechit dom
 That is couplit to foul thrildom,
 Bot gif he had assait it;
 60 Than all perquer he suld it wit,
 And suld think fredom mar to pris
 Than all the gold in warld that is.
 Thus contrar thingis evirmar
 Discoveringis of the tothir ar,
 65 And he that thrill is has nocht his,
 All that he has enbandonit is

Till his lord quhatevir he be,
 Yhet has he nocht sa mekill fre
 As fre will to lef or do
 70 It that his hart him drawis to.
 Than mais clerkis questioun,
 Quhen tha fall in disputacioun,
 That, gif man bad his thrill ocht do,
 And in the samin tym cum him to
 75 His wif, and askit him hir det,
 Quhethir he his wifis ned suld bet,
 And pay first that he aucht, and syn
 Do furth his lordis comandyn,
 Or lef onpait his wif, and do
 80 It that his lord comandit him to.
 I lef all the solucioun
 To men of mar discrecioun;
 Bot, sen thai mak sic compering
 Betwix the dettis of wedding
 85 And lordis bidding till his threll,
 Yhe may wele se, thouch nane yhou tell,
 How hard ane thing that thrildom is,
 For men may wele se that ar wis
 That wedding is the hardast band
 90 That ony man may tak on hand,
 And thrildom is wele wer than ded,
 For, quhile ane thrill his lif may led,
 It merris him body and banis,
 And ded anoyis him bot anis,
 95 Schortly to say, is nane can tell
 The sar condicioun of ane threll.

V.

Thus gat livit tha and in sic thrillage,
 Bath pouer and tha of he perage,
 For of the lordis sum tha slew,
 And sum tha hangit, and sum tha drew,
 5 And sum tha put in presoun
 Forouten caus or enchesoun.
 And emang othir of Douglas
 Put in presoun Schir Wilyham was
 That of Douglas was lord and syr.
 10 Of him tha makit ane martyr,
 Fra tha in presoun him sleuch
 His landis that war far eneuch
 Tha to the lord of Cliffurd gaf.
 He had ane son, ane litill knaf,
 15 That was than bot ane litill page,
 Bot syn he was of gret vassalage.
 His fadir ded he vengit sa
 That in Ingland, I undirta,
 Was nane on lif that him ne dred,
 20 For he sa fele of harnis sched,
 That nane that lifis tham can tell.
 Bot wondirly hard things fell
 Till him or he to stat was brocht.
 Thar was nane aventur that mocht
 25 Stonay his hart na ger him let
 To do the thing that he was on set,

For he thocht ay enkirly
To do his ded avisely.
He thocht wele he was worth na sele
30 That micht of nane anoyis fele,
And als for till eschef gret thingis
And hard travalis and barganingis,
That suld ger his pris doublit be.
Quharfor in all his lifym he
35 Was in gret pane and gret travale,
And nevir wald for mischef fale,
Bot drif the thing richt to the end,
And tak the ure that God wald send.
His nam was James of Douglas:
40 And, quhen he herd his fadir was
Put in presoun sa felounly,
And that his landis halely
War gifin to the Cliffurd, perfay,
He wist nocht quhat to do na sa,
45 For he had nathing for to dispend,
Na thar was nane that evir him kend
Wald do sa mekill for him that he
Micht sufficiandly fundin be.
Than was he wondir will of wane,
50 And sudanly in hart has tane
That he wald travale our the se,
And ane quhile in Paris be,
And dre mischef quhar nane him kend
Qubill God sum succouris till him send.
55 And as he thocht he did richt sa,
And sone to Paris can he ga,

And livit thar full simpilly.
The quhethir he glad was and joly,
And to sic thowlesnes he yhed
60 As the cours askis of yhouthed,
And umquhile into rebaldale,
And that may mony tym avale.
For knowlage of mony statis
May quhile avalyhe full mony gatis,
65 As to the gud erl of Artais
Robert befell in his dais,
For oft fenyheing of rebaldy
Avalyheit him, and that gretly,
And Catone sais us in his writ
70 That to fenyhe foly quhile is wit.
In Paris ner thre yher duellit he,
And then cum tithandis our the se
That his fadir was done to ded.
Than was he wa and will of red,
75 And thocht that he wald ham agane
To luk gif he throu ony pane
Micht win agane his heritage
And his men out of all thrillage.
To Sanct Androis he cum in hy,
80 Quhar the bischop full curtasly
Resavit him and gert him wer
His knifis forouth him to scher,
And cled him richt honorabilly,
And gert ordane quhar he suld ly.
85 Ane wele gret quhile thar duellit he,
All men lufit him for his bounte,

For he was of full far effer,
 Wis, curtas, and deboner,
 Large and lufand als was he,
 90 And our all thing lufit lawte.
 Lawte to luf is gretumly:
 Throuch lawte lifis men richtwisly:
 With a vertu of lawte
 Ane man may yhet sufficiand be.
 95 And but lawte may nane haf pris,
 Quhethir he be wicht or he be wis,
 For, quhar it falyheis, na vertu
 May be of pris na of valu
 To mak ane man sa gud that he
 100 May simply callit gud man be.
 He was in all his dedis lele,
 For him dedenyheit nocht to dele
 With trechery na with falset.
 His hart on he honour was set,
 105 And him contenit on sic maner
 That all him lufit that war him ner.
 Bot he was nocht sa far that we
 Suld spek gretly of his beaute.
 In visage was he sumdele gray,
 110 And had blak har, as I herd say;
 Bot of limmis he was wele mad,
 With banis gret and schuldris brad;
 His body was wele mad and lenyhe
 As tha that saw him said to me.
 115 Quhen he was blith he was luffy,
 And mek and suet in cumpany,

THE BRUS.

17

Bot, quha in battale nicht him se,
 All othir contenans had he,
 And in spek ulispit he sumdele,
 120 Bot that sat him richt wondir wele.
 To gud Ector of Troy nicht he
 In mony thingis liknit be.
 Ector had blak har as he had,
 And stark limmis and richt wele mad,
 125 And ulispit alsua as did he,
 And was fulfillit of lawte,
 And was curtas and wis and wicht.
 Bot of manhed and mekill nicht
 Till Ector dar I nane comper
 130 Of all that evir in warldis wer.
 The quhethir in his tyme sa wrocht he
 That he suld gretly lufit be.

VI.

He duellit thar quhill on ane tid
 The king Eduard with mekill prid
 Cum to Strevilling with gret menyhe
 For till hald thar ane assemble.
 5 Thiddirward went mony baroun,
 Bischop Wilyham of Lambirtoun
 Rad thiddir als, and with him was
 This squyar James of Douglas.

- The bischop led him to the king,
 10 And said, 'Schir, her I to yhou bring
 This child that clamis yhour man to be,
 And prayis yhou per cherite
 That yhe resaf her his homage
 And grantis him his heritage.'
 15 'Qubhat landis clamis he?' said the king.
 'Schir, gif that it be yhour liking,
 He clamis the lordschip of Douglas,
 For lord tharof his fadir was.'
 The king than wrethit him enkirly,
 20 And said, 'Schir bischop, sekirly,
 Gif thou wald kep thy fewte,
 Thou mad nane sic speking to me.
 His fadir ay was my fa feloun,
 And deit tharfor in my presoun,
 25 And was agane my majeste,
 Tharfor his ar I aucht to be.
 Ga purchas land quharevir he may,
 For tharof hafis he nane perfay,
 The Cliffurd sall tham haf, for he
 30 Ay lely has servit to me.'
 The bischop herd him sa ansuar,
 And durst than spek till him na mar,
 Bot fra his presens went in hy,
 For he dred sar his felouny,
 35 Sa that he na mar spak tharto.
 The king did that he cum to do,
 And went till Ingland syn agane
 With mony man of mekill mane.

VII.

Lordingis, quha likis for till her,
 The romanis now beginnis her
 Of men that war in gret distres,
 And assait full gret hardynes
 5 Or tha micht cum to thar entent,
 Bot syn our Lord sic gras tham sent
 That tha syn throu thar gret valour
 Cum to gret hicht and till honour
 Magre thar fais evirilkane
 10 That war sa fele that ay for ane
 Of tham tha war wele ane thousand:
 Bot, quhar God helpis, quhat may withstand?
 Bot, and we say the suthfastnes,
 Tha war sum tym erar ma than les.
 15 Bot God that mast is of all micht
 Preservit tham in his forsicht
 To venge the harm and the contrer
 That that fele folk and pantener
 Did to simpill folk and worthy
 20 That couth nocht help thamsel; forthi
 Tha war lik to the Machabeis
 That, as men in the Bibill seis,
 Throu thar gret worschip and valour
 Faucht into mony stalward. stour
 25 For to deliver thar cuntre
 Fra folk that throu iniquite

Held tham and tharis in thrillage:
 Tha wrocht sa throu thar vassalage
 That with few folk tha had victory
 30 Of mighty kingis, as sais the story,
 And deliverit thar land all fre;
 Quharfor thar nam suld lufit be.

VIII.

This lord the Brus I spak of ar-
 Saw all the kinrik sa forfar,
 And sa troublit the folk saw he
 That he tharof had gret pite.
 5 Bot, quhat pite that evir he had,
 Na contenans tharof he mad,
 Quhill on ane tym Schir John Cumyn,
 As tha cum ridand fra Strevillyn,
 Said till him, 'Schir, will yhe nocht se
 10 How that governit is this cuntre?
 Tha sla our folk but enchesoun,
 And haldis this land agane resoun,
 And yhe tharof suld lord be;
 And, gif that yhe will trow to me,
 15 Yhe sall ger mak yhou tharof king,
 And I sall be in yhour helping
 Withthi yhe gif me all the land
 That yhe haf now intill yhour hand;

THE BRUS.

21

And, gif that yhe will nocht do sa,
20 Na sic ane stat apon yhou ta,
All hale my land sall yhouris be,
And lat me ta the stat on me
And bring this land out of thrillage,
For thar is nouthir man na page
25 In all this land than tha sall be
Fane to mak thamselvin fre.'
The lord the Brus herd his carping,
And wend he spak bot suthfast thing,
And, for it likit till his will,
30 He gaf his assent sone thartill,
And said, 'Sen yhe will it be sa,
I will blithly apon me ta
The stat, for I wat that I haf richt,
And richt mais oft the febill wicht.'

IX.

The barounis thus accordit ar,
And that ilk nicht writin war
Thar endenturis, and athis mad
To hald that tha forspokin had.
5 Bot of all thing wa worth tresoun!
For thar is nouthir duk na baroun,
Na erl, na prins, na king of micht,
Thouch he be nevir sa wis na wicht

For wit, worschip, pris, na renoun,
 10 That evir ma wach him with tresoun.
 Was nocht all Troy with tresoun tane
 Quhen ten yheris of the wer was gane?
 Than slane was mony thousand
 Of tham without throu strinth of hand,
 15 As Dares in his buk he wrat,
 And Dytis that knew all thar stat.
 Tha nicht nocht haf bene tane throu nicht,
 Bot tresoun tuk tham throu hir slicht.
 And Alexander the conquerour,
 20 That conquerit Babilonis tour
 And all this warld of lenth and bred
 In tuelf yher throu his douchty ded,
 Was syn distroyit throu pusoun
 In his awn hous throu gret tresoun,
 25 Bot or he deit his land delt he :
 To se his ded was gret pite.
 Julius Cesar als that wan
 Bretane and Frans as douchty man,
 Affrik, Arrabe, Egipt, Syry,
 30 And all Europe halely,
 And for his worschip and valour
 Of Rome was first mad emperour,
 Syn in his capitol was he
 Throu tham of his consale preve
 35 Slane with pujoun richt to the ded,
 And, quhen he saw thar was na red,
 His ene with his hand closit he
 For to de with mar honeste.

Als Arthur that throu chevelry
 40 Mad Bretane mastres and lady
 Of tuelf kinrikis that he wan,
 And alsua as ane nobill man
 He wan throu battale Frans all fre,
 And Lucius Yber vencusit he
 45 That than of Rome was emperour,
 Bot yhet for all his gret valour
 Modret his sistir son him slew,
 And gud men als ma than enew,
 Throu tresoun and throu wikkitnes:
 50 The Brute beris tharof witnes.
 Sa fell of this cunand making:
 For the Cumyn rad to the king
 Of Ingland, and tald all this cas,
 Bot I trow nocht all as it was.
 55 Bot the endentur till him gaf he,
 That sone schawit the iniquite
 Quharfor syn he tholit ded,
 Than he couth set tharfor na red.

X.

Quhen the king saw the endentur,
 He was angry out of mesur,
 And swour that he suld vengeans ta
 Of that Brus that presumit sa

- 5 Aganis him to brawl or ris,
Or to conspyr on sic ane wis;
And to Schir Johne Cumyn said he
That he suld for his lawte
Be rewardit, and that hely,
10 And he him thankit humilly.
Than thocht he to haf the leding
Of all Scotland but ganesaying
Fra that the Brus to ded war brocht.
Bot oft falyheis the fulis thocht,
15 And wis menis etilling
Cumis nocht ay to that ending
That tha think it sall cum to,
For God wat wele quhat is to do
Of his etling richt sa it fell
20 As I sall eftirwardis tell.
He tuk his lef and ham is went,
And the king ane parliament
Gert set thareftir hastely,
And thiddir summonis he in hy
25 The barounis of his rialte,
And to the lord the Brus send he
Bidding to cum to that gadring;
And he that had na persaving
Of the tresoun na the falset
30 Rad to the king but langar let,
And in Lundon him herbryit he
The first day of thar assemble,
Syn on the morn to court he went.
The king sat into parliament,

THE BRUS.

25

- 35 And forouth his consale preve
The lord the Brus thar callit he,
And schawit him the endentur:
He was in full gret aventur
To tyn his lif, bot God of micht
- 40 Preservit him till hear hicht
That wald nocht that he sa war ded.
The king betaucht him in that sted
The endentur the sele to se,
And askit gif it enselit he.
- 45 He lukit the sele entently,
And ansuerit till him humilly,
And said, 'How that I simpill be!
My sele is nocht all tym with me;
I haf ane othir it to ber,
- 50 Tharfor, gif that yhour willis wer,
I ask yhou respit for to se
This lettir, and tharwith avisit be
Quhill to morn that yhe be set,
And than forouten langar let
- 55 This lettir sall I entir her
Befor all yhour consale planer,
And thartill into burch draw I
Myn heritage all halely.'
- The king thocht he was trast eneuch
- 60 Sen he in burch his landis dreuch,
And let him with the lettir pas
Till entir it, as forspokin was.

XI.

The Brus went till his innis swith,
 Bot wit yhe wele he was full blith
 That he had gottin that respit.
 He callit his marschall till him tit,
 5 And bad him luk on all maner
 That he ma till his men gud cher,
 For he wald in his chalmer be
 Ane wele gret quhile in prevate,
 With him ane clerk forouten ma.
 10 The marschall to the hall can ga,
 And did his lordis comandng.
 The lord the Brus but mar letting
 Gert prevely bring stedis twa,
 He and the clerk forouten ma
 15 Lap on forouten persaving,
 And day and nicht but sojorning
 Tha rad quhill on the fiften day
 Cumin to Lochmabane ar tha.
 His brothir Eduard thar tha fand,
 20 That thocht ferly, I tak on hand,
 That tha cum ham sa prevely.
 He tald his brothir halely
 How that he thar socht was,
 And how he chapit was throu cas.
 25 Sa fell it in the samin tid
 That at Dumfres richt thar besid

- Schir Johne the Cumyn sojornīng mad.
 The Brus lap on and thiddir rad,
 And thocht forouten mar letting
 30 For to quit him his discovering.
 Thiddir he rad but langar let,
 And with Schir Johne the Cumyn met
 In the Freris at the he awter,
 And schawit him with lauchand cher
 35 The endentur, syn with ane knif
 Richt in that sted him reft the lif.
 Schir Edmund Cumyn als was slane
 And othir mony of mekill mane.
 Nocht forthi yhet sum men sais
 40 That that debat fell othir wais:
 Bot, quhatsaevir mad the debat,
 Tharthrouch he deit wele I wat.
 He misdid thar gretly but wer
 That gaf na girth to the awter.
 45 Tharfor sa hard mischef him fell
 That I herd nevir in romanis tell
 Of man sa hard frait as was he
 That eftirward cum to sic bounte.

XII.

Now agane to the king ga we,
 That on the morn with his barne

- Sat intill his parliament,
And eftir the lord the Brus he sent
5 Richt till his in with knichtis kene.
Quhen he oft tym had callit bene,
And his men eftir him askit tha,
Tha said that he sen yhistirday
Duelt in his chalmer ithandly,
10 With ane clerk with him anerly.
Than knokit tha at his chalmer thar,
And quhen tha herd nane mak ansuar,
Tha brak the dur, bot tha fand nocht,
The quethir the chalmer hale tha socht.
15 Tha tald the king than hale the cas,
And how that he eschapit was.
He was of his eschap sary,
And swour in ire full stalwardly
That he suld drawin and hangit be.
20 He manausit as him thocht, bot he
Thocht that suld pas ane othir way.
And quhen he, as yhe herd me say,
Into the kirk Schir Johne had slane,
To Lochmabane he went agane,
25 And gert men with his lettiris rid
To frendis apon ilk sid,
That cum till him with thar menyhe,
And his men als assemblit he,
And thocht that he wald mak him king.
30 Our all the land the word can spring
That the Brus the Cumyn had slane,
And emang othir lettiris ar gaue

THE BRUS.

29

To the bischop of Androis toun
That tald how slane was that baroun.
35 The lettir tald him all the ded,
And he till his men can it red,
And sithin said them, 'Sekirly
I hop Thomas prophesey
Of Hersildoun sall verifyit be
40 In him, for, sa our Lord help me,
I haf gret hop he sall be king
And haf this land all in leding.'
James of Douglas, that ay quhar
Alwais befor the bischop schar,
45 Had wele herd all the lettir red,
And he tuk alsua full gud hed
To that the bischop had said.
And, quhen the burdis doun war laid,
To chalmer went tha than in hy,
50 And James of Douglas prevely
Said to the bischop, 'Schir, yhe se
How Inglis men throu thar pouste
Disherisis me of my land,
And men hes gert yhou undirstand
55 Als that the erl of Carrik
Clamis to govern the kinrik,
And for yhon man that he has slane
All Inglis men ar him agane,
And wald disheris him blithly.
60 The quhethir with him duell wald I.
Tharfor, Schir, gif it war yhour will,
I wald tak with him gud and ill.

- Throu him I trow my land to win
 Magre the Cliffurd and his kin.'
- 65 The bischop herd, and had pite,
 And said, 'Suet son, sa God help me,
 I wald blithly that thou war thar,
 Bot that I nocht reprufit war.
 On this maner wele wirk thou ma.
- 70 Thou sall tak Ferand my palfray,
 And, for thar is na hors in this land
 Sa swicht na yhet sa wele at hand,
 Tak him as of thyn awn hed,
 As I had gifin tharto na red.
- 75 And, gif his yhemar ocht gruchis,
 Luk that thou tak him magre his,
 Sa sall I wele assonyheit be.
 Michty God for his pouste
 Grant that he that thou passis to,
- 80 And thou in all tym sa wele to do,
 That yhe yhou fra yhour fais defend.'
 He taucht him silver to dispend,
 And syn gaf him gud day,
 And bad him pas furth on his way,
- 85 For he ne wald spek quhill he war gane.
 The Douglas than his way has tane
 Richt to the hors, as he him bad,
 Bot he that him in yhemsal had
 Than warnit him dispitwisly,
- 90 Bot he that wreth him enkirly
 Fellit him with ane suerdis dint,
 And syn forouten langar stint

The hors he sadillit hastely,
 And lap on him deliverly,
 95 And passit furth but leftaking.
 Der God that is of hevin king
 Saf him and scheld him fra his fais!
 All him alane the way he tais
 Toward the toun of Lochmabane,
 100 And ane litill fra Arikstane
 The Brus with ane gret rout he met,
 That rad to Scone for to be set
 In kingis stole, and to be king.
 And, quhen Douglas saw his cuming,
 105 He rad and halsit him in hy,
 And loutit him full curtasly,
 And tald him haly all his stat,
 And quhat he was, and als howgat
 The Clifford held his heritage,
 110 And that he cum to mak homage
 Till him as till his richtwis king,
 And that he boun was in all thing
 To tak with him the gud and ill.
 And, quhen the Brus had herd his will,
 115 He resavit him in gret dante,
 And men and armis till him gaf he.
 He thocht wele he suld be worthy,
 For all his elderis war douchty.
 Thusgat mad tha thar aquentans,
 120 That nevir syn for nakyn chans
 Departit quhill tha lifand war:
 Thar frendschip wox ay mar and mar,

For he servit ay lelely,
 And the tothir full wilfully,
 125 That was bath worthy, wicht, and wis,
 Rewardit him wele his servis.

XIII.

The lord the Brus to Glaaskow rad,
 And send about him quhill he had
 Of his frendis ane gret menyhe,
 And syn to Scone in hy rad he,
 5 And was mad king but langar let,
 And in the kingis stole was set,
 As in that tym was the maner.
 Bot of thar nobleis gret affer,
 Thar servis, na thar rialte,
 10 Yhe sall her na thing now for me,
 Outane that he of the barnage
 That thiddir cum tuk homage,
 And syn went our all the land
 Frendis and frendschip purchasand,
 15 To mantem that he had begunnin.
 He wist, or all the land war wonnin,
 He suld find full hard barganing
 With him that was of Inland king,
 For thar was nane of lif sa fell,
 20 Sa pantener, na sa cruell.

And when to king Eduard was tald
 How that the Brus that was sa bald
 Had brocht the Cumyn till ending,
 And how he syn had mad him king,
 25 Out of his wit he went wele ner,
 And callit till him Schir Amer
 The Vallanch that was wis and wicht
 And of his hand ane worthy knicht,
 And bad him men of armis ta,
 30 And in hy to Scotland ga,
 And brin, and sla, and ras dragoun :
 And hicht all Fif in warisoun
 Till him that nicht outhir ta or sla
 Robert the Brus that was his fa.
 35 Schir Amer did as he him bad,
 Gret chevelry with him he had,
 With him was Philip the Mowbra,
 And Ingeram the Umfravill perfay,
 That was bath wis and averty,
 40 And full of gret chevelry :
 And of Scotland the mast party
 Tha had intill thar cumpany,
 For yhet than mekill of the land
 Was intill Inglismenis hand.
 45 To Perth than went tha in ane rout
 That than was wallit all about,
 With fele touris richt he battalit
 To defend gif it war assalit.
 Tharin duellit Schir Amery
 50 With all his gret chevelry.

The King Robert wist he was thar,
 And quhatkyn chiftanis with him war,
 And assemblit all his menyhe.
 He had fele of full gret bounte,
 55 Bot thar fais war ma than tha
 Be fiftin hundreth, as I herd say.
 The quhethir he had thar at that ned
 Full fele that war douchty of ded,
 And barounis that war bald as bar,
 60 Twa erlis alsua with him war,
 Of Levenax and Adell war tha,
 Eduard the Brus was thar alsua,
 Thomas Randol, and Hew de le Hay,
 And Schir David the Berclay,
 65 Fresale, Somervele, and Inchmertyn.
 James of Douglas thar was syn,
 That yhet than was bot litill of micht,
 And othir fele folk forsy in ficht,
 Als was gud Cristol of Setoun,
 70 And Robert Boyd of gret renoun,
 And othir fele men of mekill micht,
 Bot I can nocht tell quhat tha hicht.
 Thouch tha war quhene, tha war worthy
 And full of gret chevelry,
 75 And in battale in gud aray
 Befor Sanct Johnistoun cum tha,
 And bad Schir Amery isch to ficht,
 And he, that in the mekill micht
 Trastit of tham that was him by,
 80 Bad his men arm tham hastely.

Bot Schir Ingeram the Umphravill
 Thocht it war all to gret perill
 In plane battale to tham to ga,
 Or quhile tha war arait sa,
 85 And to Schir Amer said he,
 'Schir, gif that yhe will trow to me,
 Yhe sall nocht isch tham till assale
 Quhile tha ar purvait in battale.
 For thar ledar is wis and wicht,
 90 And of his hand ane nobill knicht,
 And he has in his cumpany
 Mony ane gud man and worthy,
 That sall be hard for till assay
 Quhile tha ar in sa gud aray,
 95 For it suld be full mekill nicht
 That now suld put tham to the flicht,
 For, quhen folk ar wele arait
 And for the battale wele purvait,
 Withthi that tha all gud men be,
 100 Tha sall fer mar be advise
 And wele mar for to dred than tha
 War set sumdele out of aray.
 Tharfor yhe may, Schir, say tham till,
 That tha may this nicht, and tha will,
 105 Gang herbery tham and slep and rest,
 And that to morn but langar lest
 Yhe sall isch furth to the battale,
 And ficht with them bot gif tha fale.
 Sa to thar herbery went sall tha,
 110 And sum sall went to the foray,

And tha that duellis at the lusing,
 Sen tha cum out of traving,
 Sall in schort tym unarmit be,
 Than on our best maner may we
 115 With all our far chevelry
 Rid toward tham richt hardely,
 And tha that wenis to rest all nicht,
 Quhen tha se us arait to ficht
 Cumand on tham sa sudanly,
 120 Tha sall affrait be gretumly,
 And, or tha cumin in battale be,
 We sall sped us sagat that we
 Sall be all redy till assemill.
 Sum man for ernes will trimmill,
 125 Quhen he assait is sudanly,
 That with avisement is douchty.'

XIV.

As he avisit now haf tha done,
 And to tham outouth send tha sone,
 And bad tham herbery tham that nicht,
 And on the morn cum to the ficht.
 5 Quhen tha saw tha nicht na mar,
 Toward Meffen than can tha far
 And in the wod tham lugit tha,
 The thrid part went to the foray,

And the laf sone unarmit war,
 10 And scalit to luge tham her and thar.
 Schir Amer than but mar abad
 With all the folk he with him had
 Ischit enforsely to the ficht,
 And rad intill ane randoun richt
 15 The straucht way toward Meffen.
 The king, that was unarmit then,
 Saw tham cum sa enforsely,
 Than till his men can hely cry,
 'Till armis swith, and makis yhou yhar,
 20 Her at our hand our fais ar.'
 And tha did sa in full gret hy,
 And on thar hors lap hastely.
 The king displait his baner,
 Quhen that his folk assemblit wer,
 25 And said, 'Lordingis, now may yhe se
 That yhon folk all throu sutelte
 Schapis tham to do with slicht
 That that tha dred to do with micht.
 Now I persaf he that will trew
 30 His fa, it sall him sum tym rew.
 And nocht forthi, thouch tha be fele,
 God may richt wele our werdis dele,
 For multitud mais na victory,
 As men has red in mony story,
 35 That few folk has oft vencusit ma:
 Trow we that we sall do richt sa:
 Yhe ar ilkane wicht and worthy
 And full of gret chevelry,

- And wat richt wele quhat honour is:
 40 Wirk yhe than apon sic wis
 That yhour honour be savit ay;
 And a thing will I to yhou say,
 That he that deis for his cuntre
 Sall herbryit intill hevin be.'
 45 Quhen this was said, tha saw cumand
 Thar fais ridand ner at the hand,
 Arait richt avisely,
 Wilfull to do chevelry.

XV.

- On athir sid thus war tha yhar,
 And till assemble all redy war:
 Tha straucht thar speris on athir sid,
 And sa rudly can sammyn rid,
 5 That speris all tofruschit war,
 And fele men ded and woundit sar.
 The blud out at thar birneis brast,
 For the best and the worthyast,
 That wilfull war to win honour,
 10 Plungit in the stalward stour,
 And routis rud about tham dang.
 Men nicht haf sene into that thrang
 Knichtis that wicht and hardy war
 Undir hors fet defoulit thar,

- 15 Sum woundit, and sum all ded;
 The gyrs wox of the blud all red;
 And tha that held on hors in hy
 Swappit out suerdis sturdely,
 And sa fell strakis gaf and tuk
 20 That all the renk about tham quuk.
 The Brusis folk full hardely
 Schawit thar gret chevelry,
 And he himself atour the laf
 Sa hard and sa hevy dintis gaf
 25 That quhar he cum tha mad him way,
 His folk tham put in hard assay
 To stint thar fais mekill nicht
 That than sa far had of the ficht
 That tha wan feld ay mar and mar,
 30 The kingis small folk ner vencusit ar.
 And, quhen the king his folk has sene
 Begin to fale for proper tene,
 His ensenyhe can he cry,
 And in the stour sa hardely
 35 He ruschit that all the semble schuk,
 He all tillhewit that he ourtuk,
 And dang on tham quhile he nicht dre,
 And till his folk he cryit he,
 'On tham! On tham! tha feble fast,
 40 This bargane nevir ma langar last.'
 And with that word sa wilfully
 He dang on, and sa hardely,
 That quha had sene him in that ficht
 Suld hald him for ane douchty knight.

THE BRUS.

- 45 Bot, thouch he was stout and hardy,
And othir als of his cumpany,
Thar nicht na worschip thar avalyhe,
For thar small folk begouth to falyhe,
And fled all scalit her and thar;
50 Bot the gud that enchausit war
Of ire abad and held the stour
To conquer tham endles honour.
And, quhen Schir Amer has sene
The small folk fle all bedene,
55 And saw few abid to ficht,
He relyit to him mony ane knicht,
And in the stour sa hardely
He ruschit with his chevelry,
That he ruschit his fais ilkane.
60 Schir Thomas Randol thar was tane
That than was ane young bachelor,
And Schir Alexander Fraser,
And Schir David the Berclay,
Inchmertyn, and Hew de le Hay,
65 And Somervele, and othir ma:
And the king himself alsua
Was set into full hard assay
Throu Schir Philip the Mowbra
That rad till him full hardely,
70 And hynt his renyhe, and syn can cry,
'Help, help, I haf the new mad king.'
With that cum girdand in ane ling
Cristol of Setoun, quhen he sa
Saw the king sesit with his fa,

THE BRUS.

41

75 And to Philip sic rout he raucht
 That, thouch he was of mekill maucht,
 He gert him galay desaly,
 And had till erd gane fullely
 Ne war he hynt him be his sted,
 80 Than of his hand the bridill yhed,
 And the king his ensenyhe can cry,
 Relyit his men that war him by,
 That war sa few that tha na micht
 Endur the fors mar of the ficht.
 85 Tha prikit than out of the pres,
 And the king, that angry wes
 For he his men saw fle him fra,
 Said than, 'Lordingis, sen it is sa
 That ure rinnis agane us her,
 90 Gud is we pas of thar danger
 Till God us send eftsonis gras;
 And yhet may fall, gif tha will chas,
 Quit tham turn but sumdele we sall.'
 To this word tha assentit all,
 95 And fra tham walopit our mar.
 Thar fais alsua wery war
 That of tham all thar chasit nane,
 Bot with presoneris that tha had tane
 Richt to the toun tha held thar way
 100 Richt glad and joyfull of thar pray.
 That nicht tha lay all in the toun,
 Thar was nane of sa gret renoun,
 Na yhet sa hardy of tham all,
 That durst herbery without the wall,

- 105 Sa dred tha sar the gane-cuming
 Of Schir Robert the douchty king.
 And to the king of Ingland sone
 Tha wrat haly as tha had done,
 And he wes blith of that tithing,
 110 And for dispit bad draw and hing
 All the presoneris, thouch tha war ma.
 Bot Schir Amery did nocht sa:
 To sum bath land and lif gaf he
 To lef the Brusis fewte,
 115 And serf the king of Ingland,
 And of him for to hald the land,
 And warray the Brus as thar fa.
 Thomas Randol was ane of tha
 That for his lif becum thar man.
 120 Of othir that war takin than
 Sum tha ransounit, sum tha slew,
 And sum tha hangit, and sum tha drew.

XVI.

- On this maner rebutit was
 The Brus, that mekill murning mais
 For his men that war slane and tane,
 And he was als sa will of wane
 5 That he trowit in nane sekirly,
 Outane tham of his cumpany

- That war sa few that tha micht be
Fif hundreth ner of all menyhe.
His brothir alwais was him by,
10 Schir Eduard that was sa hardy:
And with him was ane bald baroun,
Schir Wilyham the Boroundoun:
The erl of Adell als was thar:-
Bot ay sen tha discomfit war
15 The erl of Levenax was away,
And was put to full hard assay
Or he met with the king agane,
Bot alwais as ane man of mane
He mantemit him full manlely.
20 The king had in his cumpany
James alsua of Douglas
That wicht, wis, and averty was.
Schir Gilbert de le Hay alsua,
Schir Nele Cambell, and othir ma
25 That I thar namis can nocht say,
As outlawis went mony day,
Dreand in the month thar pyn,
Et flesch and drank watir syn.
He durst nocht to the planis ga,
30 For all the comounis went him fra,
That for thar lif war full fane
To pas to the Inglis pes agane.
Sa faris ay comounly:
In comounis may nane affy
35 Bot he that may thar warand be.
Sa fur tha than with him, for he

Tham fra thar fais nicht nocht warand,
 Tha turnit to the tothir hand,
 Bot thrildom that men gert tham fele
 40 Gert tham ay yharn that he fur wele.

XVII.

Thus in the hillis livit he
 Quhill the mast part of his menyhe
 Was rivin and rent: na schone tha had
 Bot as tha tham of hidis mad:
 5 Tharfor tha went till Abirdene,
 Quhar Nele the Brus cum, and the quene,
 And other ladyis far and farand,
 Ilkane for luf of thar husband,
 That for lele luf and lawte
 10 Wald parteneris of thar panis be.
 Tha chesit titar with tham to ta
 Angir and pane na be tham fra,
 For luf is of sa mekill nicht
 That it all panis makis licht,
 15 And mony tym mais tendir wichtis
 Of sic strinthis and sic michtis
 That tha may mekill panis endur,
 And forsakis nane aventur
 That evir may fall with thi that tha.
 20 Tharthrou succour thar lifis may.

- Men redis, quhen Thebes was tane,
 And king Adrastus men war slane
 That aasalit the cite,
 That the wemen of his cuntre
 25 Cum for to fech him ham agane
 Quhen tha herd all his folk was slane:
 Quhar the King Capaneus,
 Throu the help of Menesteus
 That cum percas ridand tharby
 30 With thre hundreth in cumpany,
 That throu the kingis prayer assalyheit,
 Thai yhet to tak the toun had falyheit
 Ne war the wifis thirland the wall
 With pikkis, quhar the assalyheis all
 35 Enterit and distroyit the toun,
 And slew the pepill but ransoun.
 Syn, quhen the duk his way was gane,
 And all the kingis men war slane,
 The wifis had him till his cuntre
 40 Quhar was na man lifand bot he.
 In wemen mekill confort lyis,
 And gret solas on mony wis.
 Sa fell it her, for thar cuming
 Rejosit richt gretumly the king:
 45 The quhethir ilk nicht him selvin wuk,
 And his rest apon dais tuk.
 Ane gud quhile thar he sojornit then,
 And esit wondir wele his men,
 Quhill that the Inglisemen herd say
 50 That he thar with his menyhe lay

All at es and sekirly.
 Assemblit tha thar host in hy,
 And thar him trowit to suppris,
 Bot he that in his ded was wis
 55 Wist tha assemblit was, and quhar,
 And wist that tha sa mony war
 That he nicht nocht agane tham ficht.
 His men in hy he gert be dicht
 And buskit of the toun to rid:
 60 The ladyis rad richt by his sid:
 Than to the hill tha rad thar way,
 Quhar gret defalt of met had tha.
 Bot worthy James of Douglas
 Ay travaland and besy was
 65 For to purchas the ladyis met,
 And it on mony wis wald get:
 For quhile he venesoun tham brocht,
 And with his handis quhile he wrocht
 Gynnys to tak geddis and salmounis,
 70 Troutis, elis, and als menounis:
 And quhile tha went to the foray:
 And sa thar purchasing mad tha.
 Ilk man travalit for to get
 And purchas tham that tha nicht et:
 75 Bot of all that evir tha war
 Thar was nocht ane emang tham thar
 That to the ladyis profit was
 Mar than James of Douglas,
 And the king oft confort wes
 80 Throu his wit and his besynes.

On this maner tham governit tha
 Quhill tha cum to the hed of Tay.

XVIII.

The lord of Lorne wonit tharby,
 That was capitale ennemy
 To the king for his emis sak
 Johne Cumyn, and thocht for to tak
 5 Vengeans apon cruell maner.
 Quhen he the king wist was sa ner,
 He assemblit his men in hy,
 And had intill his cumpany
 The barounis of Argile alsua:
 10 Tha war ane thousand wele or ma,
 And cum for to suppris the king
 That wele was war of thar cuming:
 Bot all to few with him he had,
 The quhethir he baldly tham abad,
 15 And wele ost at thar first meting
 War laid at erd but recovering.
 The kingis folk full wele tham bar,
 And slew, and fellit, and woundit sar:
 Bot the folk of the tothir party
 20 Faucht with axis sa fellely,
 For tha on fut war evirilkane,
 That tha fele of thar hors has slane,

And to sum gaf tha woundis wid:
 James of Douglas was hurt that tid,
 25 And als Schir Gilbert de le Hay.
 The king his men saw in affray,
 And his ensenyhe can he cry,
 And emang tham richt hardely
 He rad, that he tham ruschit all,
 30 And fele of tham thar gert he fall.
 Bot, quhen he saw tha war sa fele,
 And saw tham sa gret dintis dele,
 He dred to tyn his folk: forthi
 His men till him he can rely,
 35 And said, 'Lordingis, foly it war
 Till us for till assemill mar,
 For tha fele of our hors has slane,
 And, gif yhe ficht with tham agane,
 We sall tyn of our small menyhe,
 40 And ourself sall in perill be:
 Tharfor me think mast avenand
 To withdraw us us defendand
 Quhill we cum out of thar danger,
 For our strinth at our hand is ner.'
 45 Than tha withdrew tham halely,
 Bot that was nocht full cowardly,
 For sammyn intill ane sop held tha,
 And the king him abandonit ay
 To defend behind his menyhe,
 50 And throu his worschip sa wrocht he
 That he reskewit all the flearis,
 And stintit sa gat the chasaris,

THE BRUS.

49

That nane durst out of battale chas,
 For alwais at thar hand he was.
 55 Sa wele defendit he his men,
 That quhasaevir had sene him then
 Pruf sa worthely vassalage
 And turn sa oftis the visage,
 He suld say he aucht wele to be
 60 Ane king of ane gret rialte.

XIX.

Quhen that the lord of Lorne saw
 His men stand of him ane sic aw
 That tha durst nocht folow the chas,
 Richt angry in his hart he was,
 5 And for wondir that he suld sa
 Stot tham him ane but ma
 He said, 'Methink, Marthokis sone,
 Richt as Golmakmorn was wone
 To haf fra Fingal his menyhe,
 10 Richt sa all his fra us has he.'
 He set ensampill thus midlik,
 The quethir he nicht mar manerlik
 Liknit him to Gaudifer de Larys,
 Quhen that the mighty duk Betys
 15 Assalyheit in Gaderis the forayouris,
 And, quhen the king tham mad rescours,

Duk Betys tuk on him the flicht
 That wald na mar abid to ficht.
 Bot gud Gaudifer the worthy
 20 Abandonit him sa hardely
 For to reskew all the flearis
 And for to stonay the chasaris,
 That Alexander to erd he bar,
 And alsua did he Tholimar,
 25 And gud Coneus alsua,
 Dauklyne alsua, and othir ma:
 Bot at the last thar slane he wes,
 In that falyheit the liklynes,
 For the king full chevelrously
 30 Defendit all his cumpany,
 And was set in full gret danger,
 And yhet eschapit hale and fer.
 For twa brethir war in that land
 That war the hardyast of hand
 35 That war intill all that cuntre,
 And tha had sworn, gif tha micht se
 The Brus quhar tha micht him ourta,
 That tha suld de or than him sla.
 Thar surnam was Makyndrosser,
 40 That is all sa mekill to say her
 As the Durwarth sonnis perfay:
 Of thar covyn the thrid had tha
 That was richt stout, ill, and feloun.
 Quhen tha the King of gud renoun
 45 Saw sa behind his menyhe rid,
 And saw him turn sa mony tid,

- Tha abad quhill that he was
 Enterit in ane narow plas
 Betuix ane lochside and ane bra
 50 That was sa strat, I undirta,
 That he nicht nocht wele turn his sted.
 Than with ane will till him tha yhed,
 And ane him be the bridill hynt,
 Bot he raucht till him sic ane dint
 55 That arm and schuldir flaw him fra.
 With that ane othir can him ta
 Be the leg, and his hand can schut
 Betuix the sterap and his fut.
 And, quhen the king feld thar his hand,
 60 In his sterapis stithly can he stand,
 And strak with spuris the sted in hy,
 And he lansit furth deliverly,
 Sa that the tothir falyheit fet,
 And nocht forthi his hand was yhet
 65 Undir the sterap magre his.
 The thrid with full gret hy with this
 Richt to the bra-sid he yhed,
 And stert behind him on his sted.
 The king was than in full gret pres:
 70 The quethir he thocht, as he that wes
 In all his dedis avise,
 To do ane outrageous bounte.
 He hynt him that behind him was,
 And magre his him can he ras
 75 Fra behind him, thouch he had sworn,
 And laid him evin him beforne,

Syn with the suerd sic dint him gaf
 That he the hed to the harnis claf.
 He ruschit doun of blud all red
 80 As he that stound feld of ded,
 And than the king in full gret hy
 Strak at the tothir vigorously
 That he eftir his sterap drew,
 That at the first strak he him slew.
 85 On this wis him deliverit he
 Of all tha feloun fais thre.

XX.

Quhen tha of Lorne has sene the king
 Set in himself sa gret helping,
 And defend him sa manlely,
 Was nane emang tham sa hardy
 5 That durst assalyhe him mar in ficht,
 Sa dred tha for his mekill nicht.
 Thar was ane baroun Maknaughtan,
 That in his hart gret kep has tane
 To the kingis chevelry,
 10 And prisit him in hart gretly,
 And to the lord of Lorne said he,
 'Sekirly now may yhe se
 Be tane the starkast pundelane
 That evir yhour lifym yhe saw tane,

- 15 For yhon knight throu his douchty ded
 And throu his outrageous manhed
 Has fellit into litill tid
 Thre men of mekill micht and prid,
 And stonait all our menyhe sa
 20 That eftir him dar na man ga,
 And turnis sa mony tym his sted
 That semis of us he had na dred.
 Than can the lord of Lorne say,
 'It semis it likis the perfay
 25 That he slais yhongat our menyhe.'
 'Schir,' said he, 'sa our Lord me se,
 To saf yhour presens it is nocht sa:
 Bot, quhethir sa he be frend or fa
 That winnis pris of chevelry,
 30 Men suld spek tharof lelely.
 And sekirly in all my tym
 I herd nevir in sang na rym
 Tell of ane man that sa smertly
 Eschevit sa gret chevelry.'
 35 Sic speking of the king tha mad,
 And he eftir his menyhe rad,
 And into savite tham led
 Quhar he his fais nathing dred:
 And tha of Lorne agane ar gane,
 40 Menand the scath that tha haf tane.

XXI.

The king that nicht his wachis set,
 And gert ordane that tha nicht et,
 And bad confort to tham tak,
 And at thar nichtis mery mak.
 5 'For discomfort,' as than said he,
 'Is the werst thing that may be,
 For throu mekill discomforting
 Men fallis oft into disparing,
 And fra ane man disparit be
 10 Than trewly utrely vencusit is he,
 And fra the hart be discumfit
 The body is nocht worth ane myt.
 Tharfor,' he said, 'atour all thing
 Kepis yhou fra disparing,
 15 And think, thouch we now harmis fele,
 That God may yhet relef us wele.
 Men redis of mony men that war
 Fer hardar stad than we yhet ar,
 And syn our Lord sic gras tham lent
 20 That tha cum wele to thar entent.
 For Rome quhilom sa hard was stad,
 Quhen Hanibal tham vencusit had,
 That of ringis with rich stane
 That war of knichtis fingeris tane
 25 He send thre bollis to Cartage,
 And syn to Rome tuk his viage

Thar to distroy the cite all.
 And tha within bath gret and small
 Had fled quhen tha saw his cuming,
 30 Had nocht bene Scipio the yhing
 That or tha fled wald tham haf slane,
 And sagat turnit he tham agane :
 Syn for to defend the cite
 Bath servandis and threllis mad he fre,
 35 And mad tham knichtis evirilkane,
 And syn has of the templis tane
 The armis that thar elderis bar,
 In nam of victory offerit thar.
 And, quhen tha armit war and dicht
 40 That stalward carlis war and wicht,
 And saw that tha war fre alsua,
 Tham thocht that tha had levir ta
 The ded na lat the toun be tane,
 And with comoun assent as ane
 45 Tha ischit of the toun to ficht,
 Quhar Hanibal his mekill micht
 Aganis tham arait was.
 Bot throu micht of Goddis gras
 It ranit sa hard and hevaly
 50 That thar was nane sa hardy
 That durst into that plas abid,
 Bot sped tham intill hy to rid,
 The ta part to thar palyheounis,
 The tothir part went in the toun is.
 55 The rane thus lettit the fichtyn,
 Sa did it twis thareftir syn.

- Quhen Hanibal saw this ferly,
 With all his gret chevelry
 He left the toun and held his way,
 60 And syn was put to sic assay
 Throw the power of that cite,
 That his lif and his land tynt he.
 Be thir quhene that sa worthely
 Wan sic ane knicht and sa mighty
 65 Yhe may wele be ensampill se
 That na man suld disparit be,
 Na lat his hart be vencusit all
 For na mischef that evir may fall:
 For nane wat in how litill spas
 70 That God umquhile will send gras.
 Had tha fled and thar wais gane,
 Thar fais swith the toun had tane:
 Tharfor men that warrayand war
 Suld set thar etling evir mar
 75 To stand agane thar fais nicht
 Umquhile with strinth, and quhile with slicht,
 And ay think to cum to purpos:
 And, gif that tham war set in chos
 To de or to lif cowardly,
 80 Tha suld erar de chevelrously.'

XXII.

- T**hus gat tham confortit the king,
 And to confort tham can inbring
 Ald storyis of men that wer
 Set intill hard assais ser,
 5 And that fortoun contraryit fast,
 And cum to purpos at the last.
 Tharfor he said, 'that tha that wald
 Thar hartis undiscumfit hald
 Suld ay think ententely to bring
 10 All thar empris to gud ending,
 As quhile did Cesar the worthy
 That travailit ay sa besaly
 With all his micht folowing to mak
 To end the purpos that he wald tak,
 15 That him thocht he had done richt nocht
 Ay quhile to do him lefit ocht:
 For thi gret thingis eschevit he,
 As men may in his story se;
 Men may se be his ithand will,
 20 And it suld als accord to skill,
 That quha tais purpos sekirly,
 And folowis it syn ententely
 Forout fantis or yhet fanding,
 Withthi it be conabill thing,
 25 Bot he the mar be unhappy,
 He sall eschef it in party,

And, haf he lifdais, wele may fall
 That he sall eschef it all.
 Forthi suld nane haf disparing
 30 For till eschef ane full gret thing,
 For, gif it fall he tharof falyhe,
 The falt may be in his travalyhe.'

XXIII.

He prechit tham on this maner,
 And fenyheit to mak bettir cher
 Than he had matir to be fer,
 For his caus yhed fra ill to wer.
 5 Tha war ay in sa hard travale
 Quhill the ladyis began to fale
 That nicht the travale dre na mar;
 Sa did othir als that thar war;
 The erl Johne was ane of tha
 10 Of Adell, that quhen he saw sua
 The king be discumfit twis,
 And sa fele folk agane him ris,
 And lif in sic travale and dout,
 His hart began to fail all out,
 15 And to the king apon ane day
 He said, 'Gif I durst to yhou say,
 We lif into sa mekill dred,
 And hafis oft sis of met sic ned,

- And is ay in sic traving
 20 With cald and hungir and waking,
 That I am sad of my selvin sa
 That I count nocht my lif ane stra.
 Thir angris may I na mar dre,
 For, thouch me tharfor worthit de,
 25 I mon sojorn quharevir it be:
 Lefis me tharfor per cherite.'
 The king saw that he sa was falit,
 And that he ek was fortravalit,
 He said, 'Schir erl, we sall sone se
 30 And ordane how it best may be.
 Quharevir yhe be, our Lord yhou send
 Gras fra yhour fais yhou to defend.'
 With that in hy to him callit he
 Tham that till him war mast preve:
 35 Than emang tham tha thocht it best
 And ordanit for the liklyest,
 That the quene and the erl alsua
 And the ladyis in hy suld ga
 With Nele the Brus to Kildrumy,
 40 For tham thocht tha nicht sekirly
 Duell thar quhile tha war vittalit wele,
 For sa stalward was the castele
 That it with strinth war hard to get
 Quhile that tharin war men and met.
 45 As tha ordanit tha did in hy:
 The quene and all her cumpany
 Lap on thar hors and furth tha far.
 Men nicht haf sene quha had bene thar

At lef-taking the ladyis gret
 50 And mak thar fas with teris wet,
 And knichtis for thar lufis sak
 Bath sich and wep and murning mak :
 Tha kissit thar lufis at thar parting.
 The king umbethocht him of ane thing,
 55 That he fra thine on fut wald ga
 And tak on fut bath wele and wa,
 And wald na horamen with him haf :
 Tharfor his hors all hale he gaf
 To the ladyis that mistir had.
 60 The quene furth on hir wais rad
 And safly cum to the castele,
 Quhar hir folk war resavit wele
 And esit wele with met and drink :
 Bot nicht nane es let hir to think
 65 On the king that was sa sar stad
 That bot twa hundreth with him had.
 The quhethir tham wele confort he ay :
 God help him that all nichtis may.

XXIV.

The quene duelt thus in Kildrummy,
 And the king and his cumpany,
 That war twa hundreth and na ma,
 Fra tha had send thar hors tham fra

- 5 Wanderit emang the he montanis,
Quhar he and his oft tholit panis;
For it was to the wintir ner,
And sa fele fais about him wer
That all the cuntre tham warrait:
- 10 Sa hard anoy tham than assait
Of hungir, cald, and schouris snell
That nane that lifis can wele it tell.
The king saw how his folk was stad,
And quhat anoyis that tha had,
- 15 And saw wintir was cumand ner,
And that he nicht on na wis der
In the hillis the cald lying,
Na the lang nichtis waking.
He thocht he to Kintyr wald ga,
- 20 And sa lang sojorning thar ma
Quhill wintir weddir war away,
And than he thocht but mar delay
Into the manland till arif
And to the end his werdis drif:
- 25 And, for Kintyr lysis in the se,
Schir Nele Cambell befor send he
For to get him navyn and met,
And certane tym till him he set
Quhen he suld met him at the se.
- 30 Schir Nele Cambell with his menyhe
Went his way but mar letting,
And left his brothir with the king,
And in tuelf dais sa travalit he
That he gat schippyn gud plente

- 35 And vittalis in gret aboundans:
 Sa mad he nobill chevisans,
 For his sibmen wonnit tharby
 That helpit him full wilfully.
 The king, eftir that he was gane,
 40 To Lochlomond the way has tane,
 And cum thar on the thrid day,
 Bot tharabout na bat fand tha
 That micht tham our the watir ber.
 Than war tha wa on gret maner,
 45 For it was fer about to ga,
 And tha war into dout alsua
 To met thar fais that spred war wid,
 Tharfor endlang the lochis sid
 Sa besaly tha socht and fast
 50 Quhill James of Douglas at the last
 Fand ane litill sonkin bat
 And to the land it drew fut hat:
 Bot it sa litill was that it
 Micht our the watir bot thresum flit.
 55 Tha send tharof word to the king
 That was joyfull of that finding,
 And first into the bat is gane,
 With him Douglas: the thrid was ane
 That rowit tham our deliverly
 60 And set tham on the land all dry,
 And rowit sa oftsis to and fra,
 Fechand ay our twa and twa,
 That in a nicht and in a day
 Cumin out our the loch ar tha:

- 65 For sum of tham couth swym full wele
And on his bak ber ane fardele:
Sa with swymming and with rowing
Tha brocht tham our and all thar thing.
The king the quhilkis meraly
- 70 Red to tham that war him by
Romanis of worthy Ferambras
That worthely ourcumin was
Throu the richt douchty Oliver:
And how the Dukperis wer
- 75 Assegit intill Egrymor,
Quhar king Lawyne lay tham befor
With ma thousandis then I can say,
And bot elevin within war tha
And a woman, and war sa stad
- 80 That tha na met thar within had
Bot as tha fra thar fais wan:
Yhet sa contenit tha tham than
That tha the toun held manlely
Quhill that Richard of Normundy
- 85 Magre his fais warnit the king
That was joyfull of this tithing,
For he wend tha had all been slane:
Tharfor he turnit in hy agane,
And wan Mantrybill, and passit Flagot,
- 90 And syn Lawyne and all his flot
Dispitwisly discumfit he,
And deliverit his men all fre,
And wan the nalis and the sper
And the croun that Jhesu couth ber,

95 And of the cros ane gret party
 He wan throu his chevelry.
 The gud king apon this maner
 Confort tham that war him ner,
 And mad tham gamyn and solas
 100 Quhill that his folk all passit was.

XXV.

Quhen tha war passit the watir brad,
 Suppos tha fele of fais had,
 Tha mad tham mery and war blith,
 Nocht forthi full fele sith
 5 Tha had full gret defalt of met,
 And tharfor venesoun to get
 In twa partyis ar tha gane;
 The king himself was intill ane,
 And Schir James of Douglas
 10 Into the tothir party was.
 Than to the hicht tha held thar way,
 And huntit lang quhile of the day,
 And socht schawis and setis set,
 Bot tha gat litill for till et.
 15 Than hapnit at that tym percas
 That the erl of Levenax was
 Emang the hillis ner tharby,
 And, quhen he herd sa blaw and cry,

He had wondir quhat it micht be,
 20 And on sic maner spyrit he
 That he knew that it was the king,
 And than forouten mar duelling
 With all them of his cumpany
 He went richt to the king in hy
 25 Sa blith and sa joyfull that he
 Micht on na maner blithar be;
 For he the king wend had bene ded,
 And he was alsua will of red
 That he durst nocht rest into na plas,
 30 Na, sen the king discumfit was
 At Meffen, he herd nevir thing
 That evir was certane of the king.
 Tharfor into full gret dante
 The king full humilly halsit he,
 35 And he him welcumit richt blithly,
 And askit him full tendirly,
 And all the lordis that war thar
 Richt joyfull of thar meting war,
 And kissit him in gret dante.
 40 It was gret pite for to se
 How tha for joy and pite gret
 Quhen that tha with thar falow met
 That tha wend had bene ded, forthi
 Tha welcumit him mar hartfully,
 45 And he for pite gret agane
 That nevir of meting was sa fane.
 Thouch I say that tha gret, suthly
 It was na greting propirly:

THE BRUS.

For I trow trastly that greting
 50 Cumis to men for misliking,
 And that nane may but angir gret
 Bot it be wemen that can wet
 Thar chekis quhenevir tham list with teris,
 The quhethir wele oft tham nathing deris.
 55 Bot I wat wele but lesing,
 Quhatevir men say of sic greting,
 That mekill joy or yhet pite
 May ger men sa amovit be
 That watir fra the hart will ris
 60 And wet the ene on sic awis
 That is lik to be greting,
 Thouch it be nocht sa in all thing:
 For, quhen men gretis enkirly,
 The hart is sorowfull or angry,
 65 Bot for pite, I trow, greting
 Be nathing bot ane opinning
 Of hart that schawis the tendirnis
 Of rewth that in it closit is.
 The barounis apon this maner
 70 Throu Goddis gras assemblit wer.
 The erl had met, and that plente,
 And with glad hart it tham gaf he,
 And tha et it with full gud will
 That socht nane othir sals thartill
 75 Bot appetit that oft men takis,
 For richt wele scourit war thar stomakis.
 Tha et and drank sic as tha had,
 And till our Lord syn lufing mad

- And thankit him with full gud cher
 80 That tha war met on that maner.
 The king than at tham sperit yharn
 How tha sen he tham sene had farn :
 And tha full pitwisly can tell
 Aventuris that tham befell
 85 And gret anoyis and pouerte.
 The king tharat had gret pite,
 And tald tham pitwisly agane
 The noy, the travale, and the pane
 That he had tholit sen he tham saw.
 90 Was nane emang tham he na law
 That he ne had pite and plesans
 Quhen that he herd mak remembrans
 Of the perillis that passit war :
 For, quhen men ocht at liking ar,
 95 To tell of panis passit by
 Plesis to hering pitwisly,
 And to rehers thar ald dises
 Dois tham oftsis confort and es,
 Withthi tharto folow na blam,
 100 Dishonour, wikkitnes, na scham.

XXVI.

Eftir the met sone ras the king
 Quhen he had levit his spering,

- And buskit him with his menyhe,
 And went in hy toward the se,
 5 Quhar Schir Nele Cambell tham met
 Bath with schippis and with met,
 Salis, aris, and othir thing
 That was spedfull to thar passing.
 Than schippit tha forouten mar,
 10 Sum went to ster and sum till ar,
 And rowit by the Ile of But:
 Men nicht se mony frely fut
 About the cost thar lukand,
 As tha on aris ras rowand.
 15 And nefis that stalward war and squar
 That wont to span gret speris war
 Sa spanit aris that men nicht se
 Full oft the hid lef on the tre:
 For all war doand, knight and knaf,
 20 Was nane that evir disport nicht haf
 Fra stering and fra rowing
 To furthir tham of thar fleting.
 Bot in the samin tym that tha
 War in schipping, as yhe herd me say,
 25 The erl of the Levenax was,
 I can nocht tell yhou throu quhat cas,
 Levit behind with his galay
 Quhill the king was fer on his way.
 Quhen that tha of his cuntre
 30 Wist that sa duelt behind was he,
 Be se with schippis tha him socht,
 And he that saw that he was nocht

Of pith to ficht with tha tratouris,
 And that he had na ner succouris
 35 Then the kingis flot, forthi
 He sped him eftir tham in hy.
 Bot the tratouris him folowit sa
 That tha wele ner him can ourta,
 For all the micht that he micht do
 40 Ay ner and ner tha cum him to:
 And, quhen he saw tha war sa ner
 That he micht wele thar manans her,
 And saw tham ner and ner cum ay,
 Than till his menyhe can he say,
 45 'Bot gif we find sum sutelte,
 Ourtane all sone sall we be:
 Tharfor I red but mar letting
 That outakin our arming
 We kast our thing all in the se,
 50 And fra our schip sa lichtit be
 We sall sa row and sped us sa
 That we sall wele eschap tham fra,
 With that tha sall mak duelling
 Apon the se to tak our thing,
 55 And we sall row but resting ay
 Quhill we eschapit be away.'
 As he devisit tha haf done,
 And thar schip tha lichtit sone,
 And rowit syn with all thar micht,
 60 And scho that sa was mad licht
 Rakit slidand throu the se:
 And, quhen thar fais can tham se

Forouth tham alwais mar and mar,
 The thingis that thar fletand war
 65 Tha tuk, and turnit syn agane,
 And be that tha lesit all thar pane.

XXVII.

Quhen that the erl on this maner
 And his menyhe eschapit wer,
 Eftir the king he can him hy
 That than with all his cumpany
 5 Into Kintyr arivit was.
 The erl tald him all his cas,
 How he was chasit on the se
 With tham that suld his awn be,
 And how he had bene tane but dout
 10 Na war it that he warpit out
 All that he had him licht to ma,
 And sa eschapit tham fra.
 'Schir erl,' said the king, 'perfay,
 Sen thou eschapit is away,
 15 Of the tynsale is na plenyheing.
 Bot I will say the wele a thing,
 That thar will fall the gret foly
 To pas oft fra my cumpany,
 For fele sis quhen thou art away
 20 Thou art set intill hard assay:

- Tharfor me think it best to the
 To hald the alwais ner by me.'
 'Schir,' said the erl, 'it sall be sa:
 I sall na wis pas fer yhou fra
 25 Quhill God gif gras we be of nicht
 Agane our fais to hald our stycht.'
 Angus of Ile that tym was syr
 And lord and ledar of Kintyr.
 The king richt wele resavit he,
 30 And undirtuk his man to be,
 And him and his on mony wis
 He abandonit till his servis,
 And for mar sekirnes gaf him syn
 His castell of Donavardyne
 35 To duell tharin at his liking.
 Full gretumly thankit him the king,
 And resavit his servis:
 Nocht forthi on mony wis
 He was dredand for tresoun ay,
 40 And tharfor, as I herd men say,
 He trastit in nane sekirly
 Quhill that he knew him utrely.
 Bot, quhat kyn dred that evir he had,
 Far contenans to tham he mad,
 45 And in Donavardyne dais thre
 Forouten mar than duellit he,
 Syn gert he his menyhe mak tham yhar
 Toward Rachryn be se to far:
 That is ane ile in the se,
 50 And may wele in midwart be

Betuix Kintyr and Irland,
 Quhar als gret stremis ar rinnand,
 And als peralous and mar
 Till oursale tham into schipfar
 55 As is the Ras of Bretanyhe
 Or strat of Marrok into Spanyol.
 Thar schippis to the se tha set,
 And mad redy but langar let
 Ankeris, rapis, bath sale and ar,
 60 And all that nedit to schipfar.
 Quhen tha war boun, to sale tha went,
 The wind was wele to thar talent:
 Tha rasit sale and furth tha far,
 And by the Mule tha passit yhar,
 65 And enterit sone into the Ras,
 Quhar that the stremis sa sturdy was
 That wafis wid that brekand war
 Welterit as hillis her and thar.
 The schippis our the wafis slad,
 70 For wind at poynt blawand tha had,
 Bot nocht forthi quha had thar bene
 Ane gret sterling he nicht haf sene
 Of schippis, for quhilom sum wald be
 Richt on the wafis summite,
 75 And sum wald slid fra hicht to law
 Richt as tha doun till hell wald draw.
 Syn on the waf stert sudanly,
 And othir schippis that war tharby
 Deliverly drew to the dep.
 80 It was gret cunanes to kep

- Thar takill into sic ane thrang
 And with sic wafis, for ay emang
 The wafis reft thar sicht of land
 Quhen tha till it was richt ner hand:
 85 And, quhen schippis war saland ner,
 The se wald ris on sic maner
 That of the wafis the weltrand hicht
 Wald ref tham oft of thar sicht.
 Bot in Rachryn nocht forthi
 90 Tha arivit ilkane safly,
 Blith and glad that tha war sa
 Eschapit tha hidwis wafis fra.
 In Rachryn tha arivit ar,
 And to the land tha went but mar
 95 Armit apon thar best maner.
 Quhen the folk that thar wonnand wer
 Saw men of armis in thar cuntre
 Arif into sic quantite,
 Tha fled in hy with thar catell
 100 Toward ane richt stalward castell
 That in the land was ner tharby.
 Men nicht her wemen hely cry
 And fle with catell her and thar:
 Bot the kingis folk that war
 105 Deliver of fut tham can ourhy,
 And tham arestit hastely,
 And brocht tham to the king agane,
 Sa that nane of tham all was slane.
 Than with tham tretit sa the king
 110 That tha to fulfill his yharning

Becum his men evirilkane,
 And has him trewly undirtane
 That tha and tharis loud and still
 Suld be in all thing at his will,
 115 And, quhile him likit thar to lend,
 Evirilk day tha suld him send
 Vittalis for thre hundreth men,
 And tha as lord suld him ken,
 Bot that thar possessioun suld be
 120 For all his men thar awn fre.
 The cunand on this wis was mad,
 And on the morn but langar bad
 Of all Rachryn bath man and page
 Knelit and mad the king homage,
 125 And tharwith swour him fewte
 To serf him ay in lawte,
 And held him richt wele cunand:
 For, quhile he duelt into the land,
 Tha fand met till his cumpany,
 130 And servit him full humilly.

XXVIII.

In Rachryn lef we now the king
 In rest forouten barganing,
 And of his fais ane quhile spek we
 That throu thar micht and thar pouste

- 5 Mad sic ane persecucioun,
 Sa hard, sa strat, and sa feloun,
 On tham that till him lufand wer,
 Or kin or frend on ony maner,
 That it till her is gret pite:
 10 For tha sparit of na degre
 Tham that tha trowit his frend wer
 Nouthir of the kirk na seculer.
 For of Glaskow bischop Robert
 And Makis of Man tha stithly spert
 15 Bath in fetris and in presoun:
 And worthy Cristol of Setoun
 Into Lundon betrasit was
 Throu ane discipill of Judas,
 Maknab, ane fals tratour that ay
 20 Was of his duelling nicht and day,
 Quham to he mad gud cumpany.
 It was fer wer then tratoury
 For to betras sic ane persoun
 Sa nobill and of sic renoun.
 25 Bot tharof had he na pite:
 In hell condampnit mot he be!
 For, quhen he him betrasit had,
 The Inglismen richt with him rad
 In hy in Ingland to the king,
 30 That gert draw him and hed and hing
 Forouten pite or mersy.
 It was gret sorow sekirly
 That sa worthy persoun as he
 Suld on sic maner hangit be.

- 35 Thus gat endit his worthynes:
And of Crauford als Schir Ranald wes,
And Schir Brys als the Blar,
Hangit intill ane bern in Ar.
The quene, and als dam Marjory
40 Hir dochtir that syn worthely
Was coupillit into Goddis band
With Walter Steward of Scotland,
That wald on na wis langar ly
In castell of Kildrummy
45 To bid ane sege, ar ridin rath
With knichtis and squyaris bath
Throu Ros richt to the girth of Tane:
Bot that travale tha mad in vane,
For tha of Ros that wald nocht ber
50 For tham na blam na yhet danger
Out of the girth tham all has tane,
And syn has send tham evirilkane
Richt intill Ingland to the king,
That gert draw all the men and hing,
55 And put the ladyis in presoun,
Sum into castell, sum in dongeoun.
It was gret pite for till her
Folk to be tribulit on this maner.

XXIX.

- T**hat tym was into Kildrumy
 Men that wicht war and hardy,
 Schir Nele the Brus, I wat wele,
 And thar was the erl of Adell.
 5 The castell wele vittalit tha
 With met, and fuell can purvay,
 And enforsit the castell sa
 Tham thoct that na strinth micht it ta.
 And, quhen that it the king was tald
 10 Of Ingland how tha schup to hald
 That castell, he was all angry,
 And callit his sone till him in hy,
 The eldast and aperand ar,
 Ane young bachelor stark and far,
 15 Schir Eduard callit of Carnavirne,
 That was the starkast man of ane
 That men find micht in ony cuntre,
 Prins of Walis that tym was he.
 And he gert als call erlis twa,
 20 Glousister and Herfurd war tha,
 And bad tham wend into Scotland,
 And set ane sege with stalward hand
 To the castell of Kildrumy,
 And all the haldaris halely
 25 He bad distroy without ransoun
 Or bring tham till him in presoun.

Quhen tha the mandment all had tane,
 Tha assemblit ane host onane,
 And to the castell went in hy,
 30 And it assegit rigorously,
 And mony tym full hard assalit,
 Bot for to tak it yhet tham falit,
 For tha within war richt worthy
 And tham defendit douchtely,
 35 And ruschit thar fais oft agane,
 Sum was woundit and sum was slane,
 And mony tymis isch tha wald
 And bargane at the barras hald,
 And wound thar fais oft and sla,
 40 Suthly tha tham contenit sa
 That tha without disparit war
 And thocht in Ingland for to far,
 For tha sa stith saw the castele
 And wist that it was warnist wele,
 45 And saw the men defend tham sa
 That tha na hop had tham to ta.
 Nane had tha done all that sesoun
 Gif na had bene thar fals tresoun,
 For thar within was ane tratour,
 50 Ane fals lurdane, ane losengeour,
 Osbarn, to nam, mad the tresoun.
 I wat nocht for quhat enchesoun,
 Na quham with he mad the covyn,
 Bot, as tha said that war tharin,
 55 He tuk ane cultir hat glowand
 That yhet was in ane fyr brinnand

And went into the mekill hall
 That than with corn was fillit all,
 And hech apon ane mow it did.
 60 Bot it full lang was nocht thar hid,
 For men sais that fyr na prid
 But discovering may na man hid:
 The pomp of prid ay furth schawis
 Or ellis the gret bost that it blawis,
 65 And thar may na man fyr sa covir
 Than low or rek sall it discovir.
 Sa fell it her, for fyr all cler
 Sone throu the thak-burd can aper,
 First as ane stern, syn as ane mone,
 70 And wele bradar thareftir sone:
 The fyr out syn in blesis brast,
 And the rek ras richt wondir fast,
 The fyr our all the castell spred,
 Thar nicht na fors of men it red.
 75 Than tha within drew to the wall
 That at that tym was battalit all
 Within richt as it was without;
 That battaling withouten dout
 Savit thar lifes, for it brak
 80 Blesis that wald tham ourtak.
 And, quhen thar fais the mischef saw,
 Till armis went tha in ane thraw,
 And assalit the castell fast
 Quhar tha durst cum for fyris blast:
 85 Bot tha within that mistir had
 Sa gret defens and worthy mad

That tha full oft thar fais rusit,
 For tha nakyn perill refusit,
 Tha travalit for to saf thar lifis,
 90 Bot werd, that to the end ay drifis
 The warldis thingis, sa tham travalit
 That tha on twa halfis war assalit,
 Within with fyr that tham sa brulyheit,
 Without with folk that tham sa tulyheit
 95 That tha brint magre tharis the yhat,
 Bot for the fyr that was sa hat
 Tha durst nocht entir sa in hy,
 Thar folk tharfor tha can rely
 And went to rest, for it was nicht,
 100 Quhill on the morn that day was licht.

XXX.

At sic mischef as yhe herd say
 War tha within: the quhethir tha
 Evir tham defendit worthely
 And tham contenit sa manfully
 5 That tha or day throu mekill pane
 Had murit up the yhat agane.
 Bot on the morn, quhen day was licht
 And sone was risin schynand bricht,
 Tha without in hale battale
 10 Cum purvait redy till assale.

THE BRUS.

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- Bot tha within, that sa war stad
That na vittale na fuell had
Quharwith tha micht the castell hald,
Tretit first, and syn tham yhald
15 To be into the kingis will
That than to Scottis was full ill,
And that sone eftir was wele knawin,
For tha war hangit all and drawin.
Quhen this cunand thus tretit wes
20 And affermit with sekirnes,
Tha tuk tham of the castell sone,
And in schort tym sa has done
That all ane quartir of Snawdoun
Richt to the erd tha tummillit doun,
25 Syn toward Ingland went thar way.
Bot, quhen the king Eduard herd say
How Nele the Brus held Kildrumy
Agane his sone sa stalwardly,
He gaderit ane gret chevelry
30 And toward Scotland went in hy.
And, as into Northumbirland
He was with his gret rout ridand,
Ane seknes tuk him in the way
And put him in sa hard assay
35 That he micht nouthir gang na rid,
Him worthit magre his abid
Intill ane hamilet ner tharby,
Ane litill toun and unworthy.
With gret pane thiddir tha him brocht,
40 He was sa stad that he na mocht

His aynd bot with gret panis draw,
 Na spek bot gif it war wele law.
 The quhethir he bad tha suld him say
 Quhat toun was that that he in lay.
 45 'Schir,' tha said, 'Burch in the Sand
 Men callis this toun intill this land.'
 'Call tha it Burch? Alas,' said he,
 'My hop is now fordone to me,
 For I wend nevir to thole the pane
 50 Of ded quhill I throu mekill mane
 The Burch of Jerusalem had tane,
 My lif wend I thar suld be gane;
 In Burch I wist wele I suld de,
 Bot I was nouthir wis na sle
 55 Till othir Burchis kep to ta,
 Now may I na wis forthir ga.'
 Thus plenyheit he of his foly,
 As he had matir sekirly
 Quhen he wend to wit certante
 60 Of that that nane may certane be.
 The quhethir men said enclosit he had
 Ane spirit that him ansuer mad
 Of thingis that he wald inquer:
 Bot he was fulit forouten wer
 65 That gaf treuth till that creatur,
 For fendis ar of sic natur
 That tha to mankind has invy,
 For tha wat wele and witterly
 That tha that wele ar lifand her
 70 Sall win the segis quharof tha wer

- Tumlit doun throu thar mekill prid.
 Quharfor oft tymis will betid
 That, quhen fendis distrenyheit ar
 For till aper and mak ansuar
 75 Throu fors of conjuracioun,
 That tha sa fals ar and feloun
 That tha mak ay thar ansuering
 Into doubill undirstanding
 To dissaf tham that will tham trow.
 80 Ensampill will I set her now
 Of ane wer, as I herd tell,
 Betuix Frans and the Flemingis fell.
 The erl Ferandis modir was
 Ane nigramansour, and Sathanas
 85 Scho rasit, and him askit syn
 Quhat suld worth of the fichtyn
 Betuix the Franch king and hir sone,
 And he, as he all tym was wone,
 Into dissat mad his ansuer,
 90 And said till hir thir versis her:
 REX RUET IN BELLO TUMULIQUE CAREBIT HONORE,
 FERANDUS, COMITISSA, TUUS, MEA CARA MINERVA,
 PARISIUS VENIET MAGNA COMITANTE CATERVA.
 This was the spek he mad perfay,
 95 And is in Inglis for to say,
 'The king sall fall in the fichting
 And sall fale honour of erding:
 And thy Ferand, Minerf my der,
 Sall richt to Paris went but wer,

- 100 Folowand him gret cumpany
 Of nobill men and of worthy.
 This is the sentens of the saw
 That the Latyn can hir schaw.
 He callit hir his der Minerf
 105 For Minerf ay was wont to serf
 Him fullely at all devis,
 And for scho mad him the sam servis
 His Minerf hir callit he,
 And als throu his gret sutelte
 110 He callit hir der hir to dissaf,
 That scho the titar suld consaf
 Of his spek the undirstanding
 That plesit mast till hir liking.
 His doubill spek hir sa dissavit
 115 That throu hir fele the ded resavit,
 For she was of his ansuer blith,
 And till hir sone scho tald it swith,
 And bad him to the battale sped
 For he suld victor haf but dred:
 120 And he that herd hir sermoning
 Sped him in hy to the fichting,
 Quhar he discumfit was and schent,
 And takin and to Paris sent.
 Bot in the fichting nocht forthi
 125 The king throu his gret chevelry
 Was laid at erd and lamit bath,
 Bot his men horsit him wele rath.
 And, quhen Ferandis modir herd
 How hir sone in the battale ferd,

- 130 And that he sa was discumfit,
Scho rasit the evill spirit als tit,
And askit quhy he gabit had
Of the ansuer that he hir mad :
And he said that he suth said all.
135 'I said the that the king suld fall
In the battale, and sa did he,
And falis erding, as men may se,
And I said that thy sone suld ga
To Paris, and he did richt sa,
140 Folowand him sic ane menyhe
That nevir in his lifym he
Had sic ane menyhe at his leding :
Now seis thou I mad na gabing.'
The wif confusit was perfay,
145 And durst no mar ontill him say.
Thusgat throu doubill undirstanding
That bargane cum to sic ending
That the ta-part dissavit was :
Richt sagat fell it in this cas.
150 At Jerusalem thus throwit he
Gravin in the Burch to be :
The quhether at Burch into the Sand
He suelt richt in his awn land.
And, quhen he to the ded was ner,
155 The folk that at Kildrumy wer
Cum with the presoneris that thai had tane,
And syn to the king ar gane,
And for to confort him tha tald
How tha the castell to tham yald,

- 160 And how tha till his will war brocht
 To do of tham quhatevir he thoct,
 And askit quhat tha suld of tham do.
 Than lukit he awfully tham to,
 And said girnand, ' Hangis and drawis.'
 165 It was gret wondir of sic sawis,
 That he that to the ded was ner
 Suld ansuer apon sic maner
 Forouten mening of mersy.
 How micht he trastly on him cry
 170 That suthfastly demis all thing
 To haf mersy for his crying
 Of him that throu his felony
 Into sic poynt had na mersy?
 His men his mandment has all done,
 175 And he deit thareftir sone,
 And syn was brocht to berynes;
 His sone syn eftir king he wes.

XXXI.

- To king Robert agane ga we,
 That in Rachryn with his menyhe
 Lay quhill the winter ner was gane,
 And of that ile his met has tane.
 . 5 James of Douglas was angry
 That tha sa lang suld idill ly,

And to Schir Robert Boyd said he,
 'The pouer folk of this cuntre'
 Ar chargit apon gret maner
 10 Of us that idill lyis her :
 And I her say that in Arane
 Intill ane stith castell of stane
 Ar Inglismen that with strang hand
 Haldis the lordschip of the land :
 15 Ga we thiddir, and wele may fall
 Anoy tham in sumthing we sall.'
 Schir Robert said, 'I grant thartill :
 To ly her mar war litill skill,'
 Tharfor till Arane pas will we,
 20 For I knaw richt wele that cuntre,
 And the castell alsua knaw I :
 We sall cum thar sa prevely
 That tha sall haf na persaving
 Na yhet witting of our cuming,
 25 And we sall ner enbuschit be
 Quhar we thar outcuming may se :
 Sa sall it on na maner fall
 Than scath tham on sum wis we sall.'
 With that tha buskit tham onane,
 30 And at the king thar lef has tane,
 And went furth syn apon thar way,
 Into Kintyr sone cumin ar tha,
 Syn rowit alwais by the land
 Quhill that the nicht was ner at hand,
 35 Than till Arane tha went thar way,
 And safly thar arivit tha,

THE BRUS.

And undir ane bra thar galay dreuch,
 And syn it helit wele eneuch.
 Thar takill, aris, and thar ster
 40 Tha hid all on the sam maner,
 And held thar way richt in the nicht,
 Sa that or day was dawin licht
 Tha war enbuschit the castell ner
 Arait on thar best maner:
 45 And, though tha wat war and wery
 And for lang fasting all hungry,
 Tha thocht to hald tham all preve
 Quhill that tha wele thar poynt nicht se.

XXXII.

Schir Johne the Hastings at that tid,
 With knichtis of full mekill prid
 And squyaris and gud yhemanry
 That war ane wele gret cumpany,
 5 Was in the castell of Brathwik,
 And oftsis, quhen it wald him lik,
 He went to hunt with his menyhe,
 And sa the land abandonit he
 That nane durst warn him do his will.
 10 He was into the castell still
 The tym that James of Douglas,
 As I haf tald, enbuschit was.

Sa hapnit at that tym throu chans
 That with vittalis and purvians
 15 And with clething and with arming
 The day befor in the evinning
 The undir-wardane arivit was
 With thre batis wele ner the plas
 Quhar that the folk I spak of ar
 20 Prevely enbuschit war.
 Sone fra the batis saw tha ga
 Of Inglismen thretty and ma,
 Chargit all with sindry thing,
 Sum bar wyn and sum arming,
 25 The remanand all chargit wer
 With thingis on sindry maner,
 And othir sindry yhed tham by
 As tha war masteris idilly.
 Tha that enbuschit war tham saw,
 30 And forouten dred or aw
 Thar buschement apon tham brak,
 And slew all that tha micht ourtak.
 The cry ras hidwisly and he,
 For tha that dredand war to de
 35 Richt as bestis can rar and cry,
 And tha slew fast without mersy,
 Sa that into the samin sted
 Wele ner to fourty thar war ded.
 Quhen tha that in the castell war
 40 Herd the folk sa cry and rar,
 Tha ischit furth to the fichting:
 Bot, quhen Douglas saw thar cuming,

His men till him he can rely,
And went to met tham hastely.
45 And, quhen tha of the castell saw
Him cum on tham forouten aw,
Tha fled forouten mar debat,
And tha tham folowit to the yhat,
And slew of tham as tha in past;
50 Bot tha thar yhat barrit sa fast
That tha nicht do at tham na mar,
Tharfor tha left tham ilkane thar,
And turnit to the se agane
Quhar that the men war forow slane.
55 And, quhen tha that war in the batis
Saw thar cuming, and wist howgatis
Tha had discumfit thar menyhe,
In hy tha put tham to the se
And rowit fast with all thar mane,
60 Bot the wind was tham agane
That sa he gert the land-brist ris
That tha nicht weld the se na wis,
Na tha durst nocht cum to the land,
Bot held tham thar sa lang hobland
65 That of thre batis drounit twa.
And, quhen Douglas saw it was sa,
He tuk the arming and clething,
Vittalis, wyn, and othir thing
That tha fand thar, and held thar way
70 Richt glad and joyfull of thar pray.

XXXIII.

- On this wis James of Douglas
 And his menyhe throu Goddis gras
 War wele releyit with arming,
 With vittale als and with clething,
 5 Syn till ane strat tha held thar way,
 And tham full manly governit ay
 Quhill on the tend day that the king
 With all that war in his leding
 Arivit into that cuntre.
 10 With thretty small galais and thre
 The king arivit in Arane,
 And syn to the land is gane,
 And in ane toun tuk his herbry,
 And sperit syn full specialy
 15 Gif ony man couth tell tithand
 Of ony strange men in that land.
 'Yha,' said ane woman, 'schir, perfay,
 Of strange men I can yhou say
 That ar cumin in this cuntre,
 20 And schort quhile sen throu thar bounte
 Tha haf discumfit our wardane
 And mony of his folk has slane,
 And till ane stalward plas herby
 Reparis all thar cumpany.'
 25 'Dam,' said the king, 'wald thou me wis
 To that plas quhar thar repar is,

I wald reward the but lesing,
 For tha ar all of my duelling,
 And I richt blithly wald tham se,
 30 And richt sa trow I tha wald me.'
 'Yha,' said scho, 'schir, I will blithly
 Ga with yhou and yhour cumpany
 Quhill that I schaw yhou thar repar.'
 'That is eneuch, my sistir far:
 35 Now ga we furthwardis,' said the king.
 Than went tha furth but mar letting
 Folowand her as scho tham led
 Quhill at the last scho schawit ane sted
 To the king in ane woddy glen,
 40 And said, 'Schir, her I saw the men
 That yhe sper eftir mak lugin,
 Her trow I be thar reparing.'
 The king than blew his horn in hy,
 And gert the men that war him by
 45 Hald tham all still and all preve,
 And syn agane his horn blew he.
 James of Douglas herd him blaw,
 And he the blast all sone can knaw,
 And said, 'Suthly yhon is the king,
 50 I knaw lang quhile sen his blawing.'
 The thrid tym tharwithall he blew,
 And syn Schir Robert Boyd it knew,
 And said, 'Yhon is the king but dred,
 Ga we furth till him bettir sped.'
 55 Than went tha to the king in hy,
 And him salusit full curtasly,

And blithly welcumit tham the king
 That joyfull was of thar meting,
 And kissit tham, and sperit syn
 30 How tha had farn in thar huntyn:
 And tha him tald all but leasing,
 Syn lufit tha God of thar meting,
 Syn with the king till his herbry
 Tha went bath joyfull and joly.

XXXIV.

The king apon the tothir day
 Can till his preve menyhe say,
 'Yhe knaw all wele and wele may se
 How we ar out of our cuntre
 5 Banist throu Inglismentis nicht,
 And it that ouris suld be of richt
 Throu thar mastris tha occupy,
 And wald alsua without mersy,
 Gif tha had nicht, distroy us all.
 10 Bot God forbed that it suld fall
 Till us as tha mak manasing,
 For than war thar na recovering.
 And manhed biddis us that we
 To procur vengeans besy be,
 15 And yhe may se we haf thre thingis
 That makis us amonestingis

THE BRUS.

- For to be worthy, wis, and wicht,
 And till anoy tham at our micht.
 Ane is our lifis savite
- 20 That suld on na wis savit be
 Gif tha had us at thar liking.
 The tothir that makis us egging
 Is that tha our possessioun
 Haldis with strinth agane resoun.
- 25 The thrid is the joy we abid
 Gif that it hapin, as wele may tid,
 That we haf victor and mastery
 Till ourcum thar felony.
 Tharfor we suld our hartis ras
- 30 Sa that na mischef us abas,
 And schap alwais to that ending
 That beris mensk and ek lufing:
 And tharfor, lordingis, gif yhe se
 Emang yhou that it spedfull be,
- 35 I will send ane man in Carrik
 To spy and sper how the kinrik
 Is led, or quha is frend or fa:
 And, gif he seis we land may ta,
 On Turnberyis nuk he may
- 40 Mak ane fyr on ane certane day,
 And mak takning till us that we
 May thar arif in savite,
 And, gif he seis we may nocht sa,
 Luk on na wis the fyr he ma:
- 45 Sa may we tharthrou haf witting
 Of our passage or our duelling.'

To this spek all assentit ar,
 And than the king withouten mar
 Callit till him ane that was preve
 50 And born of Carrik his cuntre,
 And chargit him in les and mar
 As yhe herd me devis it ar,
 And set him certane day to ma
 The fyr, gif he saw it war sa
 55 That tha had possibilite
 To mantem wer in that cuntre.
 And he that was richt wele in will
 His lordis yharning to fulfill,
 As he that worthy was and lele
 60 And couth secretis richt wele concele,
 Said he was boun intill all thing
 For to fulfill his comanding,
 And said he suld do sa wisly
 That na repruf suld eftir ly:
 65 Syn at the king his lef has tane
 And furth apon his way is gane.

XXXV.

Now gais the messinger his way
 That hat Cuthbert, as I herd say.
 In Carrik sone arivit he
 And passit throu all the cuntre:

- 5 Bot he fand few tharin, perfay,
That gud wald of his mastir say,
For fele of tham durst nocht for dred,
And othir sum richt into ded
War fais to the nobill king
- 10 That rewit syn thar barganing.
Bath he and law the land was then
All occupyit with Inglisemen
That dispitit atour all thing
Robert the Brus the douchty king.
- 15 Carrik was gifin than halely
To Schir Henry the lord Persy
That in Turnberyis castell then
Was with wele ner thre hundreth men,
And dantit sagat all the land
- 20 That all was till him obesand.
This Cuthbert saw thar felony,
And saw the folk sa halely
Be worthin Inglis, rich and pouer,
That he to nane durst him discouer,
- 25 But thocht to lef the fyr unmad,
Syn till his mastir to wend but bad,
And all thar covyn till him tell
That was sa angry and sa fell.

XXXVI.

- The king that intill Arane lay,
 Quhen that cumin was the day
 That he set till his messinger,
 As I devisit yhou lang er,
 5 Eftir the fyr he lukit fast,
 And als sone as the none was past
 Him thocht wele that he saw ane fyr
 By Turnbery brinnand wele schyr,
 And till his menyhe can it shaw.
 10 Ilk man thocht wele that he it saw,
 Than with blith hart the folk can cry,
 'Gud king, sped yhou deliverly,
 Sa that we sone in the evinning
 Arif withouten persaving.'
 15 'I grant,' said he, 'now mak yhou yhar:
 God furthir us intill our far.'
 Than in short tym men nicht tham se
 Schut all thar galais to the se,
 And ber to se bath ar and ster
 20 And other thingis that mistir wer.
 And, as the king apon the land
 Was gangand up and doun bidand
 Quhill that his menyhe redy war,
 His hostes cum richt till him thar,
 25 And, quhen that scho him halsit had,
 Ane preve spek till him scho mad,

- And said, 'Ta gud tent to my saw,
 For or yhe pas I sall yhou schaw
 Of your fortoun ane gret party,
 30 And atour all thing specialy
 Ane witting her I sall yhou ma
 Quhat end that sall your purpos ta:
 For in this warld is nane trewly
 Wat thingis to cum sa wele as I.
 35 Yhe pas now furth with yhour wagis
 To venge the harm and the outragis
 That Inglisemen has to yhou done,
 Bot yhe wat nocht quhat kyn fortoun
 Yhe mon dre in yhour warraying.
 40 Bot wit yhe wele without lesing,
 That fra yhe now haf takin land
 Thar sall na micht na strinth of hand
 Ger yhou furth pas of this cuntre
 Quhill all to yhou abandonit be.
 45 Within schort tym yhe sall be king
 And haf the land at yhour liking
 And ourcum yhour fais all,
 Bot fele anoyis thole yhe sall
 Or that yhour purpos end haf tane,
 50 Bot yhe sall tham ourdrif ilkane.
 And, that yhe trow this sekirly,
 My twa sonnys with yhou sall I
 Send to tak with yhou travale,
 For I wat wele tha sall nocht fale
 55 To be rewardit wele at richt
 Quhen yhe ar heit onto yhour hicht.'

- The king that herd all hir carping
 Than thankit hir in mekill thing
 For scho him confortit sumdele.
 60 The quethir he trowit nocht full wele
 Hir spek, for he had gret ferly
 How scho suld wit it sekirly:
 As it was wondirfull perfay
 How ony man throu sciens may
 65 Know the thingis that ar to cum
 Determinabilly all or sum,
 Bot gif that he inspyrit war
 Of him that all thing evirmar
 Seis in his presciens
 70 As it war ay in his presens,
 As David was, and Jeremy,
 Samuell, Joell, and Ysay,
 That throu his haly gras can tell
 Fele thingis that eftirward befell.
 75 Bot tha prophetis sa thin ar sawin
 That thar in erd now nane is knawin,
 Bot fele folk are sa curious
 And to wit thingis sa covatous
 That tha throu thar gret clergy
 80 Or ellis throu thar devilry
 Of thir twyn maneris makis fanding
 Of thingis to cum to haf knawing.
 Ane of tham is astrology,
 Quharthrou clerkis that ar witty
 85 May know conjunctioun of planetis,
 And quethir that thar cours tham setis

In soft segis or in angry,
 And of the hevin all halely
 How that the disposicioun
 90 Suld apon thingis wirk her doun
 On regiounis or on elimentis
 That wirkis nocht ay quhar ane gat is,
 Bot sum ar les, sum othir mar,
 Eftir as thar bemis strekit ar
 95 Outhir all evin or on wry.
 Bot me think it war gret mastery
 Till ony astrolog to say
 This sall fall her and on this day:
 For, thouch ane man his lif haly
 100 Studyit in astrology
 That on the sternis his hed he brak,
 Wis men sais he suld nocht mak
 His liftym certane dais thre,
 And yhet suld he ay dout quhill he
 105 Saw how it cum till ending:
 Than is thar na certane deming.
 Or, gif tha men that will study
 In the craft of astrology
 Knew all menis nacioun
 110 And als the constellacioun
 That kindly maneris gifis tham till
 For till inclyn to gud or ill,
 How that tha throu craft of clergy
 Or throu slicht of astrology
 115 Couth tell quhat kyn perill aperis
 To tham that haldis kindly maneris,

I trow that tha suld fale to say
 The thingis that tham hapin may.
 For, quhethir sa man inclynit be
 120 To vertu or to mavite,
 He may richt wele refrenyhe his will
 Outhir throu nurtur or throu skill,
 And to the contrar turn him all:
 And men has mony tymis sene fall
 125 That men kindly till evill gifin
 Throu thar gret wit away has drifin
 Thar evill, and worthin of gret renoun
 Magre the constellacioun:
 As Arestotill: gif, as men redis,
 130 He had folowit his kindly dedis,
 He had bene fals and covatous,
 Bot his wit mad him vertuous.
 And sen men may on this kyn wis
 Wirk agane that cours that is
 135 Principall caus of thar deming,
 Methink thar dom na certane thing.
 Nigromansy the tothir is,
 That kennis men on sindry wis
 Throu stalward conjuraciounis
 140 And throu exorcizaciounis
 To ger spiritis to tham aper
 And gif ansuer on ser maner:
 As quhilom did the Phitones
 That, quhen Saull abasit wes
 145 Of the Philistianis nicht,
 Rasit throu hir mekill nicht

Samuellis spirit als tit,
 Or in his sted the evill spirit
 That gaf richt grath ansuer hir to,
 150 Bot of himself richt nocht wist scho.
 And man is into dreding ay
 Of thingis that he has herd say,
 And namly of thingis to cum, quhill he
 Haf of the end the certante.
 155 And, sen tha ar in sic wening
 Forouten certante of witting,
 Methink quha sais he knawis thingis
 To cum, he makis gret gabingis.
 Bot, quhethir scho that tald the king
 160 How his purpos suld tak ending
 Wenit or wist it witterly,
 It fell eftir all halely
 As scho said, for syn king was he
 And of full mekill renoune.

XXXVII.

This was in ver, quhen wintir tid
 With his blastis hidwis to bid
 Was our-drifin, and birdis smale,
 As thristill and the nichtingale,
 5 Begouth richt meraly to sing,
 And for to mak in thar singing

Sindry notis and soundis ser
And melody plesand to her :
And the treis begouth to ma
10 Burgeonis and bricht blumis alsua
To win the heling of thar hed
That wikkit wintir had tham reved,
And all grevis begouth to spring.
Into that time the nobill king
15 With his flot and ane few menyhe,
Thre hundreth I trow tha nicht wele be,
Is to the se furth of Arane
Ane litill forow the evin gane.
Tha rowit fast with all thar nicht
20 Quhill that apon tham fell the nicht,
That wox mirk apon gret maner
Sa that tha wist nocht quhar tha wer,
For tha na nedill had na stane,
Bot rowit alwais intill ane,
25 Sterand alwais apon the fyr
That tha saw brinnand licht and schyr.
It was bot aventur that tham led,
And tha in schort tym sa tham sped
That at the fyr arivit tha
30 And went to land but mar delay.
And Cuthbert that has sene the fyr
Was full of angir and of ire,
For he durst nocht do it away,
And he was also doutand ay
35 That his lord suld pas the se ;
Tharfor thar coming watit he

And met tham at thar ariving.
He was wele sone brocht to the king
That sperit at him how he had done,
40 And he with sar hart tald him sone
How that he fand nane wele willand,
Bot all wer fais that ever he fand,
And that the lord the Peray
With ner three hundreth in cumpany
45 Was in the castell thar besid
Fulfillit of dispit and prid,
Bot mar than twa-part of his rout
War herbryit in the toun without,
'And dispisis yhou mar, Schir king,
50 Then men may dispis ony thing.'
Than said the king in full gret ire,
'Tratour, quhy mad thou on the fyr?'
'A schir,' he said, 'sa God me se,
That fyr was nevir mad on for me,
55 Na or this nicht I wist it nocht,
Bot fra I wist it wele I thoct
That yhe and haly yhour menyhe
In hy suld put yhou to the se,
Forthi I cum to met yhou her
60 To tell peralis that may aper.'
The king was of his spek angry,
And askit his preve men in hy
Quhat that tham thoct was best to do.
Schir Eduard ansuerit first tharto,
65 His brothir that was sa hardy,
And said, 'I say yhou sekirly

Thar sall na peralis that may be
 Drif me eftsonis to the se,
 Myn aventur her tak will I,
 70 Quhethir it be esfull or angry.'
 'Brothir,' he said, 'sen thou will sa,
 It is gud that we sammyn ta
 Dises or es, or pyn or play,
 Eftir as God will us purvay.
 75 And, sen men sais that the Persy
 Myn heritage will occupy,
 And his menyhe sa ner us lyis
 That us dispisis mony wis,
 Ga we venge sum of the dispit,
 80 And that we may haf done als tit,
 For tha ly trastly but dreding
 Of us or of our her cuming:
 And, thouch we slepand slew tham all,
 Repruf us tharof na man sall,
 85 For warrayour na fors suld ma
 Quhethir he micht ourcum his fa
 Throu strinth or throu subtilite,
 Bot that gud fath ay haldin be.'
 Quhen this was said, tha went thar way,
 90 And to the toun sone cumin ar tha
 Sa prevely but noys making
 That nane persavit thar cuming.
 Tha scalit throu the toun in hy,
 And brak up duris sturdely,
 95 And slew all that tha micht ourtak;
 And tha that na defens micht mak

Full pitwisly couth rar and cry;
And tha slew tham dispitwisly
As tha that war in full gud will
100 To venge the angir and the ill
That tha and tharis had tham wrocht;
Tha with sa feloun will tham socht
That tha slew tham evirilkane,
Outtak Makdowall him alane
105 That eschapit throu gret slicht
And throu the mirknes of the nicht.
In the castell the lord Persy
Herd wele the noys and the cry,
Sa did the men that within wer,
110 And full effraitly gat thar ger,
Bot of tham was nane sa hardy,
That evir ischit furth to the cry.
In sic effray tha bad that nicht
Quhill on the morn that day was licht,
115 And than cesit into party
The noys, the slauchtir, and the cry.
The king gert be departit then
All hale the ref emang the men,
And duellit all still thar dais thre.
120 Sic hansell to that folk gaf he
Richt in the first beginning
Newly at his ariving.

XXXVIII.

Quhen that the king and his folk war
Arivit, as I tald yhou ar,
Ane quhile in Carrik lendit he
To se quha frend or fa wald be.
5 Bot he fand litill tendirnes;
And nocht forthi the pepill wes
Inclynit till him in party,
Bot Inglisemen sa angirly
Led tham with danger and with aw
10 That tha na frendship durst him schaw.
Bot ane lady of that cuntre
That was till him in ner degre
Of cosynage, was wondir blith
Of his arrivale, and als swith
15 Sped hir till him in full gret hy
With fyften men in cumpany,
And betacht tham all to the king
Till help him in his warraying.
And he resavit tham in dante,
20 And hir full gretly thankit he,
And sperit tithandis of the quene
And of his frendis all bedene
That he had left in that cuntre
Quhen that he put him to the se.
25 And scho him tald, sichand full sar
How that his brothir takin war

- In the castell of Kildrummy,
 And syn distroyit velanisly,
 And the earl of Adell alsua,
 30 And how the quene and othir ma
 That till his party war heldand
 War tane and led intill Ingland,
 And put into feloun presoun,
 And how that Cristol of Setoun
 35 Was slane. Gretand scho tald the king
 That sorowfull was of that tithing,
 And said, quhen he had thocht ane thraw,
 Thir wordis that I sall yhou schaw.
 'Alas,' he said, 'for luf of me
 40 And for thar mekill gud lawte
 Tha nobill men and tha worthy
 Ar distroyit sa velanisly:
 Bot, and I lif in lege pouste,
 Thar ded sall richt wele vengit be.
 45 The king the quhethir of Ingland
 Thocht that the kinrik of Scotland
 Was to litill till him and me,
 Tharfor I will it all myn be.
 Bot of gud Cristol of Setoun
 50 That was of sa nobill renoun
 That he suld de war gret pite
 Bot quhar worschip nicht prufit be '

XXXIX.

The king thus sichand mad his mane,
 And the lady hir lef has tane
 And went ham till hir wonning,
 And fele sis confort scho the king
 5 Bath with silver and with met
 As scho into the land nicht get.
 And he oft ryotit the land
 And mad all his that evir he fand,
 And syn he drew him till the hicht
 10 To stint bettir his fais nicht.
 In all that tym was the Persy
 With ane full simpill cumpany
 In Turnberyis castell lyand,
 For the king Robert sa dredand
 15 That he durst nocht isch furth to far
 Fra thine to the castell of Ar
 That than was full of Inglismen,
 Bot lay lurkand as in ane den
 Quhill the men of Northumbirland
 20 Suld cum armit and with strang hand
 To convoy him till his cuntre:
 For his saynd to tham send he,
 And tha in hy assemblit then
 Passand, I trow, ane thousand men,
 25 And askit avisment tham emang
 Quhethir that he suld duell or gang.

Bot tha war schonand wondir sar
 Sa fer in Scotland for to far,
 For ane knicht, Schir Gawter the Lile,
 30 Said it was all to gret perile
 Sa ner thir schavalduris to ga.
 His spek discomfort tham all sa
 That tha had left hale that viage,
 Na war ane knicht of gret curage
 35 That Schir Roger of Sanct Johne hicht,
 That tham confort with all his micht
 And sic wordis can till tham say
 That tha all sammyn held thar way
 To Turnbery, quhar the Persy
 40 Lap on and went with tham in hy
 Intill Ingland his castell till
 Without distroubiling or ony ill.

XL.

N^{ow} in Ingland is the Persy,
 Quhar he, I trow, ane quhile sall ly
 Or that he schap him for to far
 To warray Carrik ony mar:
 5 For he wist that he had na richt,
 And als he dred the kingis micht
 That in Carrik was travaland
 Quhar the mast strinth was of the land:

- Quhar James of Douglas on a day
 10 Cum to the king and can him say,
 'Schir, with yhour lef I wald ga se
 How that tha do in my cuntre,
 And how my men demanit ar,
 For it anoyis me wondir sar
 15 That the Cliffurd sa pesabilly
 Brukis and haldis the senyhory
 That suld be myn with alkyn richt:
 Bot, quhile I lif and may haf micht
 To led ane yheman or ane swane,
 20 He sall nocht bruk it but bargane.'
 The king said, 'Certis I can nocht se
 How that thou yhet may sekir be
 Into that cuntre for to far
 Quhar Inglismen sa mighty ar,
 25 And thou wat nocht quha is thy frend.'
 He said, 'Schir, nedwais I will wend
 And tak aventur that God will gif,
 Quhethir sa it be to de or lif.'
 The king said, 'Sen that it is sa
 30 That thou sic yharning has to ga,
 Thou sall pas furth with my blissing,
 And, gif the hapnis ony thing
 That anoyus or scathfull be,
 I pray the sped the sone to me,
 35 And tak we sammyn quhatevir may fall.'
 'I grant,' he said, and tharwithall
 He loutit and his lef has tane,
 And is toward his cuntre gane.'

XLI.

Now takis James his viage
 Toward Douglas his heritage
 With twa yhemmen forouten ma.
 That was ane simpill stuff to ta
 5 Ane land or castell for to win:
 The quethir he yharnit to begin
 To bring his purpos till ending,
 For gud help is in gud beginning,
 For gud beginning and hardy,
 10 And it be folowit wittely,
 May ger oftsis unlikly thing
 Cum to full conabill ending.
 Sa did it her: bot he was wis,
 And saw he nicht on nakyn wis
 15 Warray his fais with evin nicht,
 Tharfor he thocht to wirk with slicht.
 In Douglasdale his awn cuntre
 Apon ane evinning enterit he:
 And than ane man wonnit tharby
 20 That was of frendis richt mighty,
 And rich of mubill and catell,
 And had bene till his fadir lele,
 And till himself in his youthed
 He had done mony ane thankfull ded:
 25 Thom Dikson was his nam perfay,
 Till him he send, and can him pray

That he wald cum allanerly
For to spek with him prevely.
And he but danger till him gais:
30 Bot fra he tald him quhat he was
He gret for joy and for pite,
And him richt till his hous had he,
Quhar in ane chalmer prevely
He held him and his cumpany
35 That nane of him had persaving:
Of met and drink and othir thing
That nicht tham es tha had plente.
Sa wrocht he than throu sutelte
That all the lele men of the land
40 That with his fadir war duelland
This gud man gert cum ane and ane
And mak him manrent evirilkane,
And he himself first homage mad.
Douglas in hart gret blithnes had
45 That the gud men of his cuntre
Wald sagat bundin till him be.
He sperit the covyn of the land,
And quha the castell had in hand,
And tha him tald all halely,
50 And syn emang tham prevely
Tha ordanit that he suld be
In hiddillis and in prevate
Quhill Palm-Sonday that was ner hand,
The thrid day eftir folowand;
55 For than the folk of the cuntre
Assemblit at the kirk wald be,

And tha that in the castell wer
 Wald als be thar thar palmis to ber
 As folk that had na dred of ill,
 60 For tha thocht all was at thar will.
 Than suld he cum with his twa men,
 Bot, for that men suld nocht him ken,
 He suld ane mantill haf, and ber
 Ane flaill as he ane taskar wer:
 65 Undir the mantill nocht forthi
 He suld be armit prevely.
 And, quhen the men of his cuntre
 That suld all boun befor him be
 His ensenyhe micht her him cry,
 70 Than suld tha richt enforsely
 Richt in middis the kirk assale
 The Inglisemen with hard battale
 Sa that nane micht eschap tham fra:
 For tharthrou trowit tha to ta
 75 The castell that besid was ner.
 And, quhen this that I tell yhou her
 Was devisit and undirtane,
 Ilkane till his hous ham is gane,
 And held the spek in prevate
 80 Quhill the day of thar assemble.

XLII.

The folk apon the Sononday
 Held to Sanct Brydis kirk thar way,
 And tha that in the castell war
 Ischit out bath les and mar
 5 And went thar palmis for to ber,
 Outane ane cuk and ane porter.
 James of Douglas of thar cuming
 And quhat tha war had wittering,
 And sped him till the kirk in hy,
 10 Bot, or he cum, to hastely
 Ane of his cryit, 'Douglas, Douglas.'
 Thomas Dikson, that nerast was
 To tham that war of the castell
 That war all innouth the chansell,
 15 Quhen he 'Douglas' sa herd cry,
 Drew out his suerd and folely
 Ruschit emang tham to and fra
 And ane othir forouten ma,
 Bot tha in hy war left lyand.
 20 With that Douglas cum richt at hand
 That than enforsit on tham the cry,
 Bot thar chansell full sturdely
 Tha held, and tham defendit wele
 Quhill of thar men war slane sumdele.
 25 Bot the Douglas sa wele him bar
 That all the men that with him war

Had confort of his wele-doing,
 And he him sparit nakyn thing,
 Bot prufit sa his fors in ficht
 30 That throu his worschip and his micht
 His men sa kenly helpit he than
 That tha the chansell on tham wan.
 Than dang tha on sa hardely
 That in schort tym men micht se ly
 35 The twa-part ded or than deand;
 The laf war sesit sone in hand
 Sa that of thretty lefit nane
 Na tha war slane ilkane or tane.
 James of Douglas, quhen this was done,
 40 The presoneris has tane alsone,
 And with tham of his cumpany
 Toward the castell went in hy
 Or ony noys or cry suld ris,
 And, for he wald tham sone surpris
 45 That lefit in the castell war
 That war bot twa forouten mar,
 Fif men or sex befor send he,
 That fand all opin the entre,
 And enterit, and the portar tuk
 50 Richt at the yhat, and syn the cuk.
 With that Douglas cum to the yhat
 And enterit in forouten debat,
 And fand the met all redy grathit
 With burdis set and clathis layit.
 55 The yhatis than he gert tham sper,
 And sat and et at all laser,

Syn all the gudis tursit tha
 Tha thoct that tha nicht haf away,
 And namly wapnis and arming,
 60 Silver tresour and ek clething.
 Vittalis that nicht nocht tursit be
 On this maner distroyit he:
 All the vittale, outakin salt,
 As quhet and flour and mele and malt,
 65 In the wyn sellar gert he bring
 And sammyn on the flur all fling,
 And the presoneris that he had tane
 Richt tharin gert he hed ilkane,
 Syn of the tunnis the hedis outstrak:
 70 Ane foul melle thar can he mak,
 For mele and malt and blud and wyn
 Ran all togidder in a mellyn
 That was unsemly for to se:
 Tharfor the men of that cuntre,
 75 For sic thingis thar mellit wer,
 Callit it 'the Douglas lardener.'
 Syn tuk he salt, as I herd tell,
 And ded hors, and fordid the well,
 And syn brint all outakin stane,
 80 And is furth with his menyhe gane
 Till his reset, for him thoct wele,
 Gif he had haldin the castele,
 It suld haf bene assegit rath,
 And that him thoct to mekill wath:
 85 For he na hop had of reskewing,
 And it is to peralous thing

In castell till assegit be
 Quhar that ane wantis of thir thre,
 Vittale, or men with thar arming,
 80 Or than gud hop of reskewing:
 And, for he dred thir thingis suld fale,
 He chesit furthward to travale
 Quhar he might at his larges be,
 And sa drif furth his destane.

XLIII.

On this wis was the castell tane,
 And alane that war tharin ilkane.
 The Douglas syn all his menyhe
 Gert in eer plasis departit be:
 5 For men suld les wit quhar tha war
 That yhed departit her and thar.
 Tham that war woundit gert he ly
 Intill hiddillis all prevely,
 And gert gud lechis till tham bring
 10 Quhill that tha war intill heling:
 And himself with ane few menyhe,
 Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhile thre,
 And umquhile all him alane,
 In hiddillis throu the land is gane.
 15 Sa dred he Inglismenis nicht
 That he durst nocht wele cum in sicht,

For tha that tym war all weldand
 As mast lordis our all the land.
 Bot tithandis that war scalit sone
 20 Of the ded that Douglas had done
 Cum to the Cliffurdis er in hy,
 That for his tynsale was sary,
 And menit his men that he had slane,
 And syn has till his purpos tane
 25 To big the castell up agane :
 Tharfor as man of mekill mane
 He assemblit gret cumpany,
 And to Douglas he went in hy,
 And biggit up the castell swith,
 30 And mad it richt stalward and stith,
 And put tharin vittalis and men :
 Ane of the Thrillwallis then
 He left behind him capitane,
 And syn in Ingland went agane.

XLIV.

Into Carrik yhet was the king
 With ane full simpill gadering :
 He passit nocht twa hundreth men,
 Bot Schir Edward his brothir then
 3 Was in Galloway wele ner tharby,
 With him ane othir cumpany.

Tha held the strinthis of the land,
 For tha durst nocht yhet tak on hand
 Till ourrid the land planly,
 10 For of Vallanch Schir Amery
 Was intill Edinburgh lyand,
 That yhet was wardane of the land
 Undirneth the Inglis king.
 And, quhen he herd of the cuming
 15 Of King Robert and his menyhe
 Into Carrik, and how that he
 Had slane of the Persyis men,
 His consale he assemblit then,
 And with assent of his consale
 20 He send till Ar him till assale
 Schir Ingeram Bell that was hardy,
 And with him ane gret cumpany.
 And, quhen Schir Ingeram cumin was thar,
 Him thocht nocht spedfull for to far
 25 Till assale him intill the hicht,
 Tharfor he thocht to wirk with slicht,
 And lay still in the castell than
 Quhill he gat spering that ane man
 Of Carrik, that was sle and wicht
 30 And als ane man of mekill micht
 As ony man of that cuntre,
 Was to King Robert mast preve
 As he that was his sibman ner,
 And quhen he wald forout danger
 35 Micht to the kingis presens ga.
 The quhethir he and his sonnis twa

- War wonand still in the cuntre
For tha wald nocht persavit be
That tha war speciall to the king.
40 Tha mad him mony tym warning
Quhen that tha his tynsale nicht se,
Forthi in tham affyit he.
His nam I can nocht tell perfay,
Bot I herd sinder men oft say
45 Forsuth that his ane e was out,
Bot he sa sturdy was and stout
That he was the mast worthy man
That in Carrik livit than.
And, quhen Schir Ingeram gat witting
50 Forsuth that this was na gabing,
Eftir him in hy he sent,
And he cum at his comandment.
Schir Ingeram that was sle and wis
Tretit with him than on sic wis
53 That he mad sekir undirtaking
In tresoun for to sla the king,
And he suld haf for his servis,
Gif he fulfillit thar devis,
Wele fourty pundis worth of land
60 Till him and till his aris lestand.

XLV.

The tresoun thus is undirtane,
 And he ham till his hous is gane,
 And watit oportunitie
 For to fulfill his mavite.
 5 In gret perill than was the king
 That of his tresoun wist nathing,
 For he that he trowit mast of ane
 His ded falsly has undirtane,
 And nane may tresoun do titar than he
 10 That man introwis lawte.
 The king in him trastit, forthi
 He had fulfillit his felony,
 Na war the king throu Goddis gras
 Gat hale witting of his purchas,
 15 And how and for how mekill land
 He tuk his slauchtir apon hand.
 I wat nocht quha the warning mad,
 Bot on all tym sic hap he had
 That, quhen men schup him to betras,
 20 He gat witting tharof alwais,
 And mony tym, as I herd say,
 Throu wemen that he wald with play,
 That wald tell all that tha micht her:
 And sa micht hapin that it fell her.
 25 Bot how that evir it fell, perde,
 I trow he sall the warrar be.

- Nocht forthi this tratour ay
 Had in his thocht bath nicht and day
 How he micht best bring till ending
 30 His tresonabill undirtaking,
 Quhill he umbethocht him at the last
 And in his hart can umbecast
 That the king had in custum ay
 For to ris arly evirilk day
 35 And pas wele fer fra his menyhe
 Quhen he wald pas to the preve,
 And sek ane covert him alane,
 Or at the mast haf with him ane.
 Thar thocht he with his sonnys twa
 40 For to suppris the king and sla
 And syn wend to the wod away:
 Bot yhet of purpos falit tha.
 And nocht forthi tha cum all thre
 In ane covert that was preve
 45 Quhar the king oft was wont to ga
 His preve nedis for to ma.
 Thar hid tha tham quhill his cuming,
 And the king into the morning
 Ras quhen that his liking was
 50 And richt toward that covert gais
 Quhar lyand war the tratouris thre
 For to do thar his prevate.
 To tresoun tuk he than na hed,
 Bot he was wont quharevir he yhed
 55 His suerd about his hals to ber,
 And that avalit him gretly ther,

For, had nocht God all thing weldand
 Set help intill his awn hand,
 He had bene ded withouten dred.
 60 Ane chalmer page thar with him yhed,
 And sa forouten falowis ma
 Toward the covert can he ga.
 Now, bot God help the nobill king,
 He is nerhand till his ending,
 65 For that covert that he yhed till
 Was on the tothir sid of ane hill
 That nane of his men micht it se.
 Thiddirward went this page and he,
 And, quhen he cumin was in the schaw,
 70 He saw tha thre cum all on raw
 Aganis him full sturdely.
 Than till his boy he said in hy,
 'Yhon men will sla us and tha may,
 Quhat wapin has thou?' 'A! syr, perfay,
 75 I haf ane bow bot and ane wyr.'
 'Gif me tham smertly bath.' 'A! syr,
 How gat will yhe than that I do?'
 'Stand on fer and behald us to.
 Gif thou seis me abovin be,
 80 Thou sall haf wapnis in gret plente,
 And, gif I de, withdraw the sone.'
 With tha wordis forouten hone
 He tit the bow out of his hand,
 For the tratouris war ner cumand.
 85 The fadir had ane suerd but mar,
 The tothir bath suerd and hand-ax bar,

The thrid ane suerd had and ane sper.
 The king persavit be thar effer
 That all was suth men had him tald.
 90 'Tratour,' he said, 'thou has me sald,
 Cum na forthir, bot hald the thar,
 I will thou cum na forthirmar.'
 'A! syr, umbethink yhou,' said he,
 'How ner to yhou that I suld be,
 95 Quha suld cum ner yhou bot I?'
 The king said, 'I will sekirly
 That thou at this tym cum nocht ner,
 Thou may say quhat thou will on fer.'
 Bot he with fals wordis flechand
 100 Was with his sonnis ay cumand.
 Quhen the king saw he wald nocht let,
 Bot ay cum on fenyheand falset,
 He tasit the wyr and let it fle
 And hit the fadir in the e
 105 Quhill it richt in the harnis ran,
 And he bakward fell doun richt than.
 The brothir that the hand-ax bar
 That saw his fadir lyand thar
 Ane gird richt to the king can mak
 110 And with the ax he him ourstrak.
 Bot he that had his suerd on hicht
 Raucht him sic rout in randoun richt
 That he the aed till harnis claf
 And him doun ded to the erd draf.
 115 The tothir brothir that bar the sper
 Saw his brothir sa fallin ther,

And with his sper as angry man
 In ane ras till the king he ran,
 Bot the king that him dred sumthing
 120 Watit the sper in the cuming
 And with ane wisk the hed ofstrak,
 And, or the tothir had tym to tak
 His suerd, the king sic strak him gaf
 That he the hed till harnis claf.
 125 He ruschit doun of blud all red,
 And, quhen the king saw tha war ded
 All thre lyand, he wipit his brand.
 With that his boy cum fast rinand
 And said, 'Our Lord mot luftit be
 130 That grantit yhou nicht and pouste
 To fell the felony and prid
 Of thir thre in sa litill tid.'
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se,
 Tha had bene worthy men all thre
 135 Had tha nocht bene full of tresoun,
 Bot that mad thar confusioun.'

XLVI.

The king is went till his lugging,
 And of his ded sone cum tithing
 To Schir Ingeram the Umphravill,
 That thocht his sutelte and gile

- 5 Had all falyheit into that plas.
 Tharfor anoyit sa he was
 That he agane to Lowdiane
 To Schir Amer his gat has tane,
 And till him tald all hale the cas,
 10 That tharof all forwonderit was
 How ony man sa sudanly
 Micht do sa gret ane chevelry
 As did the king that him alane
 Vengeans of thre tratouris has tane.
 15 He said, 'Certis I may wele se
 That it is all gret certante
 That ure helpis ay hardy men,
 As be this ded we may wele ken.
 War he nocht outrageous hardy
 20 He had nocht unabasitly
 Sa smertly sene his advantage.
 I dred that his gret vassalage
 And his travale will bring till end
 It that men quhile full litill wend.'
 25 Sic speking mad he of the king
 That ay forouten sojorning
 Travalit in Carrik her and thar.
 His men fra him sa scalit war
 To purchas tham necessite
 30 And als the cuntre for to se
 That thar left nocht with him sixty.
 And, quhen the Gallowais wist suthly
 That he was with sa few menyhe,
 Tha mad ane preve assemble

- 35 Of wele twa hundreth men and ma,
 And sleuth hundis with tham can tha ta,
 For tha thocht him for to surpris,
 And, gif he fled on ony wis,
 To folow him with the hundis sa
 40 That he suld nocht eschap tham fra.
 Tha schup tham in ane evinning
 Sudanly to surpris the king,
 And till him held tha straucht thar way:
 Bot he, that had his wachis ay
 45 On ilk sid, of thar cuming
 Lang or tha cum had wittering,
 Quhat and how fele that tha micht be:
 Tharfor he thocht with his menyhe
 To withdraw him out of the plas
 50 For the nicht wele fallin was,
 And for nicht was he thocht that tha
 Suld nocht haf sicht to hald the way
 Quhill he war passit with his menyhe.
 And as he thocht richt sa did he,
 55 And went him doun till ane marras
 Our ane watir that rinand was,
 And in the bog he fand ane plas
 Wele strat, that wele twa bowdraucht was
 Fra tha the watir passit had.
 60 He said, 'Her may yhe mak abad
 And rest yhou all ane quhile and ly.
 I will ga wach all prevely
 Gif I her ocht of thar cuming,
 And, gif I may her ony thing,

65 I sall ger warn yhou sa that we
Sall ay at our advantage be.'

XLVII.

The king now takis his gat to ga,
And with him tuk he servandis twa,
And Schir Gilbert de le Hay left he
Thar for to rest with his menyhe.
5 To the watir he cum in hy
And lisnit full ententely
Gif he ocht herd of thar cuming,
Bot yhet than nicht he her nathing.
Endlang the watir than yhed he
10 On athir sid gret quantite,
And saw the brais he standand,
The watir holl throu slik rinand,
And fand na furd that men nicht pas
Bot quhar himself passit was.
15 And sa strat was the upcuming
That twa men nicht nocht sammyn thring
Na on na maner pres tham sa
That tha sammyn the land nicht ta.
His twa men bad he than in hy
20 Ga to thar feris to rest and ly,
For he wald wach thar cum to se.
'Schir,' said tha, 'quha sall with yhou be?'

'God,' he said, 'forouten ma;
 Pas on, for I will it be sa.'
 25 Tha did as he tham biddin had,
 And he thar all alane abad.
 Quhen he ane quhile had biddin thar
 And herbryit, he herd as it war
 Ane hundis quhistling apon fer
 30 That ay cum till him ner and ner.
 He stud still for till herkin mar,
 And ay the langar quhile he was thar
 He herd it ner and ner cumand:
 Bot he thar still thocht he wald stand
 35 Quhill that he herd mar takinning,
 For for ane hundis quhistling
 He wald nocht wakin his menyhe,
 Tharfor he wald abid and se
 Quhat folk tha war, and quethir tha
 40 Held toward him the richt way
 Or passit ane othir way fer by.
 The mone was schynand richt clerly,
 And sa lang stud he thar herknand
 Quhill that he saw cum at his hand
 45 The hale rout into full gret hy.
 Than he umbethocht him hastely,
 Gif he yhed to fech his menyhe,
 That or he micht reparit be
 Tha suld be passit the furd ilkane,
 50 And than behufit him ches ane
 Of thir twa, outhir to fle or de,
 Bot his hart that was stout and he

Consalit him alane to bid
 And kep them at the furdie sid
 55 And defend wele the upcuming,
 Sen he was warnist of arming
 That he thar arowis suld nocht dred,
 For gif he war of gret manhed,
 He nicht stonay tham evirilkane
 60 Sen tha nicht cum bot ane and ane.
 He did richt as his hart him bad :
 Stark outrageous curage he had
 Quhen he sa stoutly him alane
 For litill strinth of erd has tane
 65 To ficht with twa hundreth and ma.
 Tharwith he to the furd can ga,
 And tha apon the tothir party
 That saw him stand thar anerly
 Thringand intill the watir rad,
 70 For of him litill dout tha had,
 And rad till him in full gret hy.
 He smat the first sa rigorously
 With his sper that richt scharply schar
 Quhill he down till the erd him bar.
 75 The laf cum than in ane randoun,
 Bot his hors that was born down
 Cummerit tham the upgang to ta,
 And, quhen the king saw it was sa,
 He stekit the hors, and he can fling,
 80 And syn fell at the upcuming.
 The laf with that cum with ane schout,
 And he that stalward was and stout

Met tham richt stoutly at the bra,
 And sa gud payment can tham ma
 85 That fifsum in the furd he slew,
 The laf than sumdele tham withdrew
 That dred his strakis wondir sar,
 For he in nathing tham forbar.
 Than ane said, 'Certis we ar to blam,
 90 Quhat sall we say quhen we cum ham
 Quhen a man fichtis aganis us all?
 Quha wist evir men sa fouly fall
 As us gif that we thusgat lef?'
 With that all hale ane schout tha gef
 95 And cryit, 'On him! he may nocht last.'
 With that tha pressit him sa fast
 That, had he nocht the bettir bene,
 He had bene ded forouten wene,
 Bot he sa gret defens can mak
 100 That quhar he hit with evin strak
 Thar micht nathing agane it stand.
 In litill space he left lyand
 Sa fele that the upcum was then
 Dittit with slane hors and men
 105 Sa that his fais for that stopping
 Micht nocht cum to the upcuming.
 A! der God, quha had bene by
 And sene how he sa hardely
 Adressit him agane tham all,
 110 I wat wele that tha suld him call
 The best that livit intill his day,
 And, gif I the suth sall say,

I herd nevir in na tym gane
Ane stint sa mony him alane.

XLVIII.

Suth is, quhen till Ethiocles
Fra his brother Polynices
Was send Tedeus into message
To ask haly the heritage
5 Of Thebes till hald for a yher,
For tha cumin of a birth wer,
Tha straf, for athir king wald be:
Bot the barnage of thar cuntre
Gert tham assent on this maner,
10 That the tane suld be king a yher,
And than the tothir na his menyhe
Suld nocht be fundin in the cuntre
Quhile the first brothir ringand wer,
Syn suld the tothir ring a yher,
15 And than the first suld lef the land
Quhile that the tothir war ringand:
Thus ay a yher suld ring the tane,
The tothir a yher fra that war gane.
To ask halding of this assent
20 Tedeus was to Thebes sent,
And sa spak for Polynices
That of Thebes Ethiocles

Bad his constabill with him ta
 Men wele armit and furth ga
 25 To met Tedeus in the way
 And sla him but langar delay.
 The constabill his way is gane,
 And nyn and fourty with him has tane
 Sa that he with tham mad fifty.
 30 Intill the evinning prevely
 Tha set enbuschement in the way
 Quhar Tedeus behufit away
 Betuix ane he crag and the se,
 And he that of thar mavite
 35 Wist nathing, he his way has tane,
 And toward Grece agane is gane.
 And, as he rad intill the nicht,
 Sa saw he with the monis licht
 Schyning of scheldis gret plente,
 40 And had wondir quhat it micht be.
 With that all hale tha gaf ane cry,
 And he, that herd sa sudenly
 Sic noys, sumdele affrait waa,
 Bot in sehort tym he till him tais
 45 His spiritis full hardely,
 For his gentill hart and worthy
 Assurit him intill that ned,
 Than with the spuris he strak his sted,
 And ruschit in emang tham all,
 50 The first he met he gert him fall,
 And syn his suerd he swappit out,
 And raucht about him mony ane rout,

And slew sexsum wele some and ma,
 Than undir him his hors tha sla,
 55 And he fell, bot he smertly ras,
 And strikand roun about him mais,
 And slew of tham ane quantite,
 Bot woundit wondir sar was he.
 With that ane listill rod he fand
 60 Up toward the crag strekand:
 Thiddir went he in full gret hy,
 Defendaad him full douchtely
 Quhill in the crag he cham sumdele
 And fand ane plas encloisit wele
 65 Quhar name bot ane might him assale:
 Thar stod he and gaf tham battale,
 And tha assalit evirilkane,
 And oft fell quhen that he slew ane,
 As he doun to the erd wald drif,
 70 He wald ber doun wele four or fif.
 Thar stod he and defendit sa.
 Quhill he had slane tham half and ma.
 Ane gret stane than by him saw he
 That throu the gret anciantie
 75 Was lousit redy for to fall,
 And, quhen he saw tham cumand all,
 He tumlit doun on tham the stane,
 And aucht men tharwith has he slane,
 And sa stonait the remanand
 80 That tha war wele ner recreand.
 Than wald he presoun hald na mar,
 Bot on tham ran with suerd all bar,

- And hewit and slew with all his mane
Quhill he had nyn and fourty slane.
- 85 The constabill syn can he ta,
And gert him swer that he suld ga
To king Ethiocles and tell
The aventur that tham befell.
Tedeus bar him douchtely
- 90 That him alane ourcum fifty.
Yhe that this redis, jugis yhe
Quhethir that mar suld prisit be
The king that with avisement
Undirtuk sic hardyment
- 95 As for to stint him ane but fer
Tha folk that wele twa hundreth wer,
Or Tedeus that sudanly
Fra tha had rasit on him the cry
Throu hardyment that he had tane
- 100 Wan fifty men all him alane.
Tha did thar ded bath in the nicht,
And faucht bath with the monis licht,
Bot the king discumfit ma,
And Tedeus ma can sla.
- 105 Now demis quhethir mar lufing
Suld Tedeus haf or the king.

XLIX.

On this maner that I haf tald
 The king, that stout was, stark, and bald,
 Was fichtand on the furdissid,
 Gifand and takand routis roid,
 5 Quhill he sic martyrdom thar mad
 That he the furd all stoppit had
 That nane of tham micht till him rid.
 Than thocht tham foly for to bid,
 And halely the flicht can ta
 10 And went hamward quhar tha com fra,
 For the kingis men with that cry
 Waknit, and full affraitly
 Com for to sek thar lord the king,
 The Gallowaymen herd thar cuming,
 15 And fled and durst abid na mar.
 The kingis men that dredand war
 For thar lord full spedaly
 Com to the furd, and sone in hy
 Tha fand the king sitand alane
 20 That of his basnet than had tane
 Till awent him, for he was hat.
 Than sperit tha at him of his stat,
 And he tald tham all hale the cas
 Howgat that he assalyheit was,
 25 And how that God him helpit sa
 That he eschapit hale tham fra.

Than lukit tha how fele war ded,
 And tha fand lyand in that sted
 Fourten that slane war with his hand.
 30 Than lowit tha God fast all weldand
 That tha thar lord fand hale and fer,
 And said tha byrd on na maner
 Dred thar fais, sen thar chiftane
 Was of sic hart and of sic mane
 35 That he for tham had undirtane
 With sa fele for to ficht him ane.

L.

Sic wordis spak tha of the king,
 And for his he undirtaking
 Ferlyit and yharnit him for to se
 That with him ay was wont to be.
 5 A! quhat worschip is prisit thing!
 For it mais men to haf lowing,
 Gif it be folowit ithandly.
 Bot pris of worschip nocht forthi
 Is hard to win but gret travale.
 10 Oft to defend, and oft assale,
 And to be in thar dedis wis,
 Gerris men of worschip win the pris.
 Thar may na man haf worthyhed
 Bot he haf wit to ster his ded

- 15 And se quhat is to lef or ta.
Worschip extremiteis has twa :
Fulehardyment the formast is,
And the tothir is cowardis,
And tha ar bath for to forsak.
20 Fulehardyment all will undirtak
Als wele thingis to lef as ta,
Bot cowardis dois nathing sa,
Bot utrely forsakis all :
Bot that war wondir for to fall,
25 Na war falt of discrecioun.
Forthi has worschip sic renoun
That it is mene betuix tha twa,
And takis that is till undirta,
And lefis that is to lef, for it
30 Has sa gret warnising of wit
That it all peralis wele can se
And all avantagis that may be.
It wald till hardyment held haly
Withthi away war the foly,
35 For hardyment with foly is vis,
Bot hardyment that mellit is
With wit is worschip ay perde,
For but wit worschip may nocht be.
This nobill king that we of red
40 Mellit all tym with wit manhed.
That men may be this melle se :
His wit him schawit the strat entre
Of the furd, and the isch alsua
That, as him thoct, war hard to ta

45 Apon a man that war worthy,
 Tharfor his hardyment hastely
 Thocht wele it micht be undirtane
 Sen at anis micht assale bot ane.
 Thus hardyment governit with wit,
 50 That he all tym wald sammyn knit,
 Gert him of worschip haf the pris
 And oft ourcum his ennemyis.

LI.

The king in Carrik duelt all still,
 His men assemblit fast him till
 That in the land war travaland,
 Quhen tha of this ded herd titland,
 5 For tha thar ure with him wald ta
 Gif he war oft assalyheit sa.
 Bot yhet than James of Douglas
 In Douglasdale travaland was,
 Or ellis wele nerhand tharby
 10 In hiddillis sumdele prevely,
 For he wald se his governing
 That had the castell in keping,
 And gert mak mony ane juperdy
 To se quhethir he wald isch blithly.
 15 Quhen he persavit wele that he
 Wald blithly isch with his menyhe,

He mad ane gadering prevely
Of tham that war of his party,
That war sa fele that tha durst ficht
20 With Thrillwall and all the micht
Of tham that in the castell war.
He schup him in the nicht to far
To Sandylandis, and ner tharby
He him enbuschit prevely,
25 And send ane few ane trane to ma
That sone in the morning can ta
Catell that was the castell by,
And syn withdrew tham hastely
Toward tham that enbuschit war.
30 Than Thrillwall forouten mar
Gert arm his men forouten bad,
And ischit with all the men he had,
And folowit fast eftir the ky :
He was armit at poynt clenly
35 Outakin that his hed was bar.
Than with the men that with him war
The catell folowit he gud sped
Richt as ane man that had na dred
Quhill that he of tham gat ane sicht,
40 Than prikit tha with all thar micht
Folowand tham out of aray,
And tha sped tham fleand quhill tha
Fer by thar buschement all war past :
And Thrillwall evir chasit on fast,
45 And than tha that enbuschit war
Ischit till him bath les and mar

And rasit sudanly the cry,
And tha that saw sa sudanly
That folk sa egirly cum prikand
50 Richt betuix tham and thar warand,
Tha war into full gret affray,
And, for tha war out of aray,
Sum of tham fled, and sum abad:
And Douglas that thar with him had
55 Ane gret menyhe full egirly
Assalit and scalit tham hastely,
And in schort tym cummerit tham sa
That thar wele nane eschapit tham fra.
Thrillwall that was thar capitane
60 Was thar into the bargane slane,
And of his men the mast party,
The laf fled full affraitly.
Douglas his menyhe fast can chas,
And the flearis thar wais tais
65 To the castell in full gret hy:
The formast enterit spedaly,
Bot the chasaris sped tham sa fast
That tha ourtuk sum of the last
And tham forout mersy can sla.
70 And, quhen tha of the castell sa
Saw tham sla of thar men tham by,
Tha sparit the yhatis hastely
And in hy to the wallis ran:
James of Douglas his menyhe than
75 Sesit wele hastely in hand
That tha about the castell fand,

To thar reset syn went thar way.
 Thus ischit Thrillwall that day.

LII.

Quhen Thrillwall on this maner
 Had ischit, as I tell yhou her,
 James of Douglas and his men
 Buskit tham all sammyn then
 5 And went thar way toward the king
 In gret hy, for tha herd tithing
 That of Vallanch Schir Amery,
 With ane full gret chevelry
 Bath of Inglis and Scottis men,
 10 With gret felony war redy then
 Assemblit for to sek the king,
 That was that tym with his gadring
 In Cumnok quhar it stratast was.
 Thiddir went James of Douglas
 15 That was richt welcum to the king,
 And, quhen he tald had that tithing
 How that Schir Amer was cumand
 For till hunt him out of the land
 With hund and horn, richt as he wer
 20 Ane wolf, ane thef, or thefis fer,
 Than said the king, 'It may wele fall,
 Though he cum and his power all,

- We sall abid in this cuntre,
 And, gif he cumis, we sall him se.'
- 25 The king spak apon this maner,
 And of Vallanch Schir Amer
 Assemblit ane gret cumpany
 Of nobill men and of worthy
 Of Ingland and of Lowdiane,
- 30 And he has alsua with him tane
 Johne of Lorne and all his nicht
 That had of worthy men and wicht
 With him aucht hundreth men and ma.
 Ane sleuth-hund had he thar alsua
- 35 Sa gud that change wald for nathing,
 And sum men sais yhet that the king
 As ane strecour him nurist had,
 And ay sa mekill of him mad
 That with his hand he wald him fed:
- 40 He folowit him quharevir he yhed,
 Sa that the hund him lufit sa
 That he wald part na wis him fra.
 Bot how that Johne of Lorne him had
 I herd nevir mencioune be mad,
- 45 Bot men sais it was certane thing
 That he had him in his sesing
 And throu him thocht the king to ta,
 For he wist he him lufit sa
 That fra that he nicht anis fele
- 50 The kingis sent he wist richt wele
 That he wald change it for nathing.
 This Johne of Lorne hatit the king

For Schir Johne Cumyn his emis sak :
 Micht he him outhir sla or tak,
 55 He wald nocht pris his lif ane stra
 Withthi he vengeans on him micht ta.
 The wardane than Schir Amery,
 With Johne of Lorne in cumpany
 And othir of gud renoun alsua,
 60 Thomas Randol was ane of tha,
 Com in Cumnok to sek the king
 That was wele war of thar cuming,
 And was up in the strinthis then
 And with him wele thre hundreth men :
 65 His brothir that tym with him was
 And alsua James of Douglas.
 Schir Ameryis rout he saw
 That held the plane ay and the law
 And in hale battale alwais rad.
 70 The king, that na supposing had
 That tha war ma then he saw thar,
 To tham and nouthir ellis quhar
 Had e, and wrocht unwittandly :
 For Johne of Lorne full sutelly
 75 Behind thocht to suppris the king,
 Tharfor with all his gadering
 About ane hill he held his way,
 And held him into covert ay
 Quhill he sa ner com to the king
 80 Or he persavit his cuming
 That he was cumin on him wele ner,
 The tothir host and Schir Amer

Pressit on the tothir party.
 The king was in gret juperdy
 85 That was on athir sid umbeset
 With fais that to ala him thret,
 And the lest party of tham twa
 Was starkar far na he and ma.
 And, quhen he saw tham pres him to,
 90 He thocht in hy quhat was to do,
 And said, 'Lordis, we haf na nicht
 At this tym for to stand and ficht,
 Tharfor departis us in thre,
 All sall nocht sa assalyheit be,
 95 And in thre partis hald our way.'
 Syn till his consale can he say
 Betuix tham into prevate
 In quhat sted thar repar suld be.
 With that thar gat all ar tha gane
 100 And in thre partis thar way has tane.
 Than Johne of Lorne com to the plas
 Quharfra the king departit was,
 And in his tras the hund he set
 That than foronten langar let
 105 Held evin the way eftir the king
 Richt as he had of him knawing,
 And left the tothir partis twa
 As he na kep to tham wald ta.
 And, quhen the king saw his cuming
 110 Eftir his rout intill ane ling,
 He thocht he knew that it was he:
 Tharfor he bad till his menyhe

Yhet than in thre depart tham sone,
And tha did sa forouten hone
115 And held thar way in thre partis.
The hund did than sa gret mastris
That he held ay forout changing
Eftir the rout quhar was the king:
And, quhen the king has sene tham sa
120 All in ane rout eftir him ga
The way, and folow nocht his men,
He had ane gret persaving then
That tha knew him: forthi in hy
He bad his men richt hastely
125 Scale and ilkane hald his way
All be himself, and sa. did tha:
Ilk man ane sinder gat is gane,
And the king has with him tane
His fostir brothir forouten ma,
130 And sammyn held thar gat tha twa.
The hund alwais folowit the king
And changit for na departing,
Bot ay folowit the kingis tras
But wavering as he passit was.
135 And, quhen that Johne of Lorne saw
The hund sa hard eftir him draw
And folow straucht eftir tha twa,
He knew the king was ane of tha,
And bad fif of his cumpany
140 That war richt wicht men and hardy,
And als of fut spedyast war
Of all that in that rout war thar,

' Rin eftir him and him ourta,
 And lat him na wis pas yhou fra.'
 145 And fra tha had herd the bidding
 Tha held the way eftir the king,
 And folowit him sa spedaly
 That tha him wele sone can ourhy.
 The king than saw tham cumand ner
 150 And was anoyit on gret maner,
 For he thocht, gif tha war worthy,
 Tha micht him travale and tary,
 And hald him sagat taryand
 Quhill the remanand suld cum at hand.
 155 Bot, had he dred bot anerly
 Tham fif, I trow all sekirly
 He suld nocht haf full mekill dred.
 And till his falow as he yhed
 He said, ' Yhon fif ar fast cumand,
 160 Tha ar wele ner now at our hand,
 Sa is thar ony help with the,
 For we sall sone assalit be? '
 ' Yha, schir,' he said, ' all that I may.'
 ' Thou sais wele,' said the king, ' perfay,
 165 I se tham cumand till us ner,
 I will na forthir, bot richt her
 I will bid quhill I am in aynd,
 And se quhat fors that tha can fand.'
 The king than stud full sturdely,
 170 And the fifsum in full gret hy
 Com with gret schor and manasing,
 Thre of tham went ontill the king,

- . And till his man the tothir twa
 With suerd in hand can stoutly ga.
 175 The king met tham that till him socht,
 And to the first sic rout he rocht
 That er and chek down in the hals
 He schar of, and the schuldir als.
 He duschit down all desaly :
 180 The twa, that saw sa sudanly
 Thar falow fall, affrait war
 And stert ane litill ovirmar.
 The king with that blenkit him by
 And saw the twa full sturdely
 185 Agane his man gret melle ma :
 With that he left his awn twa,
 And till tham that faucht with his man
 Ane loup richt lichtly mad he than
 And smat the hed of of the tane :
 190 To met his awn syn is he gane
 That com on him richt hardely :
 He met the first sa egirly
 That with his suerd that scharply schar
 The arm he fra the body bar.
 195 Quhat strakis tha gaf I can nocht tell,
 Bot to the king sa far befell
 That, thouch he travale had and pane,
 He of his famen four has slane.
 His fostir brothir eftir sone
 200 The fift has out of dawis done.
 And, quhen the king saw that all fif
 War on that wis brocht out of lif,

Till his falow than can he say,
 'Thou has helpit richt wele perfay.'
 205 'It likis yhou to say sa,' said he,
 'Bot to gret part to yhou tuk yhe
 That slew four or I slew ane.'
 The king said, 'As the glew is gane,
 Bettir than thou I nicht it do
 210 For I had mar laser tharto:
 The twa falowis that delt with the,
 Quhen tha saw me assalyheit with thre,
 Of me richt nakyn dout tha had
 For tha wend I was stratly stad,
 215 And, forthi that tha dred me nocht,
 Noy tham fer out the mar I mocht.'
 With that the king lukit him by,
 And saw of Lorne the cumpany
 Ner with thar sleuth hund fast cumand,
 220 Than till ane wod that was ner hand
 He went with his falow in hy.
 God saf tham for his gret mersy!

LIII.

The king toward the wod is gane
 Wery for swat and will of wane.
 Intill the wod sone enterit he
 And held down toward ane vale

- 5 Quhar throu the wod ane watir ran:
Thiddir in gret hy went he than,
And begouth for to rest him thar
And said he nicht na forthirmar.
His man said, 'Schir, that may nocht be:
- 10 Abid yhe her, yhe sall sone se
Fif hundreth yharmand yhou to sla,
And tha ar fele aganis twa:
And, sen we may nocht dele with nicht,
Help us all that we may with slicht.'
- 15 The king said, 'Sen that thou will sa,
Ga furth, and I sall with the ga.
Bot I haf herd oftymis say
That quha endlang ane watir ay
Wald wad ane bow drancht, he suld ger
- 20 Bath the sleuth-hund and the leder
Tyn the sleuth men gert him ta:
Pruf we gif it will now do sa,
For, war yhon devillis hund away,
I roucht nocht of the laf perfay.'
- 25 As he devisit tha haf done,
And enterit in the watir sone,
And held on endlang it thar way,
And syn to the land yhed tha
And held thar way as tha did er.
- 30 And Johne of Lorne with gret affier
Com with his rout richt to the plas
Quhar that his fif men slane was:
He menit tham quhen he tham saw,
And said eftir ane litill thraw,

- 35 That he suld venge in hy thar blud :
 Bot othirwais the gamyn yhud.
 Thar wald he mak na mar duelling,
 Bot furth in hy folowit the king.
 Richt to the burn tha passit ar,
 40 Bot the sleuth-hund mad stinting thar
 And waverit lang tym to and fra
 That he na certane gat couth ga,
 Quhill at the last than Johne of Lorne
 Persavit the hund the sleuth had lorn,
 45 And said, ' We haf tynt this travale,
 To pas forthir may nocht avale,
 For the wod is bath brad and wid,
 And he is wele fer by this tid,
 Tharfor I red we turn agane
 50 And wast na mar travale in vane.'
 With that relyit he his menyhe
 And his way to the host tuk he.

LIV.

- Thus eschapit the nobill king :
 Bot sum men sais this eschaping
 Apon ane othir maner fell
 Than throw the wading: for tha tell
 5 That the king ane gud archar had,
 And, quhen he saw his lord sa stad

That he was left sa anerly,
 He ran on sid alwais him by
 Quhill he intill the wod was gane,
 10 Than said he till himself alane
 That he arest richt thar wald ma
 And luk gif he the hund nicht sla,
 For, gif the hund nicht lest on lif,
 He wist full wele that tha wald drif
 15 The kingis tras quhill tha him ta,
 Than wist he wele tha wald him sla:
 And, for he wald his lord succour,
 He put his lif in aventur
 And stud intill ane busk lurkand
 20 Quhill that the hund com at his hand,
 And with ane arow sone him slew,
 And throu the wod syn him withdrew.
 Bot, quhethir thus his eschaping fell
 As I tald first, or now I tell,
 25 I wat it wele without lesing
 At that burn eschapit the king.

L.V.

The king has furth his wais tane,
 And Johne of Lorne agane is gane
 To Schir Amer that fra the chas
 With his men than reparit was,

- 5 That litill sped in thar chasing,
For, how that tha mad folowing
Full egirly, tha wan bot small,
Thar fais ner eschapit all.
Men sais Schir Thomas Randol than
10 Chasand the kingis baner wan,
Quharthrou in Ingland with the king
He had richt gret pris and lowing.
Quhen the chasaris relyit war,
And Johne of Lorne had met tham thar,
15 He tald Schir Amer all the cas
How that the king eschapit was,
And how that he his fif men slew
And syn to the wod him drew.
Quhen Schir Amer herd this, in hy
20 He sanit him for the ferly,
And said, 'He is gretly to pris,
For I knaw nane that lifand is
That at mischef can help him sa,
I trow he suld be hard to sla
25 And he war bodin all evinly.'
On this wis spak Schir Amery,
And the gud king held furth his way
He and his man ay quhill that tha
Passit out throu the forest war,
30 Syn in the mur tha enterit ar
That was bath he and lang and brad,
And, or tha half it passit had,
Tha saw on sid thre men cumand
Lik to licht men and waverand:

- 35 Suerdis tha had and axis als,
 And ane of tham apon his hale
 Ane mekill bundin weddir bar.
 Tha met the king and halsit him thar,
 And the king tham thar halsing yhald
 40 And askit tham quhethir tha wald.
 Tha said Robert the Brus tha socht,
 For, met with him gif that tha mocht,
 Thar duelling with him wald tha ma.
 The king said 'Gif that yhe will sa,
 45 Haldis furth yhour way. with me,
 And I sall ger yhou sone him se.'
 Tha persavit be his speking
 And his effer he was the king.
 Tha changit contenans, and lat,
 50 And held nocht in the first stat,
 For tha war fais to the king,
 And thocht to cum into sculking
 And duell with him quhill that tha saw
 Thar tym, and bring him than of daw.
 55 Tha grantit till his spek forthi,
 Bot the king that was witty
 Persavit wele be thar having
 That tha lufit him in nathing,
 And said, 'Falowis, yhe mon all thre,
 60 Forthir aquent quhill that we be,
 All be yhourselvin forouth ga,
 And on the samin wis we twa
 Sall folow yhou behind wele ner.'
 Quod tha, 'Schir, it is na myster

- 65 To trow intill us ony ill.'
'Nane do I,' said he, 'bot I will
That yhe ga forow us quhill we
Bettir with othir knawin be.'
'We grant,' tha said, 'sen yhe will sa,'
70 And furth apon thar gat can ga.
Thus yhed tha quhill the nicht was ner,
And than the formast cumin wer
Till ane wast husbandis hous, and thar
Tha slew the weddir that tha bar,
75 And slew fyr for to rost thar met,
And askit the king gif he wald et
And rest him quhill the met war dicht.
The king, that hungry was I hicht,
Assentit till thar spek in hy,
80 Bot he said he wald anerly
Betuix him and his falow be
At a fyr, and tha all thre
In the end of the hous suld ma
Ane othir fyr, and tha did sa.
85 Tha drew tham in the hous end
And half the weddir till him send,
And tha rostit in hy thar met
And fell richt frakly for till et.
The king wele lang he fastin had
90 And had richt mekill travale mad,
Tharfor he et full egirly,
And, quhen he etin had, hastely
He had to slep sa mekill will
That he nicht set na let thartill,

- 95 For, quhen the vanis fillit ar,
The body worthis hevy evirmar,
And to slep drawis hevynes.
The king that all fortravalit wes
Saw that him worthit slep nedwais :
100 Till his fostir brothir he sais,
'May I trast in the me to wak
Quhill I ane litill sleping tak ?'
'Yha, schir,' he said, 'quhile I may dre.'
The king than winkit ane litill we
105 And slepit nocht full enkirly,
Bot gluffnit oft up sudanly,
For he had dred of tha thre men
That at the tothir fyr war then :
That tha his fais war he wist,
110 Tharfor he slepit as foul on twist.
The king slepit bot litill than,
Quben sic ane slep fell on his man
That he micht nocht hald up his e,
Bot fell on slep and routit he.
115 Now is the king in gret perile,
For, slep he sa ane litill quhile,
He sall be ded forouten dred,
For the thre tratouris tuk gud hed
That he on slep was and his man.
120 In full gret hy tha ras up than,
And drew thar suerdis hastely,
And went toward the king in hy,
Quhen that tha saw he slepit sa,
And slepand thocht tha wald him sla.

- 125 Till him tha yhed ane full gret pas,
Bot in that tym throu Goddis gras
The king up blenkit sudanly
And saw his man slepand him by,
And saw cumand the tratouris thre.
- 130 Deliverly on fut gat he,
And drew his suerd out and tham met,
And, as he yhed, his fut he set
Apon his man wele hevaly :
He waknit and ras all desaly,
- 135 For the slep masterit him sa
That or he gat up ane of tha
That com for to sla the king
Gaf him ane strak in his rising
Sa that he nicht help him na mar.
- 140 The king sa stratly stad was thar
That he was nevir yhet sa stad :
Na war the arming that he had,
He had bene ded forouten wer,
Bot nocht forthi on sic maner
- 145 He helpit him in that bargane
That tha thre tratouris he has slane
Throu Goddis gras and his manhed.
His fostir brothir thar was ded :
Than was he wondir will of wane
- 150 Quhen he saw he was left alane :
His fostir brothir menit he,
And waryit all the tothir thre,
And syn his way tuk him alane
And richt toward his tryst is gane.

LVI.

The king went furth wa and angry,
 Menand his man full tendirly,
 And held his way all him alane,
 And richt toward the hous is gane
 5 Quhar he set tryst to met his men :
 It was wele lat of nicht be then :
 He com sone in the hous, and fand
 The gudwif on the bink sitand.
 Scho askit him sone quhat he was,
 10 And quhine he com, and quhar he gais.
 'Ane travaland man, dam,' said he,
 'That travalis her throu the cuntre.'
 Scho said, 'All that travaland er
 For sak of ane ar welcum her.'
 15 The king said, 'Gud dam, quhat is he
 That gerris yhou haf sic specialte
 To men that travalis?' 'Schir, perfay,'
 Quod the gudwif, 'I sal yhou say :
 Gud King Robert the Brus is he
 20 That is richt lord of this cuntre :
 His fais him haldis now in thrang,
 Bot I think to se or ocht lang
 Him lord and king our all the land
 That na fais sall him withstand.'
 25 'Dam, lufis thou him sa wele?' said he.
 'Yha, schir,' scho said, 'sa God me se.'

'Dam,' said he, 'lo him her the by,
 For I am he.' 'Say yhe suthly?'
 'Yha certis, dam.' 'And quhar ar gane
 30 Yhour men, quhen yhe ar thus alane?'
 'At this tym, dam, I haf na ma.'
 Scho said, 'It may na wis be sa.
 I haf twa sonnis wicht and hardy,
 Tha sall becum yhour men in hy.'
 35 As scho devisit tha haf done,
 His sworn men becom tha sone,
 The wif syn gert him sit and et,
 Bot he had schort quhile at the met
 Sittin quhen he herd gret stamping
 40 About the hous: than but letting
 Tha stert up the hous to defend,
 Bot sone eftir the king has kend
 James of Douglas: than was he blith,
 And bad opin the duris swith,
 45 And tha com in all that thar war.
 Schir Eduard the Brus was thar,
 And James alsua of Douglas
 That was eschapit fra the chas
 And with the kingis brothir met,
 50 Syn to the tryst that tham was set
 Tha sped tham with thar cumpany
 That war ane hundreth and fifty.
 And, quhen that tha haf sene the king,
 Tha war joyfull of thar meting,
 55 And askit how he eschapit was,
 And he tham tald all hale the cas.

How the fif men him pressit fast;
 And how he throu the watir past,
 And how he met the thefis thre,
 60 And how he slepand slane suld be
 Quhen he waknit throu Goddis gras,
 And how his fostir brothir was
 Slane, he tald tham all halely.
 Than lowit tha God comonly
 65 That thar lord was eschapit sa,
 Than spak tha wordis to and fra,
 Quhill at the last the king can say,
 'Fortoun has travaalit thus this day
 That scalit us sa sudanly.
 70 Our fais this nicht sall trastly ly,
 For tha trow we sa scalit ar
 And fled sa waverand her and thar
 That we sall nocht thir dais thre
 All togidder assemblit be,
 75 Tharfor this nicht tha sall trastly
 But wachis tak thar es and ly:
 Quharfor quha knew thar herbery
 And wald cum on tham sudanly
 With few menyhe micht sone tham scath
 80 And yhet eschap withouten wath.'
 'Perfay,' quod James of Douglas,
 'As I com hiddirward, per cas
 I com sa ner thar herbery
 That I can bring yhou quhar tha ly,
 85 And, wald yhe sped yhou, yhet or day
 It may sa hapin that we may

Do tham ane gretar scath wele sone
Than tha us all the day has done,
For tha ly scalit as tham lest.
90 Than thocht tha all it was the best
To sped tham to tham hastely,
And tha did sa in full gret hy,
And com on tham in the dawning
Richt as the day begouth to spring.
95 Sa fell it that ane cumpany
Had in ane toun tane thar herbry
Wele fra the host ane mile or mar,
Men said that tha twa hundreth war.
Thar assemblit the nobill king,
100 And sone eftir thar assembling
Tha that slepand assalit war
Richt hidwisly can cry and rar,
And othir sum that herd the cry
Ran furth richt sa affraitly
105 That sum of tham all nakit war
Fleand to-waverand her and thar,
And sum thar armis till tham drew,
And tha without mersy tham slew,
And sa cruell vengeans can ta
110 That the twa-part of tham and ma
War slane richt in that ilk sted:
To thar host the remanand fled.
The host that herd the noys and cry,
And saw thar men sa wrechitly
115 Sum nakit fleand her and thar,
Sum all hale, and sum woundit sar,

Into full gret affray tha ras,
 And ilk man till his baner gais,
 Sa that the host was all on ster.
 120 The king and tha that with him wer,
 Quhen tha on ster the host saw sa,
 Toward thar warand can tha ga,
 And tharin swith cumin ar tha.
 And, quhen Schir Amery herd say
 125 How that the king thar men had slane,
 And how tha turnit war agane,
 He said, 'Now may we clerly se
 That nobill hart, quharevir it be,
 Is hard till ourcum throu mastery,
 130 For, quhar ane hart is richt worthy,
 Agane stoutnes it is ay stout,
 And, as I trow, thar may na dout
 Ger it all out discumfit be
 Quhile body lifand is and fre,
 135 As be this melle may be sene.
 We wend Robert the Brus had bene
 Sa discumfit that be gud skill
 He suld nouthir haf hart na will
 Sic juperdy to undirta,
 140 For he was put at undir sa
 That he was left all him alane,
 And all his folk war fra him gane,
 And he was sagat fortravalit
 To put of tham that him assalit
 145 That he suld haf yharnit resting
 Mar than fichting or traveling.

Bot his hart fillit is of bounte
 Sa that it vencust may nocht be.'

LVII.

On this wis spak Schir Amery,
 And, quhen tha of his cumpany
 Saw how tha travailit had in vane,
 And how the king thar men had slane,
 5 That at his larges was all fre,
 Tham thocht it was ane nysete
 For to mak thar langar duelling,
 Sen tha micht nocht anoy the king,
 And said that to Schir Amery,
 10 That umbethocht him hastely
 That he to Carlele than wald ga
 And ane quhile tharin sojorn ma,
 And haf his spyis on the king
 To knaw alwais his contening:
 15 And, when that he his poynt micht se,
 He thocht that with ane gret menyhe
 He suld schut on him sudanly.
 Tharfor with all his cumpany
 Till Ingland he the way has tane,
 20 And ilk man till his hous is gane.
 In hy to Carlele went is he,
 And tharin thinkis for to be

Quhill he his poynt saw of the king
That than with all his gadering
25 Was in Carrik, quhar umbestount
He wald wend with his men to hunt.
Sa hapnit it that on ane day
He went till hunt for till assay
Quhat gamyn was in that cuntre,
30 And sa hapnit that day that he
By ane wodsid to sett is gane
With his twa hundis him alane:
Bot he his suerd ay with him bar.
He had bot schort quhile sittin thar
35 Quhen he saw fra the wod cumand
Thre men with bowis in thar hand,
That toward him com spedaly,
And he that persavit in hy
Be thar offer and thar having
40 That tha lufit him nakyn thing,
He ras and his lesch till him drew he
And let his hundis gang all fre.
God help the king now for his micht,
For, bot he now be wis and wicht,
45 He sall be set in mekill pres,
For tha thre men withouten les
War his fais all utrely,
And had wachit sa besaly
To se quhen tha vengeans micht tak
50 Of the king for Johne Cumynis sak
That tha thocht than tha laser had,
And, sen he him alane was stad,

In hy tha thocht tha suld him sla,
 And, gif that tha micht chevis sa
 55 Fra that tha the king had slane
 That tha micht win the wod agane,
 His men tha thocht tha suld noch dred.
 In hy toward the king tha yhed,
 And bend thar bowis quhen tha war ner,
 60 And he that dred on gret maner
 Thar arowis, for he nakit was,
 In hy ane speking till tham mais,
 And said, 'Yhe aucht to scham, perde,
 Sen I am ane, and yhe ar thre,
 65 For to schut at me apon fêr,
 Bot, haf yhe hardyment to cum ner
 And with your suerdis till assay,
 Win me on sic wis gif yhe may,
 Yhe sall wele mar all prisit be.'
 70 'Perfay,' quod ane than of the thre,
 'Sall na man say we dred the sa
 That we with arowis sall the sla.'
 With that thar bowis away tha kest,
 And com on than but langar lest.
 75 The king tham met full hardely
 And smat the first sa rigorously
 That he fell ded down on the grene.
 And, quhen the kingis hund has sene
 Tha men assale his mastir sa,
 80 He lap till ane and can him ta
 Richt be the nek full felonly
 Qubill top our tale he gert him ly.

And the king that his suerd out had,
 Saw he sa far succour him mad,
 85 Or he that fallin was nicht ris
 Had him assalyheit on sic wis
 That he the bak strak evin in twa.
 The thrid, that saw his falowis sa
 Forouten recovering be slane
 90 Tuk till the wod his way agane.
 Bot the king folowit spedaly,
 And als the hund that was him by,
 Quhen he the man saw fle him fra,
 Schot till him sone, and can him ta
 95 Richt be the nek and till him dreuch;
 And the king that was ner eneuch
 In his rising sic rout him gaf
 That stane ded till the erd he draf.
 The kingis menyhe that war ner,
 100 Quhen that tha saw on sic maner
 The king assalit sa sudanly,
 Tha sped tham toward him in hy,
 And askit how that cas befell:
 And he all haly can tham tell
 105 How tha assalyheit him all thre.
 'Perfay,' quod tha, 'we may wele se
 That it is hard till undirtak
 Sic melling with yhou for to mak
 That sa smertly has slane thir thre
 110 Forouten hurt.' 'Perfay,' said he,
 'I slew bot ane forouten ma,
 God and my hund has slane the twa,

Thar tresoun cumrit tham perfay,
 For richt wicht men all thre war tha.'

LVIII.

Quhen that the king throu Goddis gras
 On this maner eschapit was,
 He blew his horn, and than in hy
 His gud men till him can rely,
 5 Than hamwardis buskit he to far,
 For that day wald he hunt na mar.
 In Glentruell all ane quhile he lay,
 And went wele oft to hunt and play
 For to purchas tham venesoun,
 10 For than der war in sesoun.
 In all that tym Schir Amery
 With nobill men in cumpany
 In Carlele lay his poynt to se,
 And, quhen he herd the certante
 15 That in Glentruell was the king
 And went till hunt and till playing,
 He thocht than with his chevelry
 To cum apon him sudanly,
 Fra Carlele all on nichtis rid
 20 And in covert on dais bid,
 And sagat with sic tranonting
 He thocht he suld suppris the king.

Than he assemblit ane gret menyhe
 Of folk of full gud renoune
 25 Bath of Scottis and Inglis men :
 Thar way all sammyn held tha then,
 And rad on nichtis sa prevely
 Quhill tha com in ane wod ner by
 Glentruell, quhar lugit was the king
 30 That wist richt nocht of thar cuming-
 Into gret perill now is he,
 For, bot God throu his gret pouste
 Saf him, he sall be tane or slane,
 For tha war sex quhar he was ane.

LIX.

Qúhen Schir Amer, as I haf tald,
 With his men that war stout and bald
 Was cum sa ner the king that tha
 War bot a mile fra him away,
 5 He tuk avisment with his men
 On quhat maner tha suld do then,
 For he said tham that the king was
 Lugit into sa strat ane plas
 That horsmen nicht him nocht assale,
 10 And, gif futmen gaf him battale,
 He suld be hard to win gif he
 Of thar cuming nicht warnit be :

- 'Tharfor I red all prevely
 We send ane woman him to spy
 15 That pouerly arait be:
 Scho may ask met per cherite,
 And se thar covyn halely
 And on quhat maner that tha ly,
 The quhilis we and our menyhe
 20 Cumand throuout the wod may be
 On fut arait as we ar:
 May we do sa that we cum thar
 On tham or tha wit our cuming,
 We sall find in tham na stinting.'
 25 This consale thocht tham was the best,
 Than send tha furth but langar frest
 The woman that suld be thar spy,
 And scho hir way can hald in hy
 Richt to the lugis quhar the king
 30 That had na dred of supprising
 Yhed unarmit, mery and blith.
 The woman has he sene als with:
 He saw hir uncouth, and forthi
 He beheld her mar enkirly,
 35 And be hir contenans him thocht
 That for gud cumin was scho nocht.
 Than gert he men in hy hir ta,
 And scho that dred men suld hir sla
 Tald tham how that Schir Amery
 40 With the Cliffurd in cumpany
 With the flour of Northumbirland
 War cumand on tham at thar hand.

Quhen that the king herd that tithing,
He armit him but mar duelling,
45 Sa did tha all that evir was thar,
Syn in ane sop assemblit ar.
I trow tha war thre hundreth ner,
And, quhen tha all assemblit wer,
The king his baner gert display
50 And set his men in gud aray.
Tha had nocht standin bot ane thraw,
Richt at thar hand quhen that tha saw
Thar fais throu the wod cumand
Armit on fut with sper in hand
55 That sped tham full enforsely.
The noys begouth sone and the cry,
For the gud king that formast was
Stoutly toward his fais gais,
And hynt out of ane manis hand
60 That ner besid him was gangand
Ane bow and ane brad arow als,
And hit the formast in the hals
Till thropill and wesand yhed in twa
And he doun till the erd can ga.
65 The laf with that mad ane stopping,
Than but mar bad the nobill king
Hynt fra his banecour the banar,
And said, 'Apon tham! for tha ar
Discumfit all:' and with that word
70 He swappit swiftly out his suord,
And on tham ran sa hardely
That all tha of his cumpany

Tuk hardyment of his gud ded,
 For sum that first thar wais yhed
 75 Agane com to the ficht in hy,
 And met thar fais rigorously
 That all the formast ruschit war,
 And, quhen tha that war hendirmar
 Saw that the formast left the sted,
 80 Tha turnit sone the bak and fled,
 And of the wod tha tham withdrew.
 The king ane few men of tham slew,
 For tha richt sone thar gat can ga.
 It discomfortit tham all sa,
 85 That the king with his menyhe was
 All armit to defend that plas
 That tha wend throu thar tranonting
 Till haf wonnin forout fichting,
 That tha affrait war sudanly:
 90 And he tham socht sa angirly
 That tha in full gret hy agane
 Out of the wod ran to the plane,
 For tha falyheit of thar entent.
 Tha war that tym sa fouly schent
 95 That fiften hundreth men and ma
 With fewar war rebutit sa
 That tha withdrew tham schamfully.
 Tharfor emang tham sudanly
 Thar ras debat and gret distans,
 100 Ilkane wytt othir of thar mischans:
 Cliffurd and Waus mad ane melle,
 Quhar Cliffurd raucht him ane cole,

And athir syn drew till partis,
 Bot Schir Amer that was wis
 105 Departit tham with mekill pane
 And went in Inland ham agane.
 He wist fra strif ras tham emang
 He suld tham nocht hald sammyn lang
 Forouten debat or melle,
 110 Tharfor till Inland turnit he
 With mar scham than he com of toun,
 Quhen sa mony of sic renoun
 Saw sa few men bid tham battale
 Quhar tha ne war hardy till assale.

LX.

The king fra Schir Amer was gane
 Gaderit his menyhe evirilkane,
 And left bath woddie and montanis
 And held his way straucht till the planis,
 5 For he wald fane that end war mad
 Of that that he begunnin had,
 And he wist wele he nicht nocht bring
 It to gud end but traving.
 To Kyle first went he, and that land
 10 He mad till him all obesand:
 The men mast fors com till his pes:
 Syn eftirward, or he wald ces,

- Of Cunyngame the mast party
He gert held till his senyhory.
- 15 In Bothwell than Schir Amer was
That in his hart gret angir has
For tha of Cunyngame and Kyle,
That war obesand till him quhile,
Left the Inglismentis fewte.
- 20 Tharof fane vengit wald he be,
And send Schir Philip the Mowbra
With ane thousand, as I herd say,
Of men that war in his leding
To Kyle for to warray the king.
- 25 Bot James of Douglas, that all tid
Had spyis out on ilka sid,
Wist of thar cuming, and that tha
Wald hald down Machyrmokis way.
He tuk with him all prevely
- 30 Tham that war of his cumpany
That war sixty withouten ma:
Syn till ane strat plas can he ga
That is in Machyrmokis way,
The Edryfurd it hat perfay,
- 35 It lyes betuix marrasis twa
Quhar that na hors on lif may ga.
On the south half quhar James was
Is ane upgang, ane narow plas,
And on the north half is the way
- 40 Sa ill as it aperis today.
Douglas with tham he with him had
Enbuschit him and tham abad:

- He might wele fer se thar cuming,
 Bot tha nicht se of him nathing.
 45 Tha mad enbuschement all the nicht,
 And, quhen the sone was schynand bricht,
 Tha saw in battale cum arait
 The vaward with baner displait,
 And syn sone the remanand
 50 Tha saw wele ner behind cumand.
 Than held tha tham still and preve
 Quhill the formast of that menyhe
 War enterit in the furd tham by,
 Than schot tha on tham with ane cry,
 55 And with wapnis that scharply schar
 Sum in the furd tha bakward bar,
 And sum with arowis barblit brad
 Sa gret martyrdom on tham mad
 That tha can draw to voyd the plas.
 60 Bot behind tham sa stoppit was
 The way, that tha fast nicht nocht fle,
 And that gert of them mony de,
 For tha on na sid nicht away
 Bot as tha com, bot gif that tha
 65 Wald throu thar fais hald thar gat,
 Bot that way thocht tham all to hat.
 Thar fais met tham sa sturdely,
 And contenit the ficht sa hardely,
 That tha sa dredand war that tha
 70 Quha first nicht fle first fled away,
 And, quhen the rerward saw tham sa
 Discumfit and thar wais ga,

- Tha fled on fer and held thar way.
Bot Schir Philip the Mowbra
75 That with the formast ridand was
That enterit war into the plas,
Quhen that he saw how he was stad,
Throu the gret worschip that he had
With spuris he strak the sted of pris,
80 And magre all his ennemyis
Throu the thikkast of tham he rad,
And but chalans eschapit had
Na war ane hynt him be the brand,
Bot the gud sted that wald nocht stand
85 He lansit furth deliverly,
Bot the tothir sa stalwardly
Held that the belt brast of the brand
And suerd and belt left in his hand,
And he but suerd his wais rad
90 Wele outouth tham, and thar abad
Behaldand how that his menyhe fled
And how his fais clengit the sted
That war betuix him and his men.
Tharfor furth the wais tuk he then
95 To Kilmarnok, and Kilwynnyn,
And till Ardrossan eftir syn,
Syn throu the Largis him alane
Till Ennirkyp the way has tane
Richt till the castell that was then
100 Stuffit all with Inglismen,
That him resavit in gret dante,
And, fra tha wist how gat that he

Sa fer had ridin him alane
 Throu tham that war his fais ilkane,
 105 Tha prisit him full gretumly
 And lowit fast his chevelry.

LXI.

Schir Philip thus eschapit was,
 And Douglas yhet was in the plas
 Quhar he sexty has slane and ma:
 The laf fouly thar gat can ga
 5 And fled to Bothwell ham agane,
 Quhar Schir Amer was nathing fane
 Quhen he herd tell on quhat maner
 That his menyhe discumfit wer.
 Bot, quhen to king Robert was tald
 10 How the gud Douglas that was bald
 Vencust sa fele with few menyhe,
 Richt joyfull in his hart was he,
 And all his men confortit war,
 For tham thocht wele bath les and mar
 15 That tha suld les thar fais dred
 Sen thar purpos sa with tham yhed.
 The king lay into Gawlistoun
 That is richt `evin anent Lowdoun,
 And till his pes tuk the cuntre.
 20 Quhen Schir Amer and his menyhe

- Herd how he ryotit the land,
 And how that nane durst him withstand,
 He was intill his hart angry,
 And with ane of his cumpany
 25 He send him word, and said, 'Gif he
 Durst him intill the planis'se,
 He suld on the tent day of May
 Cum undir Lowdoun hill away:
 And, gif that he wald met him thar,'
 30 He said, 'his worschip suld be mar,
 And mar be turnit in nobillay
 To win him in the plane away
 With hard dintis in evin fichting
 Than to do fer mar in sculking.'
 35 The king that herd his messinger
 Had dispit apon gret maner
 That Schir Amer spak sa hely,
 Tharfor he ansuerit irusly,
 And till the messinger said he,
 40 'Say to thy lord that, gif I be
 In lif, he sall me se that day
 Wele ner, gif he dar hald the way
 That he has said, for sekirly
 By Lowdoun hill met him sall I.'
 45 The messinger but mar abad
 Till his mastir his wais rad
 And his ansuer him tald als with:
 Than was na ned to mak him blith,
 For he thocht throu his mekill nicht,
 50 Gif the king durst aper to ficht,

That throu the gret chevelry
 That suld be in his company
 He suld sa ourcum the king
 That thar suld be na recovering.
 55 And the king on the tothir party,
 That was ay wis and averty,
 Rad for to se and ches the plas,
 And saw the he gat lyand was
 Apon ane far feld evin and dry,
 60 Bot apon athir sid tharby
 Was ane gret mos mekill and brad,
 That fra the way was guhar men rad
 Ane bowdraucht ner on athir sid,
 And that plas thocht him all to wid
 65 Till abid men that horsit war:
 Tharfor thre dikis ourthwort he schar
 Fra bath the mossis till the way,
 That war sa fer fra othir that tha
 War in twyn ane bowdraucht and mar.
 70 Sa holl and he the dikis war
 That men nicht nocht but mekill pane
 Pas tham thouch nane war tham agane:
 Bot sloppis in the way left he
 Sa large and of sic quantite
 75 That fif hundreth nicht sammyn rid
 In at the sloppis sid for sid.
 Thar thocht he battale for to bed
 And bargane tham, for he na dred
 Had that tha suld on sid assale
 80 Na yhet behind gif him battale,

And befor him thoct wele that he
 Suld fra thar nicht defendit be.
 Thre dep dikis he gert thar ma,
 For, gif he nicht nocht wele ourta
 85 To met tham at the first, that he
 Suld haf the tothir at his pouste,
 Or than the thrid, gif it was sa
 That tha had passit the tothir twa.
 On this wis him ordanit he,
 90 And syn assemblit his menyhe
 That war sex hundreth fichtand men
 But rangale that was with him then
 That war als fele as tha or ma.
 With all that menyhe can he ga
 95 The evin befor the battale suld be
 To litill Lowdown, quhar that he
 Wald abid to se thar cuming
 Evin with the men of his leding.
 He thoct to sped him sa that he
 100 Suld at the dik befor tham be.

LXII.

Schir Amer on the tothir party
 Gaderit sa gret chevelry
 That he nicht be thre thousand ner
 Armit and dicht on gud maner,

- 5 And than as man of gret noblay
He held toward the tryst his way.
Quhen the set day cumin was,
He sped him fast toward the plas
That he had nemmit for to ficht :
- 10 The sone was risin schynand bricht
That blenknit on the scheldis brad.
In twa eschelis ordanit he had
The folk that he had in leding :
The king wele sone in the morning
- 15 Saw first cumand thar first eschele
Arait sarraly and wele,
And at thar bak sumdele ner hand
He saw the tothir folowand.
Thar basnetis burnisit all bricht
- 20 Agane the sone glemit of licht :
Thar speris, pennounis, and thar scheldis
Of licht enlumynit all the feldis :
Thar best and browdyn bricht baneris,
And hors hewit on ser maneris,
- 25 And cot-armouris of ser colour,
And hawbrekis that war quhit as flour,
Mad tham gletirand as tha war lik
Till angelis he of hevinis rik.
The king said, 'Lordingis, now yhe se
- 30 How yhon men throu thar gret pouste
Wald, and tha micht fulfill thar will,
Sla us, and makis sembland thartill :
And, sen we knaw thar felony,
Ga we and met tham sa hardely

- 35 That the stoutast of thar menyhe
Of our meting abasit be,
For, gif the formast egirly
Be met, yhe sall se sudanly
The henmast sall abasit be :
- 40 And, thouch that tha be ma than we,
That suld abas us litill thing,
For, quhen we cum to the fichting,
Thar may met us na ma than we.
Tharfor, lordingis, ilkane suld be
- 45 Of worschip and of gret valour
For till mantem her our honour.
Thinkis quhat gladschip us abidis
Gif that we may, as us betidis,
Haf victor of our fais her,
- 50 For thar is nane her, fer na ner,
In all this land that us thar dout.'
Than said tha all that stud about,
'Schir, gif God will, we sall sa do
That na repruf sall ly tharto.'
- 55 'Than ga we furth now,' said the king,
'And he that mad of nocht all thing
Led us and saf us for his micht
And help us for till hald our richt.'
With that tha held thar way in hy
- 60 Wele sex hundreth in cumpany,
Stalward and stout, worthy and wicht :
Bot tha war all to few I hicht
Agane sa fele to stand in stour,
Ne war thar outrageous valour.

LXIII.

Now gais the nobill king his way
 Richt stoutly and in gud aray,
 And to the formast dik is gane,
 And in the sloop the feld has tane.
 5 The cariage-men and the pouverale
 That was nocht worth in the battale,
 Behind levit he tham all still
 Standand all sammyn on the hill.
 Schir Amer the king has sene
 10 With his men that stout war and kene
 Cum to the plane down fra the hill,
 As him thocht into full gud will
 For to defend or till assale,
 Gif ony wald bid him battale.
 15 Tharfor his men confortit he,
 And bad tham wicht and worthy be,
 For, gif that tha nicht win the king
 And victor haf of the fichting,
 Tha suld richt wele rewardit be
 20 And gretly ek thar renoune.
 With that tha war wele ner the king,
 And he left his amonisting
 And gert trump till the assemble,
 And the formast of his menyhe,
 25 Enbrasit with the scheldis brad,
 And richt sarray togidder raid,

With hedis stoupand and speris straucht
 Richt to the king thar way tha raucht,
 That met tham with sa gret vigour
 30 That the best and of mast valour
 War laid at erd at thar meting :
 Quhar men micht her sic ane breking
 Of speris that to-fruschit war,
 And of woundit sa cry and rar
 35 That it anoyus was to her,
 For tha that first assemblit wer
 Funyheit and faucht full sturdely :
 The noys begouth than and the cry.
 A ! mighty God, quha thar had bene
 40 And had the kingis worschip sene,
 And his brothir that was him by,
 That contenit tham sa hardely
 That thar gud ded and thar bounte
 Confort monyfald thar menyhe,
 45 And how Douglas sa manfully
 Confortit tham that war him by,
 He suld wele say that tha had will
 To win honour and cum thartill.
 The kingis men that worthy war,
 50 With thar speris that scharply schar
 Tha stekit men and stedis bath
 Quhill red blud ran of woundis rath.
 The hors that woundit war can fling
 And ruschit the folk in thar flinging,
 55 Sa that tha that than formast war
 War scalit in soppis her and thar.

The king that saw tham ruschit sa,
 And saw tham reland to and fra,
 Ran apon tham sa egirly
 60 And dang on tham sa hardely
 He gert fele of his fais fall:
 The feld was wele ner coverit all
 Bath with slane hors and with men,
 For the gud king tham folowit then
 65 With wele fif hundreth that wapnis bar
 That wald thar fais nathing spar.
 Tha dang on tham sa hardely
 That in schort tym men nicht se ly
 At erd ane hundreth wele and mar:
 70 The remanand sa fleyit war
 That tha begouth tham to withdraw,
 And, quhen tha of the rerward saw
 Thar avaward be discumfit,
 Tha fled withouten mar respit.
 75 And, quhen Schir Amer has sene
 His men fleand haly beden,
 Wit yhe wele he was full wa,
 Bot he nicht nocht amonist sa
 That ony for him wald turn agane:
 80 And, quhen he saw he tynt his pane,
 He turnit his bridill and to ga,
 For the gud king tham pressit sa
 That sum war ded, and sum war tane,
 The remanand thar gat ar gane.

LXIV.

The folk fled apoun this maner
 Forout arest, and Schir Amer
 Agane to Bothwell he is gane,
 Menand the scath that he had tane,
 5 Sa schamfull that he vengust was
 That till Ingland in hy he gais
 Richt to the king, and schamfully
 He gaf up thar his wardanry,
 Na nevyr syn for nakyn thing,
 10 Bot gif he com richt with the king,
 Com he to warray Scotland,
 Sa hevaly he tuk on hand
 That the king in set battalyhe
 With ane quhene lik poueralyhe
 15 Vengust him with ane gret menyhe
 That war renounit of gret bounte.
 Sic anoy had Schir Amery.
 And King Robert that was hardy
 Abad all still into the plas
 20 Quhill that his men had left the chas:
 Syn with presoneris that tha had tane
 Tha ar toward thar innis gane
 Fast lowand God of thar welefar.
 Men nicht haf sene quha had bene thar
 25 Ane folk that mery war and glad
 For thar victour, and als tha had

Ane lord sa swet and deboner,
 Sa curtas and of far effer,
 Sa blith als and sa wele bourdand,
 30 And in battale sa stith to stand,
 Sa wis and richt sa avise,
 That tha had gret caus blith to be.
 Sa war tha blith forouten dout,
 For fele that wonnit tham about,
 35 For tha the king saw help him sa,
 Till him thar homage can tha ma.
 Than wox his power mar and mar,
 And he thocht wele that he wald far
 Out our the Month with his menyhe
 40 To luk quha that his frend wald be.
 Into Schir Alexander the Fraser
 He trastit, for tha frendis wer,
 And in his brothir Symon, tha twa:
 He had mister wele of ma,
 45 For he had fais mony ane.
 Schir Johne Cumyn erl of Bouchane,
 And Schir Johne the Mowbra syn,
 And gud Schir David of Brechyn,
 With all the folk of thar leding,
 50 War fais to the nobill king:
 And, for he wist tha war his fais,
 His wais than northwardis he tais,
 For he wald se quhatkyn ending
 Tha wald mak of thar manasing.

LXV.

- T**he king buskit and mad him yhar
 Northwardis with his men to far.
 His brothir can he with him ta
 And Gilbert de le Hay alsua :
 5 The erl of Levenax als was thar
 That with the king was our all quhar,
 Schir Robert Boyd, and othir ma.
 The king can furth his wais ta,
 And left James of Douglas
 10 With all the folk that with him was
 Behind him for to luk gif he
 Micht recovir his cuntre.
 He left him into gret perile,
 Bot eftir in ane litill quhile
 15 Throu his gret worschip sa he wrocht
 That to the kingis pes he brocht
 The Forest of Selcryk all hale,
 And alsua did he Douglasdale
 And Jedworthis Forest alsua.
 20 And quhasa wele on hand couth ta
 To tell his worschippis ane and ane,
 He suld find of tham mony ane,
 For in his tym, as men said me,
 Thretten tymis vencusit was he,
 25 And victory wan sevin and fifty.
 He semit nocht lang idill to ly

Be his travale, he had na will:
Methink men suld him lowe of skill.
This James, quhen the king was gane,
30 All prevely his men has tane,
And went to Douglasdale agane,
And mad all prevely ane trane
To tham that in the castell war.
Ane buschement slely mad he thar,
35 And of his men fourten and ma
He gert as tha war sekkis ta
Fillit with gyrs, and syn tham lay
Apon thar hors, and hald thar way
Richt as tha wald to Lanrik far
40 Outouth quhar the embuschement war.
And, quhen tha of the castell saw
Sa fele ladis gang on raw,
Of that sicht tha war wondir fane,
And tald it to thar capitane
45 That hicht Schir Johne of Webetoun:
He was bath yhoung, stout, and feloun:
Richt joly als and volageous,
And, for that he was amorous,
He wald isch fer the blithlyer;
50 And gert his men all tak thar ger,
And ischit to get that vittale,
For thar vittale can fast tham fale.
Tha ischit all abandounly
And prikit furth sa wilfully
55 To win the ladis that tha saw pas,
Quhill that Douglas with his men was

- All betuix tham and the castele.
 The lad-men that persavit wele,
 Tha kest thar ladis down in hy,
 60 And thar gounis deliverly
 That helit tham tha kest away,
 And in gret hy thar hors hynt tha,
 And stert apon tham sturdely,
 And met thar fais with ane cry,
 65 That had gret wondir quhen tha saw
 Tham that war er lurkand full law
 Cum apon tham sa hardely :
 Tha vox abasit sudanly
 And at the castell wald haf bene.
 70 Quhen tha on the othir half has sene
 Douglas brek his enbuschement
 That agane tham richt stoutly went,
 Tha wist nocht quhat to do na say :
 Thar fais on athir sid saw tha
 75 That strak on tham forout sparing,
 And tha nicht help thamselb nathing,
 Bot fled to warand quhar tha mocht,
 And tha sa angirly tham socht
 That of tham all eschapit nane.
 80 Schir Johne Webetoun thar was slane,
 And, quhen he ded was, as yhe her,
 Tha fand intill his awmener
 Ane lettir that him send ane lady
 That he lufit per drouery,
 85 That said, quhen he had yhemit ane yher
 In wer as ane gud bachelor

The aventurous castell of Douglas
 That to kep sa peralous was,
 Than micht he wele ask ane lady
 90 Hir amouris and hir drouery.
 The lettir spak on this maner :
 And, quhen tha slane on this wis wer,
 Douglas richt to the castell rad,
 And thar sa gret debat he mad
 95 That in the castell enterit he.
 I wat nocht all the certante
 Quhethir it was throu strinth or slicht,
 Bot he wrocht sa throu his gret micht
 That the constabill and all the laf
 100 That war tharin bath man and knaf
 He tuk, and gaf tham dispending,
 And send tham ham but mar greving
 To the Cliffurd in thar cuntre,
 And syn sa besaly wrocht he
 105 That he all tumlit doun the wall
 And distroyit the housis all,
 Syn till the Forest held his way,
 Quhar he had mony hard assay,
 And mony far poynt of wer befell.
 110 Quha couth tham all rehers and tell,
 He suld say that his nam suld be
 Lestand in full gret renoune.

LXVI.

Now lef we into the Forest
 Douglas, that sall haf litill rest
 Quhill the cuntre deliverit be
 Of Inglismen and thar pouste :
 5 And turn we till the nobill king
 That with the folk of his leding
 Toward the Month has tane the way
 Richt stoutly and into gud aray,
 Quhar Alexander Fraser him met,
 10 And als his brothir Symon hat,
 With all the folk tha with tham had :
 The king gud contenans tham mad
 That was richt blith of thar cumyn.
 Tha tald the king all the covyn
 15 Of Johne Cumyn the erl of Bouchane,
 That till help him had with him tane
 Schir Johne Mowbra and othir ma,
 Schir David the Brechyn alsua,
 With all the folk of thar leding,
 20 'And yharnis mar then ony thing
 Vengeans on yhou, schir king, to tak
 For Schir Johne the Cumynis sak
 That quhilom in Drumfres was slane.'
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me sane,
 25 I had gret caus him for to sla,
 And, sen that tha on hand will ta

- Becaus of him to warray me,
 I sall thole all ane quhile, and se
 On quhat wis that tha pruf thar nicht :
 30 And, gif it fall that tha will ficht,
 Gif tha assalyhe, we mon defend,
 Syn fall quhatevir that God will send.'
 Eftir this spek the king in hy
 Held straucht the way till Innerrowry,
 35 And thar him tuk sic ane seknes
 That put him to full hard distres ;
 He forbar bath drink and met,
 His men na medicine couth get
 That evir nicht to the king avale,
 40 His strinth sa haly can him fale
 That he nicht nouthir rid na ga.
 Than wit yhe wele his men war wa,
 For nane was in that cumpany
 That wald haf bene half sa sary
 45 For till haf sene his brothir ded
 Lyand befor him in that sted
 As tha war for his seknes,
 For all thar confort in him wes.
 Bot gud Schir Eduard the worthy,
 50 His brothir that was sa hardy
 And wis and wicht, set mekill pane
 To confort tham with all his mane.
 And, quhen the lordis that thar war
 Saw that the evill ay mar and mar
 55 Travalit the king, tha thocht in hy
 It war nocht spedfull thar to ly,

For thar all plane was the cuntre,
 And tha war bot ane few menyhe
 To ly but strinth intill the plane.
 60 Forthi, quhill that thar capitane
 War couerit of his mekill ill,
 Tha thocht to wend sum strinth sone till,
 For folk forouten capitane,
 Bot tha the bettir be apane,
 65 Sall nocht be all sa gud in ded
 As tha ane lord had tham to led
 That dar put him in aventur
 But abasing to tak the ure
 That God will send: for, quhen that he
 70 Is of sic will and sic bounte
 That he dar put him till assay,
 His folk sall tak ensampill ay
 Of his gud ded and his bounte,
 And ane of tham sall be worth thre
 75 Of tham that wikkitt chiftane has.
 His wrechitnes sa in tham gais
 That tha thar manlynes sall tyn
 Throu wrechitnes of his covyn:
 For, quhen the lord that suld tham led
 80 May do nocht bot as he war ded,
 Or fra his folk haldis his way
 Fleand, trow yhe nocht than that tha
 Sall vencust in thar hartis be?
 Yhis sall tha, as I trow perde,
 85 Bot gif thar hartis be sa he
 Tha will nocht for thar worschip fle:

And, thouch sum be of sic bounte,
 Quhen tha the lord and his menyhe
 Seis fle, yhet sall tha fle apane,
 90 For all men fleis the ded richt fane.
 Se quhat he dois that sa fouly
 Fleis thus for his cowardy:
 Bath him and his vengis he,
 And gerris his fais abovin be.
 95 Bot he that throu his gret noblay
 To peralis him abandonis ay
 For to reconfort his menyhe
 Gerris tham be of sa gret bounte
 That mony tym unlikly thing
 100 Tha bring richt wele to gud ending.
 Sa did this king that I of red,
 And for his outrageous manhed
 Confortit his on sic maner
 That nane had radnes quhar he wer.
 105 Tha wald nocht ficht quhile that he wes
 Lyand intill sic seknes:
 Tharfor in littar tha him lay
 And till the Slevach held thar way,
 And thocht thar in that strinth to ly
 110 Quhill passit war his malady.

LXVII.

Bot, fra the erl of Bouchane
 Wist that tha war thiddir gane,
 And wist sa that sek was the king
 That men doutit of his couering,
 5 He send eftir his men in hy
 And assemblit gret cumpany,
 For all his awn men war thar,
 And all his frendis with him war,
 That was Schir Johne the Mowbra,
 10 And his brothir as I herd say,
 And als Schir David of Brechyn,
 With fele folk in thar ledyn.
 And, quhen tha all assemblit war,
 In hy tha tuk thar way to far
 15 To the Slevach with all thar men
 For till assale the king that then
 Was lyand intill his seknes.
 This was eftir the Martymes
 Quhen snaw had helit all the land:
 20 To the Slevach tha com nerhand
 Arait on thar best maner:
 And than the kingis men, that wer
 War of thar com thaim apparalit
 To defend gif tha thaim assalit:
 25 And nocht forthi thar fais war
 Ay twa for ane that tha war thar.

The erlis men ner cumand war
Trumpand and makand mekill far,
And mad knichtis quhen tha war ner :
30 And tha that in the wodsaid wer
Stud in aray richt sarraly,
And thocht to bid thar hardely
The cuming of thar ennemyis,
Bot tha wald apon nakyn wis
33 Isch till assale tham in fichting
Quhill couerit war the nobill king,
Bot, and othir wald tham assalyhe,
Tha wald defend avalyhe quod valyhe.
And, quhen the erlis cumpany
40 Saw that tha wrocht sa wisly
That tha thar strinth schup to defend,
Thar archaris furth to tham tha send
To bikkir tham as men of mane,
And tha send archaris tham agane
45 That bikkirrit tham sa sturdely
Quhill tha of the erlis party
Intill thar battale withdrawin war.
Thre dais on this wis lay tha thar
And bikkirrit tham evirilk day,
50 Bot thar bowmen the wer had ay.
And, quhen the kingis cumpany
Saw thar fais befor tham ly
That ilka day wox ma and ma,
And tha war quhene, and stad war sa
55 That tha had nathing for till et
Bot gif tha travailit it to get,

Tharfor tha tuk consale in hy
 That tha wald thar na langar ly,
 Bot hald thar way quhar tha nicht get
 60 To tham and tharis vittale and met.
 In ane littar the king tha lay,
 And redyt tham, and held thar way
 That all thar fais nicht tham se:
 Ilk man buskit him in his degre
 65 To ficht gif tha assalyheit war:
 In middis tham the king tha bar,
 And yhed about him sarraly,
 And nocht full gretly can tham hy.
 The erl and tha that with him war
 70 Saw that tha buskit tham to far,
 And saw how with sa litill affray
 Tha held furth with the king thar way
 Redy to ficht quha wald assale:
 Thar hartis all begouth to fale,
 75 And in pes let tham pas thar way,
 And till thar housis ham went tha.

LXVIII.

The erl his way tuk to Bouchane,
 And Schir Eduard the Brus is gane
 Richt to Strabogy with the king,
 And sa lang thar mad sojorning

- 5 Quhill he begouth to coner and ga,
 And syn thar wais can tha ta
 Till Innerrowry straucht agane,
 For tha wald ly intill the plane
 The wintir sesoun, for vittale
 10 Intill the plane nicht nocht tham fale.
 The erl wist that tha war thar,
 And gaderit ane menyhe her and thar:
 Brechyn, and Mowbra, and thar men
 All till the erl assemblit then,
 15 And war ane full gret cumpany
 Of men arait jolely.
 Till Ald Meldrom tha held the way,
 And thar with thar men lugit tha
 Befor Yhule evin ane nicht but mar:
 20 Ane thousand, trow I, wele tha war.
 Tha lugit tham all thar that nicht,
 And on the morn, quhen day was licht,
 The lord of Brechyn Schir Davy
 Is went toward Innerrowry
 25 To luk gif he on ony wis
 Micht do scath till his ennemyis,
 And till the end of Innerrowry
 He com ridand sa sudanly
 That of the kingis men he slew
 30 Ane part, and othir sum tham withdrew,
 And fled thar way toward the king
 That with the mast of his gadring
 On yhond half down was than lyand.
 And, quhen men tald him the tithand

- 35 How Schir David had slane his men,
 His hors in hy he askit then
 And bad his men all mak tham yhar
 Into gret hy, for he wald far
 To bargane with his ennemyis:
 40 With that he buskit for to ris,
 That was nocht all wele couerit then.
 Than said sum of his preve men,
 'Quhat think yhe, schir, thusgat to far
 To ficht, and yhet nocht couerit ar?'
 45 'Yhis,' said the king, 'forouten wer
 Thar bost has mad me hale and fer,
 For suld na medicine sa sone
 Haf couerit me as tha haf done:
 Tharfor, sa God himself me se,
 50 I sall outhir haf tham, or tha me.'
 And, quhen his men has herd the king
 Set him sa hale for the fichting,
 Of his couering all blith tha war,
 And mad tham for the battale yhar.

LXIX.

The nobill king and his menyhe,
 That nicht wele ner sevin hundreth be,
 Toward Ald Meldrom tuk the way
 Quhar the erl and his menyhe lay.

- 5 The discourouris saw tham cumand
 With baneris to the wind wafand,
 And tald it to thar lord in hy,
 That gert arm his men hastely
 And tham arait for battale:
 10 Behind tham set tha thar merdale,
 And mad gud sembland for the ficht.
 The king com on with mekill micht,
 And tha abad makand gret far
 Quhill tha ner at assemble war,
 15 Bot, quhen tha saw the nobill king
 Cum stoutly on without stinting,
 Ane litill on bridill tha tham withdrew,
 And the king, that tham wele knew
 That tha war all discumfit ner,
 20 Pressit on tham with his baner,
 And tha withdrew tham mar and mar.
 And, quhen the small folk tha had thar
 Saw thar lordis withdraw tham sa,
 Tha turnit thar bak all and to ga,
 25 And fled all scalit her and thar:
 The lordis that yhet togidder war
 Saw that thar small folk war fleand,
 And saw the king stoutly cumand,
 Tha war ilkane abasit sa
 30 That tha the bak gaf and to ga:
 Ane litill stound sammyn held tha,
 And syn ilk man has tane his way.
 Fell nevir men sa foul mischans
 Eftir sa sturdy ane contenans,

- 35 For, quhen the kingis company
 Saw that tha fled sa foulely,
 Tha chasit tham with all thar mane,
 And sum tha tuk, and sum has slane,
 The remanand war fleand ay,
 40 Quha had gud hors gat best away.
 Till Ingland fled the erl of Bouchane,
 Schir Johne Mowbra is with him gane,
 And war resettit with the king:
 Bot tha had bath bot schort lesting,
 45 For tha deit sone eftir syn.
 And Schir David of Brechyn
 Fled to Brechyn his awn castele
 And warnist it bath far and wele:
 Bot the erl of Adell Davy
 50 His sone that was in Kildrumy
 Com syn and him assegit thar,
 And he that wald hald wer na mar
 Na bargane with the nobill king
 Com syn his man with gud treting.

LXX.

Now ga we to the king agane
 That of his victor was richt fane,
 And gert his men brin all Bouchane
 Fra end till end, and sparit nane,

- 5 And heryit tham on sic maner
That eftir that wele fifty yher
Men menit the herschip of Bouchane.
The king than till his pes has tane
The north cuntre, that humilly
10 Obesit till his senyhory,
Sa that benorth the Month war nane
That tha ne war his men ilkane:
His lordschip wox ay mair and mar.
Toward Angus than couth he far,
15 That thoct sone to mak his awn fre
All on north-half the Scottis Se.
The castell of Forfar was then
Stuffit all with Inglisemen,
Bot Philip the forestar of Platane
20 Has of his frendis with him tane,
And with ledderis all prevely
Till the castell he can him hy,
And clam out our the wall of stane,
And sagat has the castell tane
25 Throu falt of wach with litill pane,
And syn all that he fand has slane:
Syn yhald the castell to the king
That mad him richt gud rewarding,
And syn gert brek doun the wall,
30 And fordid the castell all.

Quhen that the castell of Forfar
 And all the touris tumlit war
 Doun till the erd, as I haf tald,
 The wis king that was wicht and bald,
 5 That thocht that he wald mak all fre
 Apon north-half the Scottis Se,
 To Perth is went with all his rout,
 And umbeset the toun about,
 And till it has ane sege sone set.
 10 Bot, quhile it nicht haf men and met,
 It nicht nocht but gret pane be tane,
 For the wallis war all of stane
 With thik touris and he standand,
 And that tym war tharin duelland
 15 Mushet and als Olifard,
 Tha twa the toun had all in ward:
 Of Strathern als the erl was thar,
 Bot his sone and of his men war
 Without intill the kingis rout.
 20 Thar was oft bikkirring stith and stout,
 And men slane apon ilk party,
 Bot the gud king, that all witty
 Was in his dedis evirilkane,
 Saw the wallis sa stith of stane,
 25 And saw defens that tha can ma,
 And how the toun was hard to ta

- With opin assale, strinth, or nicht,
Tharfor he thoct to wirk with slicht,
And all the tym that he thar lay
30 He spyit and slely gert assay
Quhar of the dik the schaldast was,
Quhill at the last he fand ane plas
That men nicht till thar schuldreis wad:
And, quhen he that plas fundin had,
35 He gert his menyhe busk ilkane
Quhen sex oukis of the sege was gane,
And tursit thar harnas halely,
And left the sege all opinly,
And furth with all his folk can far
40 As he wald do tharto na mar.
And tha that war within the toun,
Quhen tha to far sa saw him boun,
Tha schoutit him and scorning mad,
And he furth on his wais rad
45 As he na will had agane to turn
Na besid tham to mak sojorn.
Bot in aucht dais nocht forthi
He gert mak ledderis prevely
That nicht suffis till his entent,
50 And in ane mirk nicht syn is went
Toward the toun with his menyhe:
Bot hors and knafis all left he
Fer fra the toun, and syn has tane
Thar ledderis, and on fut ar gane
55 Toward the toun all prevely.
Tha herd na wachis spek na cry,

For tha that war within may-fall
 As men that dred nocht slepit all:
 Tha had na dred than of the king,
 60 For tha of him herd na tithing
 All tha thre dais befor and mar,
 Tharfor sekir and trast tha war.
 And, quhen the king herd tham nocht ster,
 He was blith apon gret maner,
 65 And his leddir in hand can ta
 Ensampill till his men to ma,
 Arait wele in all his ger
 Schot in the dik, and with his sper
 Tastit quhill he it wele ourwad,
 70 Bot till his throt the watir stad.
 That tym was in his cumpany
 Ane knight of Frans wicht and hardy,
 And, quhen he in the watir sa
 Saw the king pas and with him ta
 75 His leddir unabasitly,
 He sanit him for the ferly,
 And said, 'A Lord! quhat sall we say
 Of our lordis of Frans, that ay
 With gud morsellis farsis thar panch,
 80 And will bot et and drink and dans,
 Quhen sic ane knight and sa worthy
 As this throu his chevelry
 Into sic perill has him set
 To win ane wrechit hamilet!'
 85 With that word to the dik he ran,
 And our eftir the king he wan.

And, quhen the kingis menyhe saw
 Thar lord pas our, intill ane thraw
 Tha passit the dik, and but mar let
 90 Thar ledderis to the wall tha set,
 And to clym up fast pressit tha;
 Bot the gud king, as I herd say,
 Was the tothir man that tuk the wall,
 And bad thar quhill his menyhe all
 95 War cumin our in full gret hy,
 Yhet ras thar nouthir noys na cry:
 Bot sone eftir tha noys mad
 That of tham first persaving had,
 Sa that the cry ras throu the toun,
 100 Bot he, that with his men was boun
 Till assale the toun is went,
 And the mast of his menyhe sent
 All scalit throu the toun, bot he
 Held with himself ane gret menyhe
 105 Sa that he nicht be appurvait
 To defend gif he war assait.
 Bot tha that he send throu the toun
 Put sone to gret confusioun
 Thar fais that in beddis war
 110 Or scalit fleand her and thar,
 That or the sone ras tha had tane
 Thar fais or discumfit ilkane.
 The wardanis bath tharin war tane,
 And Malis of Strathern is gane
 115 Till his fadir the erl Malis,
 And with strinth tuk him and all his:

Syn for his sak the nobill king
 Gaf him his land in governing.
 The laf that ran out throu the toun
 120 Sesit to tham in gret fusoun
 Men and arming and marchandis
 And othir gudis on sinder wis,
 Quhill tha that er war pouer and bar
 Of that gud rich and michty war.
 125 Bot thar was few slane, for the king
 Had gifin tham in comanding
 On gret pane, that tha suld sla nane
 That but gret bargane micht be tane,
 For tha war kind to the cuntre
 130 He wist, and had of tham pite.

LXXII.

On this maner the toun was tane,
 And syn touris evirilkane
 And wallis gert he tummill doun :
 He levit nocht about that toun
 5 Tour standand, na stane, na wall,
 That he na haly gert distroy all :
 And presoneris that thar tuk he
 He send quhar tha might haldin be,
 And till his pes tuk all the land,
 10 Was nane that durst him than withstand.

THE BRUS.

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Apon north-half the Scottis Se
 Obesit all till his majeste,
 Outane the lord of Lorn, and tha
 Of Argile that wald with him ga:
 15 He held evir agane the king,
 And hatit him atour all thing.
 Bot yhet, or all the gamyn ga,
 I trow wele that the king sall ta
 Vengeans of his gret cruelte,
 20 And that him sar repent sall he
 That he the king contraryit ay,
 May-fall quhen he na mend it may.

LXXIII.

The kingis brothir, quhen the toun
 Was takin thus and dungin doun,
 Schir Eduard that was sa worthy
 Tuk with him ane gret cumpany
 5 And tuk his gat toward Galloway,
 For with his men he wald assay
 Gif he recovir nicht that land
 And win fra Inglismentis hand.
 This Schir Eduard, forsuth I hicht,
 10 Was of his handis ane nobill knicht
 And in blithnes swet and joly,
 Bot he was outrageous hardy,

And of sa he undirtaking
 That he nevir had nane abasing
 15 Of multitud of men, forthi
 He discumfit comonly
 Mony with quhene: tharfor had he
 Outour his peris renoune,
 For, quha rehers wald all his ded,
 20 Of his he worschip and manhed
 Men nicht mony romanis mak:
 And nocht forthi I think to tak
 On hand of him to say sumthing,
 But nocht tend-part his traving.
 25 This gud knicht that I spek of her,
 With all the folk that with him wer,
 Wele sone to Galloway cumin is:
 All that he fand he mad it his,
 And ryotit gretly the land.
 30 Bot than in Galloway war wonnand
 Schir Ingeram the Umphravill that wes
 Renounit of sa he prowes
 That he of worschip passit the rout,
 Tharfor he gert ay ber about
 35 Apon ane sper ane red bonet
 Into takin that he was set
 In the hicht of all chevelry,
 And of Sanct Johne als Schir Amy.
 Tha twa the land had in stering:
 40 And, quhen tha herd of the cuming
 Of Schir Eduard that sa planly
 Ourrad the land, than in gret hy

Tha assemblit all thar menyhe,
I trow tuelf hundreth tha nicht be.
45 Bot he with fewar folk tham met
Besid Cre, and sa hard tham set
With hard battale in stalward ficht
That he tham all put to the flicht,
And slew twa hundreth wele and ma,
50 And the chiftanis in hy can ta
Thar way to Buttill for to be
Resavit into gud savite:
And Schir Eduard tham chasit fast,
Bot in the castell at the last
55 Gat Schir Ingeram and Schir Amy,
Bot the best of thar cumpany
Left ded behind tham in the plas.
And, quhen Schir Eduard saw the chas
Was falit, he gert ses the pray,
60 And sa gret catell had away
That it war wondir for to se.
Of Buttill tour tha saw how he
Gert his men drif with him thar pray,
Bot na let set tharin nicht tha.
65 Throu his chevelrous chevelry
Galloway was stonait gretumly,
And him doutit for his bounte:
Sum of the men of the cuntre
Com till his pes and mad him ath.
70 Bot Schir Amy, that had the scath
Of the bargane I tald of er,
Rad till Ingland and purchast ther

Of armit men gret cumpany
 To venge him of the velany
 75 That Schir Eduard the nobill knicht
 Him did by Cre intill the ficht.
 Of gud men he assemblit thar
 Wele fiften hundreth men and mar
 That war of richt gud renoune:
 80 His way with all that folk tuk he,
 And in the land all prevely
 Enterit with that chevelry
 Thinkand Schir Eduard to suppris
 Gif that he nicht on ony wis,
 85 For he thocht he wald him assale
 Or that he lest in plane battale.
 Now may yhe her of gret ferly
 And of richt he chevelry,
 For Schir Eduard intill the land
 90 Was with his menyhe ner at hand,
 And in the morning richt arly
 He herd the cuntremen mak cry,
 And had wittering of thar cuming.
 Than buskit he him but delaying
 95 And lap on hors deliverly:
 He had than in rout fifty
 Apon gud hors armit richt wele:
 His small folk gert he ilke dele
 Withdraw tham till ane strat ner by,
 100 And he rad furth with his fifty.
 Ane knicht that than was in his rout,
 Worthy and wicht, stalward and stout,

Curtas and far and of gud fam,
 Schir Alane of Catkert be nam,
 105 Tald me this tale as I sall tell.
 Gret mist intill the morning fell,
 Sa that men nicht nocht se tham by
 For mist ane bowdraucht fulllely.
 Sa hapnit that tha fand the tras
 110 Quhar that the rout furth passit was
 Of thar fais that forouth rad.
 Schir Eduard, that gret yharning had
 All tym for till do chevelry,
 With all his rout in full gret hy
 115 Folowit the tras quhar gane war tha,
 And befor midmorn of the day
 The mist wox cler, and sudanly
 Than he and all his cumpany
 War nocht ane bowdraucht fra the rout.
 120 Than schot tha on tham with ane schout,
 For, gif tha fled, tha wist that tha
 Suld nocht wele ferd-part get away:
 Tharfor in aventur to de
 He wald him put or he wald fle.
 125 And, quhen the Inglis cumpany
 Saw on tham cum sa sudanly
 Sic folk forouten abasing,
 Tha war stonait for affraying:
 And the tothir but mar abad
 130 Sa hardely emang tham rad
 That fele of tham till erd tha bar.
 Stonait sa gretly than tha war

Throu the fors of that first assay
 That tha war into gret affray,
 135 And wend befor tha had bene ma
 For that tha war assalit sa.
 And syn Schir Eduardis cumpany,
 Quhen tha had thrillit tham, hastely
 Set stoutly in the hedis agane,
 140 And at that cours born down and slane
 War of thar fais ane gret party,
 That than affrait war sa gretly
 That tha war scalit gretly then.
 And, quhen Schir Eduard and his men
 145 Saw tham into sa ill aray,
 The thrid tym on tham prikit tha:
 And tha, that saw tham sa stoutly
 Cum on tham, dred tham gretumly
 That all thar rout bath les and mar
 150 Fled ilkane scalit her and thar.
 Was nane emang tham sa hardy
 To bid, bot all comonly
 Fled to warand, and he can chas
 That wilfull to distroy tham was,
 155 And sum he tuk, and sum war slane,
 Bot Schir Amy with mekill pane
 Eschapit and his gat is gane,
 His men discumfit war ilkane,
 Sum tane, sum slane, sum gat away:
 160 This was ane richt far poynt perfay.
 Lo! how hardyment tane sudanly,
 And drifin syn till end scharply,

May ger oftsis unlikly thingis
 Cum to richt far and gud endingis,
 165 Richt as it fell in this cas her:
 For hardyment withouten wer
 Wan fiften hundreth with fifty
 Quhar ay for ane tha war thretty,
 And twa men ar a manis her:
 170 Bot ure led tham on sic maner
 That tha discumfit war ilkane.
 Schir Amy ham his gat is gane
 Richt blith that he sa gat away:
 I trow he sall nocht mony ane day
 175 Haf will to warray that cuntre,
 Withthli Schir Eduard tharin be.
 And he duelt furth intill the land
 Tham that rebell war warrayand,
 And in a yher sa warrait he
 180 That he wan quytlly that cuntre
 Till his brothiris pes the king:
 Bot that was nocht but hard fichting,
 For in that tym thar him befell
 Mony far poynt, as I herd tell,
 185 The quhilk that ar nocht writin her,
 Bot I wat wele that in that yher
 Thretten castellis with strinth he wan,
 And ourcom mony ane mudy man.
 Quhasa of him the suth wald red,
 190 Had he had mesur in his ded,
 I trow that worthyar then he
 Micht nocht in his tym fundin be,

Outakin his brothir anerly,
 To quham into gud chevelry
 195 I dar per nane was in his day,
 For he led him with mesur ay,
 And with gret wit his chevelry
 He governit ay sa worthely
 That he full oft unlikly thing
 200 Brocht richt wele to full gud ending.

LXXIV.

In all this tym James of Douglas
 In the Forest travaaland was,
 That it throu hardyment and slicht
 Occupyit magre all the micht
 5 Of his fele fais: the quhethir tha
 Set him full oft in hard assay:
 Bot oft throu wit and throu bounte
 His purpos to gud end brocht he.
 Intill that tym him fell throu cas
 10 A nicht as he travaaland was
 And thocht for till haf tane restyn
 In ane hous on the watir of Lyne:
 And, as he com with his menyhe
 Nerhand the hous, sa lisnit he
 15 And herd thar sawis ilke dele,
 And be that he persavit wele

That tha war strange men that thar
That nicht tharin herbryit war.
And as he thocht it fell per cas,
20 For of Bonkill the lord thar was,
Alexander Steward hat he,
And othir twa of gret bounte,
Thomas Randol of gret renoun,
And Adam alsua of Gordoun,
25 That com thar with gret cumpany
And thocht in the Forest to ly
And occupy it throu thar gret nicht,
And with travale and stalward ficht
To chas Douglas of that cuntre.
30 Bot othirwais all yhed the gle:
For, quhen James had wittering
That strange men had tane herbrying
In the plas quhar he schup to ly,
He till the hous went hastely
35 And umbeset it all about.
Quhen tha within herd sic ane rout
About the hous, tha ras in hy,
And tuk thar ger richt hastely,
And schot furth fra tha harnast war:
40 Thar fais tham met with wapnis bar,
And assalit richt hardely,
And tha defendit douchtely
With all thar nicht, quhill at the last
Thar fais pressit tham sa fast
45 That thar folk falyheit tham ilkane.
Thomas Randol thar haf tha tane,

And Alexander Steward alsua
 Was woundit in a plas or twa.
 Adam of Gordoun fra the ficht,
 50 Quhat throu slicht and quhat throu nicht,
 Eschapit, and fele of his men:
 Bot tha that war arestit then
 War of thar taking wondir wa:
 Bot nedlingis tham behufit be sa.
 55 That nicht the gud lord of Douglas
 Mad to Schir Alexander that was
 His emis sone richt gladsum cher,
 Sa did he als forouten wet
 Till Thomas Randol, for that he
 60 Was till the king in ner degre
 Of blud, for his sistir him bar:
 And on the morn forouten mar
 Toward the nobill king he rad,
 And with him bath tha twa he had.
 65 The king of his cuming was blith,
 And thankit him tharof fele sith,
 And till his nevo can he say,
 'Thou has ane quhile renyit thy fay,
 Bot thou reconsalit now mon be.'
 70 Than till the king sone ansuerd he
 And said, 'Yhe chasty me: bot yhe
 Aw bettir chastyit for to be,
 For, sen that yhe warrait the king
 Of Ingland, into plane fichting
 75 Yhe suld pres to derenyhe yhour richt,
 And nocht with wordis na with slicht.'

The king said, 'Yhet fall it may,
 Cum or ocht lang, to sic assay.
 Bot, sen thou spekis sa rialy,
 80 It is gret skill that men chasty
 Thy proud wordis, quhill that thou knaw
 The richt, and bow it as thou aw.'
 The king forout mar delaying
 Send him to be in ferm keping
 85 Quhar that he all ane quhile suld be
 Nocht all apon his awn pouste.

LXXV.

Quhen Thomas Randol on this wis
 Was takin as I her devis,
 And send to duell in gud keping
 For the spek he spak to the king,
 5 The gud king, that thocht on the scath,
 The dispit and the felony bath
 That Johne of Lorne had till him done,
 His host assemblit he than sone,
 And toward Lorne he tuk the way
 10 With his men into gud aray.
 Bot Johne of Lorne of his cuming
 Lang or he com had wittering,
 And men on ilk sid gaderit he,
 I trow twa thousand tha micht be,

- 15 And send tham for to stop the way
 Quhar the gud king behufit to ga,
 And that was in ane evill plas
 That sa strat and sa narow was
 That twa men sammyn nicht nocht rid
 20 In sum plas of the hillis sid.
 The nethir half was peralous,
 For ane schor crag, he and hidous,
 Raucht to the se down fra the plas.
 On othir half ane montane was
 25 Sa cumrous, he, and ek sa stay,
 That it was hard to pas that way:
 Crechanben hicht that montane,
 I trow that nocht in all Bretane
 Ane hear hill may fundin be.
 30 Thar Johne of Lorne gert his menyhe
 Enbuschit be aboun the way,
 For, gif the gud king held that way,
 He thocht he suld sone vencust be:
 And himself held him on the se
 35 Wele ner the plas with his galais.
 Bot the king, that in all assais
 Was fundin wis and avise,
 Persavit thar subtilite,
 And that he ned that gat suld ga.
 40 His men departit he in twa,
 And till the gud lord of Douglas,
 Quham in all wit and worschip was,
 He taucht the archaris evirilkane,
 And this gud lord has with him tane

- 45 Schir Alexander the Fraser wicht,
And Wilyham Wisman ane gud knicht,
And with tham gud Schir Andro Gray.
Thir with thar menyhe held thar way
And clam the hill deliverly,
50 And, or tha of the tothir party
Persavit tham, tha had ilkane
The hicht apon thar fais tane.
The king and his men held thar way,
And, quhen intill the pas war tha
55 Enterit, the folk of Lorne in hy
Apon the king rasit the cry,
And schot, and tumlit on him stanis
Richt gret and hevy for the nanis.
Bot tha scathit nocht gretly the king,
60 For he had thar in his leding
Men that licht and deliver war
And licht arming had on tham thar,
Sa that tha stoutly clam the hill
And lettit thar fais to fulfill
65 The mast part of thar felony,
And als apon the tothir party
Com James of Douglas and his rout,
And schot apon tham with ane schout,
And woundit tham with arowis fast,
70 And with thar suerdis at the last
Tha ruschit emang tham hardely,
For tha of Lorne full manfully
Gret and apert defens can ma.
Bot, quhen tha saw that tha war sa

- .75 Assalyheit apon twa partyis,
 And saw wele that thar ennemyis
 Had all the farar of the ficht,
 In full gret hy tha tuk the flicht,
 And tha ane feloun chas can ma
 80 And slew all that tha micht ourta.
 And tha that micht eschap, perfay,
 Richt till ane watir held thar way
 That ran doun be the hillis sid:
 It was sa stith and dep and wid
 85 That men in na plas micht it pas.
 Bot at ane brig beneath tham was.
 To that brig held tha straucht thar way,
 And to brek it can fast assay:
 Bot tha that chasit, quhen tha tham saw
 90 Mak thar arest, but dred or aw
 Tha ruschit apon tham hardely,
 And discumfit tham all utrely,
 And held the brig hale quhill the king
 With all the folk of his leding
 95 Passit the brig all at thar es.
 To Johne of Lorne it suld displea,
 I trow, quhen he his men micht se
 Out of his schippis fra the se
 Be slane and chasit fra the hill,
 100 That he micht set na help thartill:
 For it angeris als gretumly
 To gud hartis that ar worthy
 To se thar fais fulfill thar will
 As to thamsel to thole the ill.

LXXVI.

At sic mischef war tha of Lorne,
 For fele the lifis thar has lorn,
 And othir sum tha fled away.
 The king in hy gert ses the pray
 5 Of all the land, quhar men nicht se
 Sa gret aboundans cum of fe
 That it was wondir to behald.
 The king, that stout was, stark, and bald,
 To Dunstaffynch richt sudanly
 10 He past; and segit it sturdely
 And assalyheit the castell to get,
 And in schort tym he has tham set
 In sic thrang that tharin war than
 That magre tharis he it wan,
 15 And ane gud wardane tharin set,
 And betaucht him bath men and met
 Sa that he thar lang tym nicht be
 Magre tham all of that cuntre.
 Schir Alexander of Argile, that saw
 20 The king distroy up clef and law
 His land, send tretis to the king,
 And com his man but tarying,
 And he resavit him till his pes.
 Bot Johne of Lorne his sone yhet wes
 25 Rebell as he was wont to be,
 And fled with schippis on the se.

Bot tha that left apon the land
 War to the king all obesand,
 And he thar homage all has tane,
 30 Syn toward Perth is passit agane
 To play him thar intill the plane.
 Yhet Lowdiane was him agane,
 And at Lithkow was than ane pele
 Mekill and stark, and stuffit wele
 35 With Inglismen, that was reset
 To tham that with armouris or met
 Fra Edinburgh wald to Strevilling ga,
 And fra Strevilling agane alsua,
 That till the cuntre did gret ill.
 40 Now may yhe her, gif that yhe will,
 Entirmellis and juperdyis
 That men assait on mony wis
 Castellis and pelis for to ta,
 And this Lithkow was ane of tha,
 45 As I sall tell how it was tane.
 In the cuntre thar wonnit ane
 That husband was, and with his fe
 Oftsis hay to the pele led he:
 Wilyham Bunnok to nam he hicht,
 50 That stalward man was into ficht.
 He saw sa hard the cuntre stad
 That he gret noy and pity had
 Throu fortrassis that war then
 Governit and led with Inglismen,
 55 That travailit men outour mesur.
 He was ane stout carl and ane stur,

And of himself richt dour and hardy,
 And had frendis wonnand him by,
 And schew to sum his prevate,
 60 And apon his covyn gat he
 Men that nicht enbuschement ma
 Quhill that he with his wane suld ga
 To led tham hay intill the pele.
 Bot his wane suld be stuffit wele,
 65 For aucht men armit in the body
 Of his wane suld sit prevely
 And with hay helit be about:
 And himself that was dour and stout
 Suld by the wane gang idilly:
 70 And ane yheman wicht and hardy
 Befor suld drif the wane, and ber
 Ane hachat that war scharp to scher
 Undir his belt: and, quhen the yhat
 War opnit, and tha war tharat,
 75 Quhen he herd him cry sturdely,
 He suld be redy sone in hy
 For to strik with the ax in twa
 The hed-soym: than in hy suld tha
 That war within the wane cum out
 80 And mak debat, quhill that thar rout
 That suld ner by enbuschit be
 Cum for to mantem the melle.

LXXVII.

This was intill the harvast tid,
 Quhen feldis that war far and wid
 Chargit with corn all fully war,
 For sinder cornis that tha bar
 5 Wox ryp to win to manis fud:
 And the treis all sammyn stud
 Chargit with frutis on sinder wis.
 That samin tym as I devis
 Tha of the pele had wonnin hay,
 10 And with this Bunnok spokin had tha
 To led thar hay, for he was ner,
 And he consentit but danger,
 And said that into the morning
 Wele sone ane fudir he suld bring
 15 Farar and gretar and wele mor
 Than ony he brocht that yher befor:
 And held tham cunand sekirly,
 For that nicht gat he prevely
 Tham that in the wane suld ga,
 20 And bad the buschement be alsua.
 And tha sa grathly sped tham thar
 That or day tha enbuschit war
 Wele ner the pele, quhar tha micht her
 The cry alsone as ony wer,
 25 And held tham sa still but stering
 That nane of tham had persaving:

- And this Bunnok fast can him pane
To dres his menyhe in his wane,
And all ane quhile befor the day
30 He had tham helit with the hay,
And mad him than to yhok his fe
Quhill men the sone schynand nicht se.
And sum that war within the pele
War ischit on thar awn unsele
35 To win thar harvast ner tharby.
Than Bunnok with the cumpany
That in his wane closit he had
Went on his way but mar abad,
And callit his wane toward the pele:
40 And the portar, that saw him wele
Cum ner the yhat, it opnit sone,
And than Bunnok forouten hone
Gert call the wane deliverly,
And, quhen it was set full evinly
45 Betuix the chekis of the yhat
Sa that men nicht it spar na gat,
He cryit 'Thef! Call all! Call all!'
And he than let the gadwand fall,
And hewit in twa the soym in hy.
50 Bunnok with that deliverly
Raucht till the portar sic ane rout
That blud and harnis bath com out,
And tha that war within the wane
Lap out belif, and sone has alane
55 Men of the castell that war by.
Than in ane quhile begouth the cry,

And tha that ner enbuschit war
 Lap out and com with suerdis bar,
 And tuk the castell all but pane,
 60 And tham that tharin was has slane.
 And tha that war went furth beforne,
 Quhen tha the castell saw forlorn,
 Tha fled to warand to and fra,
 And sum till Edinburgh can ga,
 65 And to Strevilling othir ar gane,
 And sum intill the way war slane.

LXXVIII.

Bunnok on this wis with his wane
 The pele tuk and the men has slane,
 Syn taucht it till the king in hy
 That him rewardit worthely,
 5 And gert doun drif it to the ground,
 And syn our all the land can fond
 Settand in pes all the cuntre
 That till him obesand wald be.
 And, quhen ane litill tym was went,
 10 Eftir Thomas Randol he sent,
 And with him sa wele tretit he
 That he his man hicht for to be,
 And the king him sone forgaf,
 And for till he his stat him gaf

- 15 Murref, and tharof erl him mad,
 And othir sinder landis brad
 He gaf him intill heritage.
 He knew his worthy vassalage,
 And his gret wit, and his awis,
 20 His trast hart, and his lele servis,
 Tharfor in him affyit he,
 And mad him rich of land and fe,
 As it was certis richt worthy,
 For, and men spek of him trewly,
 25 He was sa curageous ane knicht,
 Sa wis, sa worthy, and sa wicht,
 And of sa soverane gret bounte
 That mekill of him may spokin be:
 And, for I think of him to red
 30 And to schaw part of his gud ded,
 I will discrif yhou his fassoun
 And part of his condicioun.
 He was of mesurabill statur,
 And portrait wele at all mesur,
 35 With brad visage plesand and far,
 Curtas at poynt, and debonar,
 And of richt sekir contening.
 Lawte he lufit atour all thing:
 Falset, tresoun, and felony
 40 He stud agane ay ithandly:
 He heit honour and larges,
 And ay mantemit richtwisnes.
 In cumpany solacious
 He was, and tharwith amorous,

- 45 And gud knichtis he lufit ay,
 And, gif that I the suth sall say,
 He was fulfillit of all bounte,
 And of all vertuis mad was he.
 I will commend him her na mar,
 50 Bot yhe sall wele her forthirmar
 That he for his dedis worthy
 Suld wele be prisit soveranly.

LXXIX.

- Quhen the king thus was with him saucht
 And gret lordschippis had him betaucht,
 He wox sa wis and avise
 That his land first wele stablist he,
 5 And syn he sped him to the wer
 Till help his eme in his affer.
 With the consent of the gud king,
 Bot with ane simpill apparaling,
 Till Edinburgh he went in hy
 10 With gud men into cumpany,
 And set ane sege to the castele
 That than was warnist wondir wele
 With men and vittale at all richt
 Sa that it dred na manis ficht.
 15 Bot this gud erl nocht forthi
 The sege tuk full apertly,

And pressit the folk that tharin was
 Sa that nocht ane the yhat durst pas:
 Tha may abid tharin and et
 20 Vittale quhile tha ony may get,
 Bot I trow tha sall lettit be
 To purchas mar in the cuntre.

LXXX.

That tym Eduard of Ingland king
 Had gifin the castell in keping
 To Schir Peris Lumbard ane Gascoun.
 And, quhen tha of his warnisoun
 5 Saw the sege set thar sa stithly,
 Tha mistrowit him of tratoury
 For that he spokin had with the king,
 And for that ilk mistrowing
 Tha tuk him and put in presoun,
 10 And of thar awn nacioun
 Tha mad ane constabill tham to led
 Richt war and wis and wicht of ded,
 And he set wit and strinth and slicht
 To kep the castell at his micht.
 15 Bot now of tham I will be still,
 And spek ane litill quhile I will
 Of the douchty lord of Douglas
 At that tym in the Forest was,

Quhar he mony ane juperdy
 20 And far poyntis of chevelry
 Prufit als wele be nicht as day
 To tham that in the castellis lay
 Of Roxburgh and Jedworth: bot I
 Will lat fele of tham pas forby,
 25 For I can nocht rehers tham all,
 And, thouch I couth, trow wele yhe sall
 That I micht nocht suffis tharto,
 Sa mekill suld be thar ado:
 Bot tha that I wat wittirly
 30 Eftir my wit rehers sall I.

LXXXI.

This tym that the gud erl Thomas
 Assegit, as the lettir sais,
 Edinburgh, James of Douglas
 Set all his wit for till purchas
 5 How Roxburgh throu subtilite
 Or ony craft micht wonnin be,
 Quhill he gert Sym of the Ledous,
 That was ane man richt craftyous,
 Of hempin rapis ledderis ma
 10 With treyn steppis bundin sa
 That wald brek apon nakyn wis.
 Ane cruk tha mad at thar devis

Of irn that was stith and squar,
 That fra it in ane kyrnell war,
 15 And the leddir tharfra stratly
 Strekit, it suld stand sekirly.
 This lord of Douglas than, alsone
 As this devisit was and done,
 Gaderit gud men in prevate,
 20 Thre scor I trow that tha micht be,
 And on the Fastrynevin full richt
 In the beginning of the nicht
 To the castell tha tuk the way.
 With blak froggis all helit tha
 25 The armouris that tha on tham had.
 Tha com nerby thar but abad,
 And send haly thar hors tham fra,
 And on range in ane rout can ga
 On handis and fet, quhen tha war ner,
 30 Richt as tha ky or oxin wer
 That war unbandonit left tharout.
 It was richt mirk withouten dout:
 The quhethir ane on the wall that lay
 Besid him till his fer can say,
 35 'This man thinkis to mak gud cher,'
 And nemmit ane husband tharby ner,
 'That has left all his oxin out.'
 The tothir said, 'That is na dout
 He sall mak mery this nicht, though tha
 40 Be with the Douglas led away.'
 Tha wend the Douglas and his men
 Had bene oxin, for tha yhed then

THE BRUS.

On handis and fet ay ane and ane.
 The Douglas richt gud tent has tane
 45 Till all thar spek: bot all sone tha
 Held carpand inward on thar way.
 The Douglas men tharof war blith,
 And to the wall tha sped tham swith,
 And sone has up thar leddir set
 50 That mad ane clap quhen the cleket
 Was festnit fast in the kyruele.
 That herd ane of the wachis wele,
 And buskit thiddirward but bad,
 Bot Ledous that the leddir mad
 55 Sped him to clym first to the wall,
 Bot, or he was up gottin all,
 He that that ward had in keping
 Met him richt at the upcuming,
 And, for he thocht to ding him doun,
 60 He mad na noys, na cry, na soun,
 Bot schot till him deliverly,
 And he that was in juperdy
 To de, ane lans till him he mad,
 And gat him be the nek but bad,
 65 And stekit him upward with ane knif
 Quhill in his hand he lost the lif.
 And, quhen he ded sa saw him ly,
 Apon the wall he went in hy,
 And doun the body kest tham till,
 70 And said, 'All gangis as we will:
 Sped yhou upward deliverly.'
 And tha did sa in full gret hy:

Bot, or tha wan up, thar com ane
 And saw Ledous stand him alane,
 75 And knew he was nocht of thar men.
 In hy he ruscht till him then,
 And him assalit sturdely,
 But he him slew deliverly,
 For he was armit and was wicht,
 80 The tothir nakit was I hicht,
 And had nocht for to stint na strak.
 Sic melle tharup can he mak
 Quhill Douglas and his menyhe all
 War wonnin up apon the wall:
 85 Than in the tour tha went in hy.
 The folk that tym was halely
 Intill the hall at thar dansing,
 Singing, and othirwais playing,
 As apon Fastrynevin it is
 90 The custum to mak joy and blis
 To folk that ar in savite.
 Sa trowit tha that tym to be:
 Bot, or tha wist, richt in the hall
 Douglas and his men cumin war all,
 95 And cryit on hicht 'Douglas! Douglas!'
 And tha, that ma war then he was
 Herd 'Douglas' cryit richt hidwialy,
 Tha war abasit for the cry,
 And schup richt na defens to ma,
 100 And tha but pite can tham sla
 Quhill tha had gottin the ovirhand:
 The tothir fled to sek warand

That outour mesur ded can dred.
 The wardane saw how that it yhed
 105 That callit was Gilmyn de Fynis:
 In the gret tour he gottin is
 And othir of his cumpany,
 And sparit the entre hastely:
 The laf that levit war without
 110 War tane or slane forouten dout,
 Bot gif that ony lap the wall.
 The Douglas held that nicht the hall,
 Although his fais tharof war wa:
 His men war gangand to and fra
 115 Throuout the castell all that nicht
 Quhill on the morn that day was licht.

LXXXII.

The wardane that was in the tour,
 That was ane man of gret valour,
 Gilmyn de Fynis, quhen he saw
 The castell tynt bath he and law,
 5 He set his micht for till defend
 The tour: bot tha without him send
 Arowis in sa gret quantite
 That anoyit tharof was he.
 Bot quhill the tothir day nocht forthi
 10 He held the tour full sturdely,

- And than at ane assalt he was
Woundit sa felly in the fas
That he was dredand of his lif:
Tharfor he tretit tham belif,
15 And yhald the tour on sic maner
That he and all that with him wer
Suld safly pas intill Ingland.
Douglas held tham gud cunand,
And convoyit tham to thar cuntre:
20 Bot thar full schort tyme livit he,
For throu the wound intill his fas
He deit sone and beryit was.
Douglas the castell sesit all
That than was closit with stalward wall,
25 And send this Ledous till the king
That mad him full gret rewarding,
And his brothir in full gret hy,
Schir Eduard that was sa douchty,
He send thidder to tummill doun
30 Bath tour and castell and dongeoun,
And he com with gret cumpany,
And gert travale sa besaly
That tour and wall richt to the ground
Was tumlit in ane litill stound,
35 And duelt still thar quhill Tevydale
Com to the kingis pes all hale,
Outane Jedworth and othir that ner
The Ingliamenis boundis wer.

LXXXIII.

- Q^uhen Roxburgh won was on this wis,
 The erl Thomas, that he empris
 Set ay apon soverane bounte,
 At Edinburgh with his menyhe
 5 Was lyand at the sege, as I
 Tald yhou befor, all opinly.
 Bot, fra he herd how Roxburgh was
 Tane with ane trane, all his purchas
 And wit and besynes, I hicht,
 10 He set for to purchas sum slicht
 How he micht help him throu body
 Mellit with full he chevelry
 To win the wall of the castele
 Throu sumkyn slicht, for he wist wele
 15 That na strinth micht .it planly get
 Quhill tha within had men and met.
 Tharfor prevely sperit he
 Gif ony man micht fundin be
 That couth ony gud juperdy
 20 To clym the wallis prevely,
 And he suld haf his warisoun,
 For it was his entencioun
 To put him in all aventur
 Or that that sege on him misfur.
 25 Than was thar ane Wilyham Fransas,
 Wicht and apert, wis and curtas,

That intill his youthed had bene
 In the castell. Quhen he has sene
 The erl sa enkirly him set
 30 Sum sutelte or wile to get
 Quharthrou the castell haf micht he,
 He com till him in prevate,
 And said, 'Methink yhe wald blithly
 That men fand yhou sum juperdy
 35 How yhe micht our the wallis win:
 And certis, gif yhe will begin
 For till assay on sic awis,
 I undirtak for my servis
 To ken yhou to clym the wall,
 40 And I sall formast be of all,
 Quhar with ane schort leddir may we,
 I trow of tuelf fut it may be,
 Clym to the wall up all quyly.
 And, gif that yhe will wit how I
 45 Wat this, I sall yhou lichtly say.
 Quhen I was yhoung this hendir day,
 My fadir was kepar of yhon hous,
 And I was sumdele volageous,
 And lufit ane wench her in the toun,
 50 And, for I but suspicioun
 Micht repar till her prevely,
 Of rapis ane leddir to me mad I,
 And with that our the wall I slad:
 Ane strat rod that spyit I had
 55 Intill the crag syn down I went,
 And oftais com to myn entent,

And, quhen it ner drew to the day,
 I held agane that ilke way
 And ay com in but persaving.
 60 I usit lang that traving,
 Sa that I can that rod ga richt,
 Thouch men se nevir, sa mirk the nicht:
 And, gif yhou thinkis yhe will assay
 To pas up eftir me that way,
 65 Up to the wall I sall yhou bring
 Gif God us kepis fra persaving
 Of tham that wachis on the wall:
 And, gif that us sa far may fall
 That we our leddir up may set,
 70 Gif a man on the wall may get,
 He sall defend, gif it be ned,
 Quhill the remanand up tham sped.
 The erl was blith of his carping,
 And hicht him full far rewarding,
 75 And undirtuk that gat to ga,
 And bad him sone his leddir ma
 And hald him preve quhill tha micht
 Set for thar purpos on ane nicht.

LXXXIV.

Sone eftir was the leddir mad,
 And than the erl but mar abad

- Purvait him a nicht prevely
 With thretty men wicht and hardy,
 5 And in ane nicht held thar way
 That put tham in full hard assay
 And in gret perill. Sekirly
 I trow, micht tha haf sene clerly,
 That gat had nocht bene undirtane
 10 Thouch tha to let tham had nocht ane,
 For the crag was he and hidous,
 And the clyming richt peralous,
 For, hapnit ony to slid or fall,
 He suld be sone to-fruschit all.
 15 The nicht was mirk, as I herd say,
 And to the fut sone cumin ar tha
 Of the crag that was he and schor:
 Than Wilyham Fransas tham befor
 Clam in the crykis forouth ay,
 20 And at the bak him folowit tha:
 With mekill pane, quhile to, quhile fra,
 Tha clam intill the crykis sa
 Quhill half the crag tha clummin had,
 And thar ane plas tha fand sa brad
 25 That tha micht sit on anerly,
 And tha war ayndles and wery,
 And thar abad thar aynd to ta.
 And, richt as tha war sitand sa,
 Abovin tham apon the wall
 30 The chak wachis assemblit all:
 Now help tham God that all thing may,
 For in full gret perill ar tha,

- For, nicht tha se tham, thar suld nane
 Eschap out of that plas unslane,
 35 To ded with stanis tha suld tham ding
 That tha nicht help thaimself nathing.
 Bot wondir mirk was all the nicht
 Sa that tha had of tham na sicht,
 And nocht forthi yhet was thar ane
 40 Of tham that swappit doun ane stane,
 And said, 'Away! I se yhou wele,'
 The quhethir he saw tham nocht adele.
 Outour thar hedis flaw the stane,
 And tha sat still lurkand ilkane.
 45 The wachis, quhen tha herd nocht ster,
 Fra that ward passit all sammyn wer,
 And carpend held fer by thar way.
 Erl Thomas than alsone, and tha
 That on the crag thar sat him by,
 50 Toward the wall clam hastely,
 And thiddir com with mekill mane,
 And nocht but gret perill and pane,
 For fra thine up was grevouser
 To clym up na beneth be fer.
 55 Bot, quhatkyn pane that evir tha had
 Richt to the wall tha com but bad
 That had wele ner tuelf fut on hicht,
 And forout persaving or sicht
 Tha set thar leddir to the wall,
 60 And syn Fransas befor tham all
 Clam up, and syn Schir Andro Gray,
 And syn the erl himself perfay

Was the thrid man the wall can ta.
 Quhen tha thar doun thar lord sa
 65 Saw clym up agane the wall,
 As wod men tha clam eftir all:
 Bot, or up cumin all war tha,
 Tha that war wachis till assay
 Herd bath stering and ek speking,
 70 And alsua fraying of arming,
 And on tham schot full sturdely,
 And tha met tham richt hardely,
 And slew of tham dispitwisly.
 Than throu the castell ras the cry:
 75 'Tresoun! tresoun!' tha cryit fast:
 Than sum of tham war sa agast
 That tha fled and lap our the wall:
 Bot, to say suth, tha fled nocht all,
 For the constabill that was hardy
 80 All armit schot furth to the cry,
 And with him fele hardy and stout.
 Yhet was the erl with his rout
 Fichtand with tham apon the wall,
 Bot sone he tham discumfit all.
 85 Be that his men war cumin ilkane
 Up to the wall, and he has tane
 His way doun to the castell sone:
 In gret perill he has him done,
 For thar war fer ma men tharin,
 90 And tha had bene of gud covyn,
 Then he: bot tha affrait war,
 And nocht forthi with wapnis bar

The constabill and his cumpany
 Met him and his richt hardely.
 95 Thar men nicht se gret bargane ris,
 For with wapnis on mony wis
 Tha dang on othir at thar nicht,
 Quhill suerdis that war far and bricht
 War till the hiltis all bludy:
 100 Than hidwisly begouth the cry,
 For tha that fellit or stekit war
 With gret noys can cry and rar.
 The gud erl and his cumpany
 Faucht in that ficht sa sturdely
 105 That all thar fais ruschit war:
 The constabill was slane richt thar,
 And, fra he fell the remanand
 Fled quhar tha best nicht to warand:
 Tha durst nocht bid to mak debat.
 110 The erl was handlit thar sa hat
 That, had it nocht hapnit throu cas
 That the constabill thar slane was,
 He had bene in gret perill thar.
 Bot than tha fled: thar was na mar
 115 Bot ilk man for to saf his lif
 And furth his dais for to drif,
 And sum slad down outour the wall:
 The erl has tane the castell all,
 For than was nane durst him withstand.
 120 I herd nevir quhar in ane land
 Was castell tane sa hardely,
 Outakin Tyre allanerly,

- Quhen Alexander the conquerour
That conquerit Babilonis tour
125 Lap fra ane berfrois on the wall,
Quhar he emang his fais all
Defendit him full douchtely
Qhill that his nobill chevelry
With ledderis our the wallis yhed
130 That nouthir left for ded na dred,
For, fra tha wist wele that the king
Was in the toun, thar was nathing
Intill that tym that stint tham mocht,
For all perill tha set at nocht.
135 Tha clam the wallis, and Areste
Com first to the gud king, quhar he
Defendit him with all his micht,
That than was set sa hard, I hicht,
That he was fellit on a kne:
140 He till his bak had set ane tre
For dred tha suld behind assale.
Areste than to the battale
Sped him in all hy sturdely,
And dang on tham sa douchtely
145 That the king wele reskewit was,
For his men into sindry plas
Clam our the wall, and socht the king,
And him reskewit with hard fighting,
And wan the toun deliverly.
150 Outane this taking anerly
I herd nevir in na tym gane
Castell that was sa stoutly tane.

And of this taking that I mene
 Sanct Margaret the gud haly quene
 155 Wist in hir tym throu reveling
 Of him that knawis and wat all thing:
 Tharfor insted of prophesy
 Scho left ane takning richt joly,
 That is, that scho in hir chapell
 160 Gert wele be portrait ane castell,
 Ane leddir up to the wall standand,
 And ane man tharapon clymand,
 And wrat owth him, as ald men sais,
 In Franch, GARDYS VOUS DE FRANSAIS.
 165 And for this word scho gert writ sa
 Men wend the Franchmen suld it ta:
 Bot, for Fransas hattin was he
 That sa clam up in prevate,
 Scho wrat that as in prophesy,
 170 And it fell eftirward suthly
 Richt as scho said, for tane it was,
 And Fransas led tham up that plas

LXXXV.

On this wis Edinburgh was tane,
 And tha that war tharin ilkane
 War tane or slane, or lap the wall.
 Thar gudis haf tha sesit all,

- 5 And socht the housis evirilkane.
 Schir Peris Lumbard, that was tane
 As I said er befor, tha fand
 In presoun fetterit with boyis sitand :
 Tha had him till the erl in hy,
 10 And he gert lous him hastely :
 Than he becom the kingis man.
 Tha send word to the king richt than,
 And tald how the castell was tane,
 And he in hy is thiddir gane
 15 With mony men in cumpany,
 And gert myn down all halely
 Bath tour and wall richt to the ground,
 And syn our all the land can fond
 Sesand the cuntre till his pes.
 20 Of this ded that sa worthy wes
 The erl was prisit gretumly :
 The king, that saw him sa worthy,
 Was blith and joyful our the laf,
 And to mantem his stat him gaf
 25 Rentis and landis far eneuch :
 And he to sa gret worschip dreuch
 That all spak of his gret bounte :
 His fais gretly stonait he,
 For he fled nevir throu fors of ficht.
 30 Quhat sall I mar say of his micht ?
 His gret manhed and his bounte
 Gerris him yhet renounit be.

LXXXVI.

In this tym, that thir juperdyis
 On thir castellis that I devis
 War eschevit sa hardely,
 Schir. Eduard the Brus the worthy
 5 Had all Galloway and Nyddisdale
 Won till his liking all hale,
 And dungin doun the castellis all
 Richt in the dik bath tour and wall.
 He herd than say, and knew it wele,
 10 That in Ruglyne was ane pele:
 Thiddir he went with his menyhe
 And wonnin it in schort tym has he.
 Syn to Dundee he tuk the way
 That than was haldin, as I herd say,
 15 Agane the king: tharfor in by
 He set ane sege tharto stoutly,
 And lay thar quhill it yholdin was.
 To Strevilling syn the way he tais,
 Quhar gud Schir Philip the Mowbra,
 20 That was full douchty at assay,
 Was wardane, and had in keping
 That castell of the Inglis king:
 Thartill ane sege he set stithly,
 Tha bikkirrit oftais sturdely,
 25 Bot gret chevelry done was nane.
 Schir Eduard fra the sege was tane

Ane wele lang tym about it lay,
 Fra the Lentryn, that is to say,
 Quhill forouth the Sanct Johnis mes:
 30 The Inglis folk that tharin wes
 Begouth to fale the vittale than.
 Than Schir Philip the douchty man
 Tretit quhill tha consentit wer,
 That, gif at Midsummer the nest yher
 35 To cum it war nocht with battale
 Reskewit, than withouten fale
 He suld the castell yheld quytly:
 That cunand band tha sekirly.
 And, quhen this cunand thus was mad,
 40 Schir Philip intill Ingland rad,
 And tald the king all hale this tale,
 How he ane tuelf-moneth all hale
 Had, as it writin was in thar tale,
 To reskew Strevilling with battale.
 45 And, quhen he herd Schir Philip say
 That Scottismen had set ane day
 To ficht, and that sic spas he had
 To purvay him, he was richt glad,
 And said it was gret succudry
 50 That set tham apon sic foly,
 For he thocht to be or that day
 Sa purvait and in sic aray
 That thar suld nane strinth him withstand.
 And, quhen the lordis of Ingland
 55 Herd that this day was set planly,
 Tha jugit it to gret foly,

And thocht till haf all thar liking
 Gif men abad tham in fichting.
 Bot oft falyheis the fulis thocht,
 60 And wis menis etling cumis nocht
 To sic end as tha wene alwais:
 Ane litill stane oft, as men sais,
 May ger weltir ane mekill wane:
 Na manis micht may stand agane
 65 The gras of God that all thing steris:
 He wat quhat till all thing efferis,
 And disponis at his liking
 Eftir his ordinans all thing.

LXXXVII.

Quhen Schir Eduard, as I yhou say,
 Had gifin sa outrageous ane day
 To yheld or reskew Strevilling,
 Richt sone he went ontill the king,
 5 And tald quhat tretis he had mad
 And quhat day he tham gifin had.
 The king said, quhen he herd the day,
 'That was unwisly done perfay:
 I herd nevir quhar sa lang warning
 10 Was gifin to sa mighty ane king
 As is the king of Ingland,
 For he has now intill his hand

Ingland, Irland, and Walis alsua,
 And Aquitane yhet with all tha,
 15 And of Scotland ane gret party
 Duellis undir his senyhory,
 And of tresour sa stuffit is he
 That he may wageouris haf plente,
 And we ar quhene agane sa fele.
 20 God may richt wele our werdis dele,
 Bot we ar set in juperdy
 To tyn or win than hastely.
 Schir Ednard said, 'Sa God me red!
 Thouch he and all that he may led
 25 Cum, we sall ficht all, war tha ma.'
 Quhen the king herd his brothir sa
 Spek to the battale sa hardely,
 He prisit him in his hart gretly,
 And said, 'Brothir, sen sa is gane
 30 That this thing thus is undirtane,
 Schap we us tharfor manfully,
 And all that lufis us tendirly
 And the fredom of this cuntre,
 Purvay tham at that tym to be
 35 Boun with all micht that evir tha may,
 Sa, gif that our fais assay
 To reskew Strevilling throu battale,
 We of that purpos ger tham fale.'

LXXXVIII.

To this tha all assentit ar,
 And bad thar men all mak tham yhar
 For to be boun agane that day
 On the best wis that evir tha may.
 5 Than all that worthy war to ficht
 Of Scotland set all hale thar micht
 To purvay tham agane that day:
 Wapnis and armouris purvait tha
 And all that efferis to fichting.
 10 And of Ingland the michty king
 Purvait him in sa gret aray
 That certis herd I nevir say
 That Inglismen mar apparale
 Mad then tha did than for battale.
 15 And, quhen the tym was cumin ner,
 He assemblit all his power,
 And, but his awn chevelry
 That was sa gret it was ferly,
 He had of mony fer cuntre
 20 With him gud men of gret bounte.
 Of Frans ane worthy chevelry
 He had intill his cumpany:
 The erl of Hennaut als was thar
 And with him men that worthy war:
 25 Of Gascone and of Almanyhe,
 Of Duche als and of Bretanyhe,

He had wicht men and wele farand
Armit clenly at fut and hand:
Of Ingland hale the chevelry
30 He had thar gaderit sa clenly
That he left nane micht wapnis weld
Or worthy war to ficht in feld:
Of Walis als with him had he
And of Irland ane gret menyhe:
35 Of Pouty, Aquitane, and Bayoun
He had full mony of gret renoun,
And of Scotland he had yhet then
Ane gret menyhe of worthy men.
Quhen all thir sammyn assemblit war,
40 He had of fichtaris with him thar
Ane hundreth thousand men and ma,
And fourty thousand war of tha
Armit on hors bath hed and hand,
And yhet of tha war thre thousand
45 With helit hors intill playn male
To mak the front of the battale.
And fifty thousand of archeris
He had forouten hobeleris,
And men on fut and small rangale
50 That yhemit harnas and vittale
He had sa fele it was ferly,
Of cartis als that yhed tham by
Sa fele that, but all tha that bar
Harnas, and als that chargit war
55 With palyheounis and veschall withall,
And apparale of chalmer and hall,

And wyn, and wax, schot and vittale,
 Four scor was chargit with fewale.
 Tha war sa fele quhar that tha rad,
 60 And thar battalis war ek sa brad,
 And sa gret roum held thar charre,
 That men that mekill host nicht se
 Ourtak the landis sa largely,
 Men nicht se than, that had bene by,
 65 Mony ane worthy man and wicht,
 And mony ane armour gayly dicht,
 And mony ane sturdy sterand sted
 Arait into sa rich wed,
 And mony helmis and haberschounis,
 70 Scheldis, and speris with penounis,
 And sa mony ane cumly knicht,
 That semit wele that into ficht
 Tha suld vencus the warld all hale:
 Quhy suld I to lang mak my tale?
 75 To Berwik ar tha cumin ilkane,
 And sum tharin has innis tane,
 And sum lugit without the tounis
 In tentis and in palyheounis.

LXXXIX.

And, quhen the king his host has sene
 Sa gret, sa gud men, and sa clene,

He was richt joyfull in his thocht,
 And wele presumit thar was nocht
 5 In warld ane king nicht him withstand :
 Him thocht all wonnin till his hand,
 And largely emang his men
 The landis of Scotland delt he then.
 Of othir menis thing full large was he,
 10 And tha that war of his menyhe
 Manausit the Scottismen hely
 With gret wordis : bot nocht forthi,
 Or tha cum all to thar entent,
 Hollis in hale clath sall be rent.
 15 The king throu consale of his men
 His folk delt in battalis ten :
 In ilkane war wele ten thousand
 That thocht tha stalwardly suld stand
 In the battale, and stoutly ficht,
 20 And lef nocht for thar fais nicht.
 He set ledaris till ilk battale
 That knawin war of gud governale,
 And to renounit erlis twa,
 Glousister and Herfurd war tha,
 25 He gaf the vaward in leding,
 With mony men at thar bidding
 Ordanit intill full gret aray :
 Tha war sa chevelrous that tha
 Trowit, gif tha com to the ficht,
 30 Thar suld na strinth withstand thar nicht.
 And the king, quhen his menyhe wer
 Devisit into battalis ser,

- His awn battale ordanit he
 And quha suld at his bridill be.
 35 Schir Gylis de Argente he set
 Apon a half his renyhe to get,
 And of Vallanch Schir Amery
 On othir half that was worthy,
 For in thar soverane gret bounte
 40 Atour the laf affyt he.
 And, quhen the king apon this wis
 Had ordanit as I her devis
 His battalis and his stering,
 Arly he ras in ane morning
 45 And fra Berwik he tuk the way.
 Bath hillis and valais helit tha,
 And, as the battalis that war sa brad
 Departit our the feldis rad,
 The sone was bricht and schynand cler,
 50 And armis that new burnist wer
 Sa blenknit with the sonnis beme
 That all the land was in ane leme.
 Baneris richt farly flawmand,
 And pensalis to the wind wafand,
 55 Sa fele thar war of ser quentis
 That it war gret slicht to devis,
 And, suld I tell all thar affer,
 Thar centenans, and thar maner,
 Thouch I couth, I suld cummerit be.
 60 The king with all that gret menyhe
 Till Edinburgh he rad on richt:
 Tha war all out to fele to ficht

With few folk of ane simpill land :
 Bot, quhar God helpis, quhat may withstand ?

XC.

The king Robert, quhen he herd say
 That Inglismen in sic aray
 And into sa gret quantite
 Com in his land, in hy gert he
 5 His men be summond generaly,
 And tha com all full wilfully
 To the Torwod, quhar that the king
 Had ordanit to mak thar meting.
 Schir Eduard the Brus the worthy
 10 Com with ane full gret cumpany
 Of gud men armit wele and dicht,
 Hardy, and forsy for the ficht.
 Walter Steward of Scotland syn,
 That than was bot ane berdles hyn,
 15 Com with ane rout of nobill men
 That all be contenans nicht ken.
 The gud lord of Douglas alsua
 Brocht with him men, I undirta,
 That wele war usit in fichting :
 20 Tha sall the les haf abasing
 Gif tham betid in thrang to be,
 And thar advantage sall titar se

For to stonay thar fais nicht
 Then men that usis nocht to ficht.
 25 The erl of Murref with his men
 Arait wele com alsua then
 Into gud covyn for to ficht,
 In gret will to mantem thar richt:
 With othir mony gud baroun,
 30 And knichtis of full gret renoun,
 Com with thar men full stalwardly.
 Quhen tha assemblit halely,
 Of fichtand men I trow tha war
 Thretty thousand and sumdele mar,
 35 Forouten cariage and pouverale
 That yhemit harnas and vittale.
 Our all the host than yhed the king,
 And beheld to thar contening,
 And saw tham of full far esser.
 40 Of hardy contenans tha war,
 Be liklynes the mast cownt
 Semit to do richt wele his part.
 The king has sene all thar having,
 That knew him wele into sic thing,
 45 And saw tham all comonly
 Of sekir contenans and hardy
 Forout affray or abasing.
 In his hart had he gret liking,
 And thocht that men of sa gret will,
 50 Gif tha wald set thar nicht thartill,
 Suld be richt hard to win perfay,
 And, as he met them in the way,

He welcumit tham with gladsom far,
 Spekand gud wordis her and thar :
 55 And tha, that thar lord sa mekly
 Saw welcum tham, and sa hamly,
 Joyfull tha war, and thocht that tha
 Micht wele put tham intill assay
 Of hard fichting in stalward stour
 60 For till mantem wele his honour.

XCI.

The worthy king, quhen he has sene
 His host assemblit all bedene,
 And saw tham wilfull to fulfill
 His liking with gud hart and will,
 5 And to mantem wele thar franchis,
 He was rejosit on mony wis,
 And callit all his consale preve,
 And said tham, 'Lordingis, now yhe se
 That Inglismen with mekill micht
 10 Has all disponit tham for the ficht,
 For tha yhon castell wald reskew :
 Tharfor is gud we ordane now
 How we may let tham of thair purpos,
 And sa to tham the wais clos
 15 That tha pas nocht but gret letting.
 We haf her with us at bidding

Wele thretty thousand men and ma :
 Mak we four battalis of all tha,
 And ordane us on sic maner
 20 That, quhen our fais cumis ner,
 We to the New Park hald our way,
 For thar behufis tham nedwais ga,
 Bot gif that tha beneth us ga
 And our the marras pas, and sa
 25 We sall be at advantage thar.
 And methink that richt spedfull war
 To gang on fut to this fighting
 Armit bot into licht arming,
 For, schup we us on hors to ficht,
 30 Sen that our fais ar mar of nicht
 And bettir horsit then ar we,
 We suld into gret perill be :
 And, gif we ficht on fut, perfay,
 At advantage we sall be ay,
 35 For in the park emang the treis
 The horsmen alwais cummerit beis,
 And the sikis alsua thar doun
 Sall put tham to confusioun.
 All tha consentit till that saw,
 40 And than intill ane litill thraw
 Thar four battalis ordanit tha,
 And till the erl Thomas perfay
 Tha gaf the vaward in leding,
 For in his nobill governing
 45 And in his he chevelry
 Tha had assouerans, trast trewly,

- And for to mantem his baner
 Lordis that of gret worschip wer
 War assignit with thar menyhe
 50 Intill his battale for to be.
 The tothir battale was gifin to led
 Till him that douchty was of ded
 And prisit of gret chevelry:
 That was Schir Eduard the worthy:
 55 I trow he sall mantem him sa
 That, howsaevir the gamyn ga,
 His fais to plenyhe sall matir haf.
 And syn the thrid battale tha gaf
 To Walter Steward for to led,
 60 And to Douglas douchty of ded:
 Tha war cosynis in ner degre,
 Tharfor till him betaucht. was he,
 For he was yyoung, and nocht forthi
 I trow he sall sa manfully
 65 Do his devour, and wirk sa wele
 That him sall ned na mar yhemsele.
 The ferd battale the nobill king
 Tuk till himself in governing,
 And had intill his cumpany
 70 The men of Carrik all halely,
 And of Argile, and of Kintyr,
 And of the Ilis quharof was Syr
 Angus of Ile and But, all tha:
 He of the plane land had alsua
 75 Of armit men ane mekill rout,
 His battale stalward was and stout.

He said the rerward he wald ma,
 And evin ferouth him suld ga
 The vaward, and on athir hand
 80 The tothir battalis suld be gangand
 Behind on sid ane litill spes,
 And the king that behind tham was
 Suld se quhar thar war mast mister,
 And relef thar with his baner.

XCII.

The king thus, that was wicht and wis
 And richt worthy at all devis,
 And hardy als etour all thing,
 Ordanit his men for the fighting:
 5 And on the morn, on Settirday,
 The king herd his discourouris say
 That Inglismen with mekill might
 Had lyin at Edinburgh that nicht.
 Tharfor withouten mar delay
 10 He to the New Park held his way
 With all that in his leding war,
 And in the Park tham herbryit thar.
 And in ane plane feld by the way
 Quhar he thocht ned behufit away
 15 The Inglismen, gif that tha wald
 Throu the Park to the castell hald,

He gert men mony pottis ma
 Of ane fut bred round, and all tha
 War dep up till ane manis kne,
 20 Sa thik that tha micht liknit be
 Till ane wax-cayme that beis maia.
 Thus all that nicht travaland he was,
 Sa that or day was he had mad
 Tha pottis, and tham helit had
 25 With stikis and with gyrs all grene
 Sa that tha micht nocht wele be sene.

On Sonday than in the mornig
 Wele sene eftir the sone rising
 Tha herd the mes full reverently,
 30 And mony schraf tham devotly
 That thoct to de in that melle
 Or than to mak thar cuntre fre.
 To God for thar richt prayit tha.
 Thar dynit nane of tham that day,
 35 For it the vigil was of Sanct Johne
 Tha fastit bred and watir ilkone.
 The king, quhen that the mes was done,
 Went furth to se the pottis sone,
 And at his liking saw tham mad:
 40 On athir sid the way wele brad
 It was pottit as I haf tald.
 Gif that thar fais on hors will hald
 Furth in that way, I trow tha sall
 Nocht wele eschap foreuten fall.
 45 Throuout the host than gert he cry
 That all sould arm tham hastely

And busk tham on thar best maner.
 And, quhen tha assemblit wer,
 He gert aray tham for the ficht,
 50 And syn our all gert cry on hicht
 That quhatsaevir man that fand
 His hart nocht sekir for to stand
 To win all or de with honour
 For to mantem that stalward stour,
 55 That he betym suld tak his way,
 And nane suld duell with him bot tha
 That wald stand with him to the end
 And tak the ure that God wald send.
 Than all ansuerit with a cry,
 60 And with a voce said generally
 That nane for dout of ded suld fale
 Quhill discumfit war the battale.

XCIII.

Quhen the gud king had herd his men
 Sa hardely him ansuer then,
 Sayand that nouthir ded na dred
 To sic discomfort suld tham led
 5 That tha suld eschew the fichting,
 In hart he had gret rejosing,
 For him thocht men of sic covyn,
 Sa gud, sa hardy, and sa fyn,

- Suld wele in battale hald thar richt
10 Agane men of full mekill nicht.
Syn all the small folk and pouerale
He send with harnas and vittale
Intill the park wele fer him fra,
And fra the battale gert tham ga,
15 And, as he bad, tha went thar way.
Twenty thousand wele ner war tha:
Thar way tha held till ane vale,
The king left with ane clene menyhe,
The quethir tha war thretty thousand
20 I trow that stalwardly sall stand
And do thar devour as tha aw:
Tha stud than rangit all on raw,
Redy for to bid battale
Gif ony folk wald tham assale.
25 The king gert tham all buskit be,
For he wist into certante
That his fais all nicht lay
At the Fawkirk, and syn that tha
Held toward him the way all straucht
30 With mony men of mekill maucht.
Tharfor till his nevo bad he,
The erl of Murref, with his menyhe
Besid the kirk to kep the way
That na man pas that gat away
35 Forout debat to the castele:
And he said that himself suld wele
Kep the entre with his battale,
Gif that ony wald thar assale:

- And syn his brothir Schir Eduard,
 40 And yhoung Walter the gud Steward,
 And the lord of Douglas alsua,
 With thar menyhe gud tent suld ta
 Quhilk of tham had of help mister,
 And help with tham that with him wer.
 45 The king send than James of Douglas,
 And Schir Robert the Keth that was
 Marschall of all the host of fe,
 The Inglismentis com to se.
 And tha lap on, and furth tha rad,
 50 Wele horsit men with tham tha had,
 And sone the gret host haf tha sene,
 Quhar scheldis schynand war sa schene,
 And basnetis wele burnist bricht
 That gaf agane the sone gret licht:
 55 Tha saw sa fele browdyn baneris,
 Standartis, and pennounis apon speris,
 And sa fele knichtis apon stedis
 All flawamand intill thar wedis,
 And sa fele battalis, and sa brad,
 60 That tuk sa gret roum as tha rad
 That the mast host and the stoutest
 Of Cristindome, and ek the best,
 Suld be abasit for to se
 Thar fais into sic quantite
 65 And sa arait for to ficht.
 Quhen the discurouris has had sicht
 Of thar fais as I yhou say,
 Toward the king tha tuk the way

And tald him in gret prevate
70 The multitud and the beaute
Of thar fais that com sa brad
And of the gret micht that tha had.
Than the king bad tham tha suld ma
Na contenans that it war sa,
75 Bot bad tham into comoun say
That tha com intill evill aray,
And confort his men on that wis:
For oftsis of ane word may ris
Disconfort and tynsale withall,
80 And throu ane word als wele may fall
Confort may ris and hardyment
That gerris men cum to thar entent.
And on the samin wis it did her:
Thar confort and thar hardy cher
85 Confortit tham sa gretumly
That of thar host the lest hardy
Be contenans wald formast be
For to begin the gret melle.

XCIV.

Apon this wis the nobill king
Gaf all his men reconforting
Throu hardy contenans and cher
That he mad on sa gud maner.

- 5 Tham thocht that na mischef nicht be
 Sa gret, withthi tha nicht him se
 Befor tham, that suld sa engref
 That na his worschip suld tham relief:
 His worschip tham confortit sa,
 10 And contenans that he can ma,
 That the mast coward was hardy.
 On othir half full stalwardly
 The Inglisemen in sic aray
 As yhe haf herd me forouth say
 15 Com with thar battalis approchand,
 The baneris to the wind wafand.
 And, quhen tha cumin war sa ner
 That bot twa mile betuix tham wer,
 Tha chesit ane gud cumpany
 20 Of men that wicht war and hardy
 On far courseris armit at richt.
 Thre banrentis of full mekill nicht
 War capitanis of all that rout:
 The lord Cliffurd that was sa stout
 25 Was of tham all soverane ledar:
 Aucht hundreth armit I trow tha war:
 Tha war all yhoung men and joly,
 And yharnand till do chevelry:
 The best of all the host war tha
 30 Of contenans and of aray:
 Tha war the farast cumpany
 That men nicht find of sa mony:
 To the castell tha thocht to far,
 For, gif that tha nicht wele cum thar,

- 35 Tha thocht it suld reskewit be.
Furth on thar way held this menyhe,
And toward Strevilling tuk thar way:
The New Park all eschewit tha,
For tha wist wele the king was thar,
40 And beneth the Park can tha far
Quhill neth the kirk intill ane rout.
The erl Thomas that was sa stout,
Quhen he saw tham sa tak the plane,
In gret hy went he tham agane
45 With fif hundreth forouten ma,
Anoyit in his hart and wa
That tha sa fer war passit by,
For the king had said him rudly
That ane rose of his chaplet
50 Was faldin, for quhar he was set
To kep the way tha men war past.
Tharfor he hastit him sa fast
That cumin in schort tym was he
To the plane feld with his menyhe,
55 For he thocht that he suld amend
That he trespassit had or tha wend.
And, quhen the Inglismen him saw
Cum on forouten dred or aw
And tak sa hardely the plane,
60 In hy tha sped tham him agane,
And strak with spuris the stedis stith
That bar tham evin hard and swith.
And, quhen the erl saw that menyhe
Cum sa stoutly, till his said he,

- 65 ' Beis nocht abasit for thar schor,
Bot settis speris yhou befor,
And bak to bak set all yhour rout
And all the speris poyntis out:
Sagat defend us best may we,
70 Enveronit with tham gif we be.'
And as he bad tham tha haf done,
And the tothir com on alsone:
Befor tham all thar com prikand
Ane knicht hardy of hart and hand,
75 And ane wele gret lord at ham,
Schir Wilyham Dencort was his nam,
And prikit on tham hardely,
And tha met him sa sturdely
That he and hors war born all doun
80 And slane richt thar forout ransoun.
With Inglismen gretly was he
Menit that day and his bounte:
The laf com on richt sturdely,
Bot nane of tham sa hardely
85 Ruschit emang tham as did he,
Bot with fer mar maturite
Tha assemblit all in ane rout
And enveronit tham all about.
Assalyheand tham on ilke sid.
90 And tha with speris woundis wid
Gaf till the hors that com tham ner,
And tha that ridand on tham wer
That doun war born losit the lifis,
And othir speris, dartis, and knifis,

- 95 And wapnis apon ser maner,
 Kest emang tham that fichtand wer,
 That tham defendit sa wittandly
 That thar fais had gret ferly:
 For sum wald schut out of thar rout,
 100 And of tham that assalit about
 Strik stedis and ber doun men.
 The Inglismen sa rudly then
 Kest emang tham suerdis and mas
 That in middis of tham ane montane was
 105 Of wapnis that war warpit thar.
 The erl and his thus fichtand war
 At gret mischef, as I yhou say,
 For quhenar be full fer war tha
 Then thar fais, and all about
 110 Enveronit war, quhar mony rout
 War raucht, and full dispitfully
 Thar fais demanit tham richt stratly.
 On athir half tha war sa stad
 For the richt gret het that tha had
 115 Of fichting and of sonnis het
 That all thar flesch of swat was wet;
 And sic ane stew ras owth tham then
 Of aynding bath of hors and men
 And of powdir, and sic mirknes
 120 Intill the ayr abouin tham wes
 That it was wondir for to se.
 Tha war in gret perplexite:
 Bot with gret travale nocht forthi
 Tha tham defendit manfully,

- 125 And set bath will and strinth and micht
 To rusch thar fais in that ficht
 That than demanit tham angirly:
 Bot gif God help tham hastely,
 Tha sall thar fill haf of fichting.
- 130 Bot, quhen the nobill renounit king
 With othir lordis that war him by
 Saw how the erl abandounly
 Tuk the plane feld, James of Douglas
 Com to the king richt quhar he was,
- 135 And said, 'A schir! Sanct Mary!
 The erl of Murref all opinly
 Takis the plane feld with his menyhe:
 He is in perill bot gif he be
 Sone helpit, for his fais ar ma
- 140 Then he, and horsit wele alsua:
 And with yhour lef I will me sped
 Till help him for that he has ned:
 All enveronit with fais is he.'
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se,
- 145 A fut to him thou sall nocht ga,
 Gif he wele dois, lat him wele ta;
 Quhethir him evir hapin to win or los,
 I will nocht for him brek purpos.'
 'Certis,' he said, 'I will na wis
- 150 Se that his fais him suppris,
 Quhen that I may set help thartill:
 With yhour lef sekirly I will
 Help him or de intill the pane.'
 'Do than, and sped the sone agane,'

155 The king said, and he held his way.
 Gif he may cum in tym, perfay,
 I trow he sall him help sa wele
 That of his fais sum sall it fele.

XCV.

Now Douglas furth his way he tais,
 And in that self tym fell throu cas
 That the king of England, quhen he
 Was cumin with his gret menyhe
 5 Ner to the plas, as I said ar,
 Quhar Scottis men arait war,
 He gert arest all his battale
 At othir als to tak consale,
 Quhethir tha wald tham herbry that nicht
 10 Or than but mar ga till the ficht.
 The vaward, that wist nakyn thing
 Of this arest na thar duelling,
 Rad to the Park all straucht thar way
 Forout stinting in gud aray.
 15 And, quhen the king wist that tha wer
 In hale battale cumand sa ner,
 His battale gert he wele aray.
 He rad apon ane gay palfray
 Litill and joly, arayand
 20 His battale, with ane ax in hand:

And on his basnet he he bar
 Ane hat of quyrbolle ay quhar,
 And tharapon intill takning
 Ane he croun that he was ane king.
 25 And, quhen Glousister and Herfurd wer
 With thar battale approchand ner,
 Befor tham all thar com ridand
 With helm on hed and sper in hand
 Schir Henry of Boune the worthy,
 30 That was ane gud knicht and ane hardy
 And to the erl of Herfurd cosyn,
 Armit in armis gud and fyn
 Com on ane sted ane bowschot ner
 Befor all othir that thar wer,
 35 And knew the king for that he saw
 Him sa aray his men on raw,
 And by the croun that was set
 Abouin his hed on the basnet,
 And toward him he went in hy.
 40 And, quhen the king sa apertly
 Saw him cum forouth all his feris,
 In hy till him the hors he steris.
 And, quhen Schir Henry saw the king
 Cum on forouten abasing,
 45 Till him he rad in full gret hy:
 He thoct that he suld wele lichtly
 Win him and haf him at his will,
 Sen he him horsit saw sa ill.
 Than sprent tha sammyn intill ane ling:
 50 Schir Henry missit the nobill king,

And he, that in his sterapis stud,
 With the ax that was hard and gud
 With sa gret mane raucht him ane dint,
 That nouthir hat na helm nicht stint
 55 The hevy dusch that he him gaf,
 That he the hed till harnis claf.
 The handax schaft fruschit in twa,
 And he down till the erd can ga
 All flatlingis, for him falyheit nicht.
 60 This was the first strak of the ficht
 That was performist doughtely:
 And, quhen the kingis men sa stoutly
 Saw him richt at the first meting
 Forouten dout or abasing
 65 Haf slane ane knicht sa at a strak,
 Sic hardyment than can tha tak
 That tha com on richt hardely.
 Quhen Inglisamen saw tham stoutly
 Cum on, tha had gret abasing,
 70 And specialy for that the king
 Sa smertly that gud knicht had slane,
 That tha withdrew tham evirilkane
 And durst nocht than abid to ficht,
 Sa dred tha for the kingis nicht.
 75 And, quhen the kingis men tham saw
 Sa in hale battale tham withdraw,
 Ane gret schot till tham can tha mak,
 And tha in hy tuk all the bak,
 And tha that folowit tham has slane
 80 Sum of tham that tha haf ourtane:

Bot tha war few, for, suth to say,
 Thar hors fet had ner all away.
 Bot, howsa quhene deit thar,
 Rebutit foulely tha war,
 85 And rad thar gat with wele mar scham
 Be full fer than tha com fra ham.

XCVI.

Quhen that the king reparit was
 That gert his men lef all the chas,
 The lordis of his cumpany
 Blamit him as tha durst gretly
 5 That he put him in aventur
 To met sa stith ane knicht and stur
 In sic poynt as he than was sene,
 For tha said wele it nicht haf bene
 Caus of thar tynsale evirilkane.
 10 The king tham ansuer mad he nane,
 Bot menit his handax schaft sa
 Was with the strak brokin in twa.
 The erl Thomas was yhet fichtand
 With fais apon athir hand,
 15 And slew of tham ane quantite:
 Bot wery war his men and he,
 The quethir with wapnis sturdely
 Tha tham defendit manfully

Quhill that the lord Douglas com ner
 20 That sped him apon gret maner.
 The Inglismen that war fichtand,
 Quhen tha the Douglas saw nerhand,
 Tha wandist and mad ane opning:
 Schir James Douglas be thar reling
 25 Knew that tha war discumfit ner:
 Than bad he tham that with him wer
 Stand still and pres na forthirmar,
 'For tha that yhondir fichtand ar,'
 He said, 'ar of sa gret bounte
 30 That thar fais wele sone sall be
 Discumfit throu thar awn nicht,
 Thouch na man help tham for to ficht:
 And, cum we now intill fichting
 Quhen tha ar at discumfiting,
 35 Men suld say we tham ruschit had,
 And sa suld tha that caus has mad
 With gret travale and hard fichting
 Los ane part of thar lowing:
 And it war sin to les his pris
 40 That of sa soverane bounte is,
 And he throu plane and hard fichting
 Has her eschevit unlikly thing;
 He sall haf that he wonnin has.'
 The erl with tham that fichtand was,
 45 Quhen he his fais saw brawland sa,
 In hy apon tham can he ga
 And pressit tham sa wondir fast
 With hard strakis, quhill at the last

- Tha fled that durst abid na mar:
 50 Bath men and hors alane left tha thar,
 And held thar way in full gret hy,
 Nocht all togidder, bot sindrely,
 And tha that war ourtane war slane,
 The laf went till thar host agane
 55 Of thar tynasale sary and wa.
 The erl that had him holpin sa
 And his men als that war wery
 Hynt of thar basnetis intill hy
 Till awent them, for tha war hat,
 60 Tha war all helit into swat.
 Tham semit men, forsath I hicht,
 That had fandit thar fais in ficht:
 And sa tha did full douchtely.
 Tha fand of all thar cumpany
 65 That thar was bot ane yherman slane:
 Than lowit tha God, and was full fane,
 And blith was tha eschapid sa.
 Toward the king than can tha ga,
 And till him wele sone cumin ar:
 70 He askit tham of thar welefar,
 And gladsom oher to tham he mad
 For tha sa wele than born tham had.
 Than all ran into gret dante
 The erl of Murref for to se:
 75 For his he worschip and valour
 All yharnit till do him honour:
 Sa fast tha ran to se him thar
 That ner all sammyn assemblit war.

And quhen the gud king can tham se
 80 Befor him sa assemblit be,
 Blith and glad that thar fais wer
 Rebutit apon sic maner,
 Ane litill quhile he held him still,
 Syn on this wis he said tham till;

XCVII.

‘**L**ordingis,’ he said, ‘we sucht to luf
 Almichty God that sittis abuf,
 That sendis us sa far beginning.
 It is ane gret disconforting
 5 Till our fais that on this wis
 Sa sone has bene rebutit twis:
 For, quhen tha of thar host sall her,
 And knaw suthly on quhat maner
 Thar awaward that was sa stout,
 10 And syn yhon othir joly rout
 That I trow of the best men war
 That tha nicht get emang tham thar,
 War rebutit sa sudanly,
 I trow and knawis it all clerly
 15 That mony ane hart sall waverand be
 That semit er of gret bounte:
 And fra the hart be discumfit
 The body is nocht worth ane myt:

Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 20 Sall folow till our beginning.
 The quhethir I say nocht this yhou till
 For that yhe suld folow my will
 To ficht, bot in yhou all sall be:
 For, gif yhou thinkis spedfull that we
 25 Ficht, we sall ficht; and, gif yhe will,
 We lef yhour liking to fulfill.
 I sall consent on alkyn wis
 To do richt as yhe will devis:
 Tharfor sais on yhour will planly.'
 30 Than with a voce all can tha cry,
 'Gud king, forouten mar delay
 Tomorn als sone as yhe se day
 Ordane yhou hale for the battale:
 For dout of ded we sall nocht fale,
 35 Na nane pane sall refusit be
 Quhill we haf mad our cuntre fre.'

XCVIII.

Quhen the king herd tham sa manly
 Spek to the ficht, and hardely,
 In hart gret gladschip can he ta,
 And said, 'Lordingis, sen yhe will sa,
 5 Schap we us tharfor in the morning,
 Sa that we be the sone rising

- Haf herd mes, and he buskit wele
 Ilk man intill his awn eschele,
 Without the palyheounis wele arait
 10 In battale with baneris displait.
 And luk yhe na wis brek aray,
 And, as yhe luf me, I yhou pray
 That ilk man for his awn honour
 Purvay him ane gud baneour,
 15 And, quhen it cumis till the ficht,
 Ilk man set his hart, will, and micht,
 To stint our fais mekill of prid.
 On hors tha will arait rid,
 And cum on yhou in full gret hy:
 20 Met tham with speris hardely,
 And wreck on tham the mekill ill
 That tha and tharis has done us till
 And ar in will yhet for to do,
 Gif tha haf micht to cum tharto.
 25 And certis methink wele that we
 Forout abasing aucht to be
 Worthy and of gret vassalagis,
 For we haf thre gret avantagis.
 The first is, that we haf the richt,
 30 And for the richt ay God will ficht.
 The tothir is, tha ar cumin her
 For lipning in thar gret power
 To sek us in our awn land,
 And has brocht her richt till our hand
 35 Riches intill sa gret plente
 That the pouerast of yhou sall be

Bath rich and mighty tharwithall,
 Gif that we win, as wele may fall.
 The thrid is, that we for our lifes,
 40 And for our childir, and for our wifis,
 And for the fredom of our land,
 Ar strenyeit in battale for to stand;
 And tha for thar nicht anerly,
 And for tha let of us lichtly,
 45 And for tha wald distroy us all,
 Mais tham to ficht. Bot yhet may fall
 That tha sall rew thar barganing:
 And certis I warn yhou of a thing,
 That, hapin tham, as God forbed,
 50 To find faltis intill our ded
 Sa that tha win us opinly,
 Tha sall haf of us na mersy.
 And, sen we knaw thar feloun will,
 Methink it suld accord to skill
 55 To set stoutnes agane felony
 And mak sagat ane juperdy.
 Quharfor I yheu requer and pray,
 That with all nicht that evir yhe may
 Yhe pres yhou at the beginning
 60 But cowardis or abasing
 To met tham that first sall assemmill
 Sa stoutly that the henmast trimmill,
 And menis on yhour gret manhed,
 Yhour worschip, and yhour douchty ded,
 65 And on the joy that we abid
 Gif that us fall, as wele may tid,

- Hap to veneus the gret battale.
 Intill yhour handis forouten fale
 Yhe ber honour, pria, and riches,
 70 Freedom, welth, and gret blithnes,
 Gif yhe contene yhou manfully:
 And the contrar all halely
 Sall fall, gif yhe lat cowardis
 And wikkitnes yhour hartis surpris.
 75 Yhe nicht haf livit into thrildom,
 Bot, for yhe yharnit till haf freedom,
 Yhe ar assemblit her with me:
 Tharfor is nedfull that yhe be
 Worthy and wicht but abasing.
 80 I warn yhou wele yhet of a thing,
 That mar mischef may fall us nane
 Than in thar handis to be tane,
 For tha suld ala us, I wat wele,
 Richt as tha did my brothir Nele.
 85 Bot, quhen I mane on yhour stoutnes,
 And on the mony gret prowes
 That yhe haf done sa worthely,
 I trast and trowis sekirly
 Till haf plane victor in this ficht:
 90 For, thouch our fais haf mekill nicht,
 Tha haf the wrang; and succudry
 And covatis of senyhory
 Amovis tham forouten mor;
 Na us thar dred tham bot befor,
 95 For strinth of this plas, as yhe se,
 Sall let us environit to be.

And I pray yhou als specialy
 Bath mar and les all comonly,
 That nane of yhou for gredynes
 100 Haf e to tak of thar riches,
 Na presoneris yhet for to ta,
 Quhill yhe se tham cummerit sa
 That the feld planly ouris be,
 And than at yhour liking may yhe
 105 Tak all the riches that thar is.
 Gif yhe will wirk apon this wis,
 Yhe sall haf victor sekirly:
 I wat nocht quhat mar say sall I:
 Yhe wat wele all quhat honour is:
 110 Contene yhou tharfor on sic wis
 That yhour honour ay savit be:
 And I hicht her in my lawte,
 Gif ony deis in this battale,
 His ar, but ward, relef, or tale,
 115 On the first day his land sall weld,
 All be he nevir sa yhoung of eld.
 Now mak yhou redy till the ficht:
 God help us that is mast of micht!
 I red armit all nicht yhe be,
 120 Purvait in battale, sa that we
 To met our fais be redy boun.'
 Than ansuerd tha all with a soun,
 'As yhe devis, sa sall be done.'
 Than till thar innis went tha sone
 125 And ordanit tham for the fichting,
 Syn assemblit in the evinning,

And sagat all the nicht bad tha
Quhill on the morn that it was day.

XCIX.

Quhen the Cliffurd, as I said ar,
And all his rout rebutit war,
And thar gret avaward alsua
War distrenyheit the bak to ta;
5 And tha had tald thar rebuting,
Tha of the vaward, how the king
Slew at a strak sa apertly
The best knicht of thar chevelry,
And how all hale the kingis battale
10 Schup tham richt stoutly till assale
And Schir Eduard the Brus alsua,
Quhen tha all hale the bak can ta,
And how tha lesit of thar men;
And Cliffurd had tald alsua then
15 How Thomas Randol tuk the plane
With few folk, and how he has slane
Schir Wilyham Dencort the worthy,
And how the erl faucht manfully,
That as ane hyrcheoun all his rout
20 Gert set out speris tham about,
And how that tha war put agane
And part of thar gud men was slane;

The Inglismen sic abasing
 Tuk, and sic dred of that tithing,
 25 That in fif hundreth plas and ma
 Men nicht tham sammyn se rownand ga,
 Sayand, 'Our lordis for thar gret nicht
 Will allgat ficht agane the richt:
 Bot quhasa warrais wrangwisly,
 30 Tha fand God all to gretumly,
 And tha may hapin to misfall,
 And sa may tid that her we sall.'
 And, quhen thar lordis had persaving
 Of the disconfort and rowning
 35 That tha held sammyn twa and twa,
 Throuout the host than gert tha ga
 Heraldis to mak ane crye
 That nane disconfort suld be,
 For in panyhais is oft hapnyn
 40 Quhile for to win, and quhile to tyn,
 And that intill the gret battale,
 That apon na maner may fale
 Bot gif the Scotts fle away,
 Sall all amendit be perfay.
 45 Tharfor tha monist tham to be
 Of gret worship and of bounte,
 And stoutly in the battale stand
 And tak amendis at thar awn hand.
 Tha may wele monis as tha will,
 50 And tha may als hicht to fulfill
 With stalward strakis thar biddingis all:
 Bot nocht forthi I trow tha sall

Intill thar hartis dredand be.
 The king with his consale preve
 55 Has tane to red that he wald nocht
 Ficht or the morn, bot he war socht:
 Tharfor tha herbryit tham that nicht
 Doun in the Kers, and gert all dicht
 And mak redy thar apparale
 60 Agane the morn for the battale.
 For in the Kers pulis thar war,
 Housis and thak tha brak and bar
 To mak briggis quhar tha micht pas:
 And sum sais yhet the folk that was
 65 In the castell, quhen nicht can fall,
 For that tha knew thar mischef all,
 Tha went furth ner all that tha war
 And duris and windowis with tham bar,
 Sa that tha had before the day
 70 Briggit the pulis, sa that tha
 War passit our evirilkane,
 And the hard feld on hors has tane
 All redy for to gif battale
 Arait intill thar apparale.

C.

The Scottismen, quhen it was day,
 Thar mes devoutly herd tha say,

- Syn tuk ane sop and mad tham yhar :
 And, quhen tha all assemblit war
 5 And in thar battalis all purvait
 With thar brad baneris all displait,
 Tha mad knichtis as it efferis
 To men that usis tha misteris.
 The king mad Walter Steward knicht,
 10 And James of Douglas that was wicht,
 And othir als of gret bounte
 He mad ilkane in thar degre.
 Quhen this was done that I yhou say,
 Tha went all furth in gud aray
 15 And tuk the plane full apertly.
 Mony gud man wicht and hardy
 That war fulfillit of gret bounte
 Intill tha routis men nicht se.
 The Inglisamen on othir party,
 20 That richt as angelis schane brichtly,
 War nocht arait on sic maner,
 For all thar battalis sammyn wer
 In a schiltrum. Bot, quhethir it was
 Throu the gret stratnes of the plas
 25 That tha war in to bid fichting,
 Or that it was for abasing,
 I wat nocht, bot in a schiltrum
 It semit tha war all and sum,
 Outane the vaward anerly
 30 That with ane richt gret cumpany
 Be thamselvin arait war
 And till the battale mad tham yhar.

- That folk ourtuk ane mekill feld
 On bred, quhar mony ane schynand scheld,
 35 And mony ane burnist bricht armour,
 And mony ane man of gret valour,
 And mony ane baner bricht and schene,
 Micht in that gret schiltrum be sene.
 And, quhen the king of Ingland
 40 Saw Scottismen sa tak on hand
 To tak the hard feld sa planly
 And apon fut, he had ferly,
 And said, 'Quhat! will yhon Scottis ficht?'
 'Yha sekirly, schir,' said ane knicht.
 45 Schir Ingeram Umphravill hat he,
 And said, 'Forsuth, schir, now I se
 All the mast ferlyfull sicht
 That evir I saw, quhen for to ficht
 The Scottismen has tane on hand
 50 Agane the gret micht of Ingland
 In plane hard feld to gif battale:
 Bot, and yhe will trow my consale,
 Yhe sall discumfit tham lichtly.
 Withdrawis yhou hine sudanly
 55 With battalis, baneris, and pennounis,
 Quhill that we pas our palyheounis,
 And yhe sall se alsone that tha
 Magre thar lordis sall brek aray
 And scale tham our harnas to ta:
 60 And, quhen we se tham scalit sa,
 Prik we than on tham hardely,
 And we sall haf tham wele lichtly,

- For than sall nane be knit to ficht
 That may withstand our mekill micht.'
- 65 'I will nocht,' said the king, 'perfay
 Do sa, for thar sall na man say
 That I suld eschew the battale
 Na withdraw me for sic rangale.'
 Quhen this was said that er said I,
- 70 The Scottismen all full devoutly
 Tha knelit down to God to pray,
 And ane schort prayer thar mad tha
 To God till help tham in that ficht.
 And, quhen the Inglis king had sicht
- 75 Of tham kneland, he said in hy,
 'Yhon folk knelis till ask mersy.'
 Schir Ingeram said, 'Yhe say suth now;
 Tha ask mersy, bot nocht at yhou;
 For thar trespas to God tha cry.
- 80 I tell yhou a thing sekirly,
 That yhon men will win all or de,
 For dout of ded tha sall nocht fle.'
 'Now be it sa,' than said the king,
 'We sall it se.' But delaying
- 85 He gert trump till the assemble.
 On athir sid than men micht se
 Full mony wicht man and worthy
 All redy till do chevelry.

CI.

Thus war tha boun on athir sid;
 And Inglismen with mekill prid,
 That war intill thar avaward,
 Till the battale that Schir Eduard
 5 Governit and led held straucht thar way.
 The hors with spuris hardnit tha
 And prikit apon tham sturdely,
 And tha met tham richt hardely,
 Sa that at the assemble thar
 10 Sic ane frusching of speris war
 That fer away men nicht it her.
 At thar meting forouten wer
 War stedis stekit mony ane,
 Mony gud man born doun and slane,
 15 And mony ane hardyment doughtely
 Was thar eschevit: full hardely
 Tha dang on othir with wapnis ser:
 Sum of the hors that stekit wer
 Ruschit and relit richt rudly.
 20 Bot the remanand nocht forthi
 That nicht cum till the assembling
 For that let mad richt na stinting,
 Bot assemblit full hardely,
 And tha met tham full sturdely
 25 With speris that war scharp to scher
 And axis that wele grundin wer,

Quharwith was raucht mony ane rout.
 The ficht was thar sa fell and stout
 That mony worthy man and wicht
 30 Throu fors was fellit in that ficht
 That had na micht to ris agane.
 The Scottismen fast can tham pane
 Thar fais mekill micht to rus:
 I trow tha sall na pane refus
 35 Na perill quhill thar fais be
 Set intill hard perplexite.

CII.

And, quhen the erl of Murref sa
 Thar avaward saw stoutly ga
 The way to Schir Eduard all straucht,
 That met tham with full mekill maucht,
 5 He held his way with his baner
 To the gret rout quhar sammyn wer
 The nyn battalis that war sa brad,
 That sa fele baneris with tham had
 And of men sa gret quantite
 10 That it war wondir for to se.
 The gud erl thiddir tuk the way
 With his battale in gud array,
 And assemblit sa hardely
 Quhill men micht her that had bene by

- 15 Ane gret frusch of the speris that brast,
For thar fais assalyheit fast
That on stedis with mekill prid
Com prikan as tha wald ourrid
The erl and all his cumpany.
- 20 Bot tha met tham sa sturdely
That mony of tham till erd tha bar,
And mony ane sted was stekit thar,
And mony gud man fellit undir fet
That had na power to ris up yhet.
- 25 Thar men nicht se ane hard battale,
And sum defend, and sum assale,
And mony ane riall rimmill rid
Be raucht thar apon athir sid,
Quhill throu the birneis brast the blud
- 30 That till the erd doun stremand yhud.
The erl of Murref and his men
Sa stoutly tham contenit then
That tha wan plas ay mar and mar
On thar fais, the quhethir tha war
- 35 Ay ten for ane, or ma perfay,
Sa that it semit wele that tha
War tynt emang sa gret menyhe
As tha war plungit in the se.
And, quhen the Inglismen has sene
- 40 The erl and all his men bedene
Ficht sa stoutly but affraying
Richt as tha had nane abasing,
Tha pressit tham with all thar nicht;
And tha with speris and suerdis bricht

- 45 And axis that richt scharply schar,
 In mid the visage met tham thar.
 Thar men nicht se ane stalward stour,
 And mony men of gret valour
 With speris, masis, and with knifis,
 50 And othir wapnis wissill lifis,
 Sa that mony fell down all ded:
 The gyrs wox with the blud all red.
 The erl that wicht was and worthy
 And his men faucht sa manfully,
 55 That, quhasa had sene tham that day,
 I trow forsuth that tha suld say
 That tha suld do thar devour wele
 Sa that thar fais suld it fele.

CIII.

- Quhen that thir twa first battalis wer
 Assemblit, as I said yhou er,
 The Steward Walter that than was
 And the gud lord als of Douglas
 5 In a battale, quhen that tha saw
 The erl forouten dred or aw
 Assemmill with his cumpany
 On all that folk sa sturdely,
 For till help him tha held thar way
 10 With thar battale in gud aray,

- And assemblit sa hardely
 Besid the erl ane litill by,
 That thar fais feld thar cuming wele,
 For with wapnis stalward of stele
 15 Tha dang on tham with all thar nicht.
 Thar fais resavit tham wele, I hicht,
 With suerdis, speris, and with mas;
 The battale thar sa feloun was,
 And sa richt gret spilling of blud,
 20 That on the erd the flussis stud;
 The Scottismen sa wele tham bar,
 And sa gret slauchtir mad tha thar,
 And fra sa fele the lifis revit,
 That all the feld was bludy levit.
 25 That tym thir thre battalis wer
 All sid be sid fichtand wele ner,
 Thar nicht men her richt mony dint
 And wapnis apon armour stint,
 And se tummill knichtis and stedis,
 30 With mony rich and riall wedis
 Defoulit rudly undir fet;
 Sum held on loft, sum tynt the suet.
 Ane lang quhile thus fichtand tha wer
 That men na noys na cry nicht her;
 35 Men herd nocht els bot granis, and dintis
 That alew fyr as men dois on flintis;
 Sa faucht tha ilkane egirly
 That tha mad nouthir noys na cry,
 Bot dang on othir at thar nicht
 40 With wapnis that war burnist bricht.

- The arowis als sa thik tha flaw,
 That tha nicht se wele that tham saw
 That tha ane hidwis schour can ma,
 For quhar tha fell, I undirta,
 45 Tha left eftir tham takinning
 That sall ned, as I trow, leching.
 The Inglis archaris schot sa fast
 That, nicht thar schot haf ony last,
 It had bene hard to Scottismen :
 50 Bot King Robert, that wele can ken
 That the archaris war peralous,
 And thar schot hard and richt grevous
 Ordanit forouth the assemble
 His marschall with ane gret menyhe,
 55 Fif hundreth armit wele in stele
 That on licht hors war horsit wele,
 For to prik emang the archeris,
 And sa assalyhe tham with speris
 That tha na laser haf to schut.
 60 This marschall that I of mut,
 That Schir Robert of Keth was cald
 As I befor haf till yhou tald,
 Quhen that he saw the battalis sa
 Assemmill and togidder ga,
 65 And saw the archaris schut stoutly,
 With all tham of his cumpany
 In hy apon tham can he rid,
 And ourtuk tham at a sid,
 And ruschit emang tham sa rudly,
 70 Strikand tham sa dispitfully,

And in sic fusoun berand doun
 And slayand tham without ransoun,
 That tha tham scalit evirilkane;
 And fra that tym furth thar was nane
 75 That assemblit sic schot to ma.
 Quhen Scottis archaris saw it was sa
 Tha war rebutit, tha wox hardy,
 With all thar micht schot egirly
 Emang the horsmen that thar rad,
 80 And woundis wid to tham tha mad,
 And slew of tham ane full gret dele.
 Tha bar tham hardely and wele,
 For, fra thar fais archaris war
 Scalit as I haf said yhou ar,
 85 That ma then tha war be gret thing,
 Sa that tha dred nocht thar schuting,
 Tha wox sa hardy that tham thocht
 Tha suld set all thar fais at nocht.

CIV.

The marschall and his cumpany
 Was yhet, as till yhou er said I,
 Emang the archaris, quhar tha mad
 With speris roum quhar that tha rad,
 5 And slew all that tha micht ourta:
 And tha wele lichtly micht do sa,

For tha had nocht ane strak to stint
 Na for to hald agane ane dint,
 And agane armit men to ficht
 10 May nakit men haf litill nicht.
 Tha scalit tham on sic maner
 That sum to thar gret battale wer
 Withdrawin tham in full gret hy,
 And sum war fled all utrely.
 15 Bot the folk that behind tham was,
 That for thar awn folk had na spas
 Yhet to cum till the assembling,
 In agane smertly can tha ding
 The archaris that tha met fleand,
 20 That than war mad sa recreand
 That thar hartis war tynt clenly :
 I trow tha sall nocht scath gretly
 The Scottismen with schot that day.
 And the gud king Robert, that ay
 25 Was fillit full of gret bounte,
 Saw how that his battalis thre
 Sa hardely assemblit thar,
 And sa wele in the ficht tham bar,
 And sa fast on thar fais can ding,
 30 That him thocht nane had abasing,
 And how the archaris war scalit then,
 He was all blith, and till his men
 He said, 'Lordingis, now luk that yhe
 Worthy and of gud covyn be
 35 At this assemble, and hardy,
 And assemmill sa sturdely

- That nathing may befor yhou stand.
 Our men sa freschly ar fichtand
 That tha thar fais has cummerit sa
 40 That, be tha pressit, I undirta,
 Ane litill fastar, yhe sall se
 That tha discumfit sone sall be.
 Quhen this was said, tha held thar way,
 And on a sid assemblit tha
 45 Sa stoutly that at thar cuming
 Thar fais war ruschit ane gret thing.
 Thar men nicht se men freschly ficht,
 And men that worthy war and wicht
 Do mony worthy vassalage.
 50 Tha faucht as tha war in ane rage:
 For, quhen the Scottis enkirly
 Saw thar fais sa sturdely
 Stand into battale tham agane,
 With all thar nicht and all thar mane
 55 Tha laid on as men out of wit,
 And, quhar tha with full strak nicht hit,
 Thar nicht na arming stint thar strak:
 Tha to-fruschit tham tha nicht ourtak,
 And with axis sic duschis gaf
 60 That tha helmis and hedis claf:
 And thar fais richt hardely
 Met tham and dang on douchtely
 With wapnis that war stith of stele.
 Thar was the battale strikin wele:
 65 Sa gret dinning thar was of dintis,
 As wapnis apon armour stintis,

And of speris sa gret bristing,
 And sic thrawing, and sic thristing,
 Sic girning, graning, and sa gret
 70 Ane noys, as tha can othir bet
 And cryit ensenyheis on ilka sid,
 Gifand and takand woundis wid,
 That it was hidwis for till her
 All four the battalis wicht that wer
 75 Fichtand in a front halely.
 Almichty God! full douchtely
 Schir Eduard the Brus and his men
 Emang thar fais contenit tham then,
 Fichtand intill sa gud covyn,
 80 Sa hardy, worthy, and sa fyn,
 That thar avaward ruschit was,
 And magre tharis left the plas,
 And till thar gret rout till warand
 Tha went, that than had apon hand
 85 Sa gret noy that tha war affrait,
 For Scottismen tham hard assait
 That than war in ane schiltrum all.
 Quha hapnit in that ficht to fall,
 I trow agane he sall nocht ris:
 90 Thar men micht se on mony wis
 Hardymentis eschevit douchtely,
 And mony that wicht war and hardy
 Doun undir fet lyand all ded,
 Quhar all the feld of blud was red:
 95 Armouris and quentis that tha bar
 With blud war sa defoulit thar

- That tha nicht nocht discrivit be.
 A! mighty God, quha than nicht se
 The Steward Walter and his rout,
 100 And the gud Douglas that was stout,
 Fichtand intill that stalward stour,
 He suld say that till all honour
 Tha war worthy that in that ficht
 Sa fast pressit thar fais nicht
 105 That tha tham ruschit quhar tha yhed:
 Thar nicht men se mony ane sted
 Fleand on stray that lord had nane.
 A! Lord, quha than gud tent had tane
 Till the gud erl of Murref
 110 And his, that sa gret routis gef,
 And faucht sa fast in that battale,
 Tholand sic panis and travale,
 That tha and tharis mad sic debat
 That quhar tha com tha mad tham gat:
 115 Than nicht men her ensenyheis cry,
 And Scottismen cry hardely,
 'On tham! on tham! on tham! they fale.'
 With that sa hard tha can assale,
 And slew all that tha nicht ourta,
 120 And the Scottis archaris alsua
 Schot emang tham sa sturdely,
 Engrevand tham sa gretumly,
 That, quhat for tham that with tham faucht,
 And sa gret routis till tham raucht,
 125 And pressit tham full egirly,
 And quhat for arowis that felly

Mony gret woundis can tham ma
 And slew fast of thar hors alsua,
 That tha wandist ane litill we.
 130 Tha dred sa gretly than to de
 That thar covyn was wer then er,
 For tha that with tham fichtand wer
 Set hardyment and strinth and will,
 And hart and curage als thartill,
 135 And all thar mane and all thar nicht,
 And put tham fouly to the flicht.

CV.

In this tym that I tell of her
 That the battale on this maner
 Was strikin, quhar on athir party
 Tha war fichtand richt manfully,
 5 Yhemmen and swanis and pouerale,
 That in the Park to yhem vittale
 War left, quhen tha wist but lesing
 That thar lordis with fell fichting
 On thar fais assemblit war,
 10 Ane of thamselvin that was thar
 Capitane of tham all tha mad,
 And schetis that war sumdele brad
 Tha festnit insted of baneris.
 Apon lang treis and on speris,

- 15 And said that tha wald se the ficht
 And help thar lordis at thar nicht.
 Quhen hertill all assentit war,
 In a rout tha assemblit ar;
 Fiften thousand tha war and ma;
 20 And than in gret hy can tha ga
 With thar baneris all in a rout
 As tha had men bene stith and stout.
 Tha com with all that assemble
 Richt quhill tha nicht the battale se,
 25 Than all at anis tha gaf ane cry,
 'Apon tham, on tham hardely!'
 And tharwithall cumand ar tha,
 Bot tha war yhet wele fer away.
 And Inglismen that ruschit war
 30 Throu fors of ficht, as I said ar,
 Quhen tha saw cum with sic ane cry
 Toward tham sic ane cumpany,
 That tha thocht wele als mony war
 As that war fichtand with tham thar,
 35 And tha befor had tham nocht sene,
 Than wit yhe wele withouten wene
 Tha war abasit sa gretumly
 That the best and the mast hardy
 That war intill the host that day
 40 Wald with thar mensk haf bene away.
 The king Robert be thar reling
 Saw tha war ner discumfiting,
 And his ensenyhe can hely cry,
 Than with tham of his cumpany

- 45 His fais pressit sa fast that tha
War than intill sa gret affray
That tha left plas ay mar and mar,
For all the Scottismen that war thar,
Quhen tha saw tham eschew the ficht,
50 Dang on tham sa with all thar nicht
That tha scalit in tropellis ser
And till discumfitur war ner,
And sum of tham fled all planly;
Bot tha that wicht war and hardy,
55 That scham lettit to ta the flicht,
At gret mischef mantemit the ficht
And stithly in the stour can stand.
And, quhen the king of Inland
Saw his men fle in sindry plas,
60 And saw his fais rout that was
Worthin sa wicht and sa hardy
That all his folk war halely
Sa stonait that tha had na nicht
To stint thar fais in the ficht,
65 He was abasit sa gretumly
That he and all his cumpany,
Fif hundreth armit wele at richt,
Intill a frusch all tuk the flicht
And till the castell held thar way.
70 And yhet haf I herd sum men say,
That of Vallanch Schir Amer,
Quhen he the feld saw vencust ner,
Be the renyhe led away the king
Agane his will fra the fighting.

- 75 And, quhen Schir Gylis de Argente
 Saw the king thus and his menyhe
 Schap tham to fle sa spedaly,
 He com richt till the king in hy,
 And said, 'Schir, sen that it is sa
 80 That yhe thusgat yhour gat will ga,
 Hafis gud day, for agane will I;
 Yhet fled I nevir sekirly,
 And I ches her to bid and de
 Then to lif schamfully and fle.'
 85 His bridill than but mar abad
 He turnit, and agane he rad,
 And on Eduard the Brusis rout
 That was sa sturdy and sa stout,
 As dred of nakyn thing had he,
 90 He prikit cryand 'Argente!'
 And tha with spuris sa him met,
 And sa fele speris on him set,
 That he and hors war chargit sa
 That bath doun till the erd can ga,
 95 And in that plas than slane was he.
 Of his ded was richt gret pite;
 He was the thrid best knicht, perfay,
 That men wist lifand in his day;
 He did mony ane far journe;
 100 On Sarasenis thre derenyheis did he;
 And in ilk derenyhe of tha
 He vencust Sarasenis twa.
 His gret worschip tuk thar ending.
 And fra Schir Amer with the king

- 105 Was fled, was nane that durst abid,
Bot fled scalit on ilka sid,
And thar fais tham pressit fast;
Tha war, to say suth, sa agast,
And fled sa richt affraitly,
110 That of tham ane full gret party
Fled to the watir of Forth, and thar
The mast part of tham drounit war;
And Bannokburn betuix the brais
Of hors and men sa chargit was
115 That apon drounit hors and men
Men nicht pas dry atour it then;
And laddis, swanis, and rangale,
Quhen tha saw vencust the battale,
Ran emang tham, and sa can sla
120 Tha folk that na defens nicht ma
That it war pite for to se.
I herd nevir quhar in na cuntre
Folk at sa gret mischef war stad;
On a sid tha thar fais had
125 That slew tham down without mersy,
And tha had on the tothir party
Bannokburn that sa cummirsum was
Of slik and depnes for to pas
That thar nicht nane atour it rid;
130 Tham worthit magre tharis abid,
Sa that sum slane, sum drounit war,
Micht nane eschap that evir com thar;
The quhethir mony gat away
And fled full fast, as I herd say.

- 135 The king with tham he with him had
In a rout till the castell rad,
And wald haf bene tharin, for tha
Wist nocht quhat gat to get away.
Bot Philip the Mowbra said him till,
140 'The castell, schir, is at yhour will,
Bot, cum yhe in it, yhe sall se
That yhe sall sone assegit be,
And thar sall nane of all Ingland
To mak yhou rescours tak on hand,
145 And but rescours may na castele
Be haldin lang. Yhe wat this wele;
Tharfor confort yhou, and rely
Yhour men about yhou richt stratly,
And haldis about the Park the way,
150 Knit yhou als sadly as yhe may,
For I trow that nane sall haf micht
That chasis, with sa fele to ficht.'
And as he consalit tha haf done,
Beneth the castell went tha sone
155 Richt by the Round Tabill thar way,
And syn the Park enveronit tha,
And toward Lithkow held in hy.
Bot I trow tha sall hastely
Be convoyit with folk that tha
160 I trow micht suffer wele away;
For Schir James lord of Douglas
Com till his king and askit the chas,
And he gaf him lef but abad,
Bot all to few of hors he had,

165 He had nocht in his rout sixty,
 The quethir he sped him hastily
 The way eftir the king to ta.
 Now lat him on his wais ga,
 And eftir this we sall wele tell
 170 Quhat till him in his chas befell.

CVI.

Quhen the gret battale on this wis
 Was discumfit as I devis,
 Quhar thretty thousand thar was ded
 Or drounit into that ilk sted,
 5 And sum war intill handis tane,
 And othir sum thar gat war gane,
 The erl of Herfurd fra the melle
 Departit with ane gret menyhe,
 And straucht to Bothwell tuk the way
 10 That than at Inglismentis fay
 Was, and haldin as plas of wer;
 Schir Walter Gilbertson was ther
 Capitane, and it had in ward.
 The erl of Herfurd thiddirward
 15 Held, and was tane in our the wall,
 And fifty of his men withall,
 And set in housis sindrely,
 Sa that tha had thar na mastery.

- The laf went toward Ingland:
20 Bot of that rout, I tak on hand,
The thre partis war tane or slane,
The laf with gret pane ham ar gane.
Schir Moris alsua the Berclay
Fra the gret battale held his way
25 With ane gret rout of Walismen:
Quharevir tha yhed men nicht tham ken,
For tha wele ner all nakit war,
Or lining clathis had, but mar.
Tha held thar wais in full gret hy,
30 Bot mony of thar cumpany
Or tha till Ingland com, war tane,
And mony als of tham war slane.
Tha fled als othir wais ser,
Bot till the castell that was ner
35 Of Strevilling fled sic ane menyhe
That it was wondir for to se,
For the craggis all helit war
About the castell her and thar
Of tham that for strinth of that sted
40 Thiddirward to warand fled:
And, for tha war sa fele that thar
Fled undir the castell war,
The king Robert that was witty
Held ay his gud men ner him by
45 For dred agane that ris suld tha.
This was the caus, for suth to say,
Quharthron the king of Ingland
Eschapit ham intill his land.

CVII.

Quhen that the feld sa clene was mad
 Of Inglismen that nane abad,
 The Scottismen sone tuk in hand
 Of tharis all that evir tha fand,
 5 [Silver and gold, clathis and arming,
 And veschall, and all othir thing
 That evir tha nicht lay on thar hand:
 Sa gret riches thar tha fand]
 That mony man was mighty mad
 10 Of the riches that tha thar had.
 Quhen this was done that her say I,
 The king send ane gret cumpany
 Up to the crag tham till assale
 That war fled fra the gret battale,
 15 And tha tham yhald forout debat,
 And in hand has tham tane fat hat,
 Syn to the king tha went thar way.
 Tha dispendit haly that day
 In spulyheing and riches taking
 20 Fra end was mad of the fichting:
 And, quhen tha nakit spulyheit war
 That war slane in the battale thar,
 It was forsuth ane gret ferly
 To se sammyn sa fele ded ly.
 25 Sevin hundreth paris of spuris red
 War tane of knichtis that war ded.

The erl of Glousister ded was thar
That men callit Schir Gilbert of Clar,
And Gylis de Argente alsua,
30 And Payn Typtot, and othir ma
That thar namis nocht tell can I.
And apon Scottismenis party
Thar was slane worthy knichtis twa ;
Wilyham Vepount was ane of tha,
35 And Schir Walter the Ros ane othir,
That Schir Eduard the kingis brothir
Lufit and held in sic dante
That as himself him lufit he.
And, quhen he wist that he was ded,
40 He was sa wa and will of red
That he said, makand full evill cher,
That him wald levar that journe wer
Undone then he sa ded had bene.
Outakin him, men has nocht sene
45 Quhar he for ony man mad mening ;
And the caus was of this lufing,
That he his sistir per amouris
Lufit, and held all at rebouris
His awn wif dam Ysabell ;
50 And tharfor sa gret distans fell
Betuix him and the erl Davy
Of Athol, brothir to this lady,
That he apon Sanct Johnis nicht,
Quhen bath the kingis war boun to ficht,
55 In Cambuskynneth the kingis vittale
He tuk, and sadly gert assale

Schir Wilyham of Herth, and him slew,
 And with him men ma then enew;
 Quharfor syn intill Ingland
 60 He was banist, and all his land
 Was sent as forfalt till the king,
 That did tharof syn his liking.

CVIII.

Quhen the feld, as I tald yhou ar
 Was dispulyheit and left all bar,
 The king and all his cumpany,
 Blith and joyfull, glad and mery
 5 Of the gras that tham fallin was,
 Toward thar innis thar wais tais
 To rest tham, for tha wery war.
 Bot for the erl Gilbert of Clar,
 That slane was in the battale plas,
 10 The king sumdele anoyit was,
 For till him ner wele sib was he.
 Than till ane kirk he gert him be
 Brocht and wakit all that nicht,
 And on the morn, quhen day was licht,
 15 The king ras as his willis was.
 Than till ane Inglis knicht throu cas
 Hapnit that he yhed waverand
 Sa that na man laid on him hand:

- In ane busk he hid his arming,
 20 And watit quhill he saw the king
 In the morning cum furth arly :
 Till him than is he went in hy.
 Schir Marmeduk le Tweng he hicht :
 He rakit till the king all richt,
 25 And halsit him apon his kne.
 'Welcum, Schir Marmeduk,' said he,
 'To quhat man art thou presoner ?'
 'To nane,' he said, 'bot till yhou her
 I yheld me at yhour will to be.'
 30 'And I resaf the, schir,' said he.
 Than gert he tret him curtasly :
 He duelt lang in his cumpany,
 And syn in Inghland him send he,
 Arait wele, but ransoun fre,
 35 And gaf him gret giftis tharto :
 Ane worthy man that suld sa do
 Micht mak him gretly for to pris.
 Quhen Marmeduk apon this wis
 Was yholdin, as I till yhou say,
 40 Than com Schir Philip the Mowbra
 And till the king yhald the castele :
 His cunand has he haldin wele,
 And with him tretit sa the king
 That he becom of his duelling,
 45 And held him lelely his fay
 Quhill the last end of his lifday.

CIX.

Now will we of the lord Douglas
 Tell how he folowit the chas.
 He had quhene in his cumpany,
 Bot he sped him in full gret hy,
 5 And, as he by the Torwod fur,
 He met ridand in the mur
 Schir Lowrens of Abyrnethy,
 That with four scor in cumpany
 Com for till help the Inglisemen,
 10 For he was Inglisman yhet then.
 Bot, quhen that he herd how it wes,
 He left the Inglisemenis pes,
 And till the lord Douglas richt thar
 For to be lele and trew he swar :
 15 And than tha bath folowit the chas,
 And, or the king of Ingland was
 Passit Lithkow, tha com sa ner
 With all the folk that with tham wer
 That wele emang tham schut tha nicht,
 20 Bot tha thocht tham our few to ficht
 With the gret rout that tha had thar,
 For fif hundreth armit tha war.
 Togidder sarraly rad tha,
 And held tham spon bridill ay ;
 25 Tha war governit full wittely,
 For it semit ay tha war redy

For till defend tham at thar nicht,
 Gif tha assalyheit war in ficht;
 And the lord Douglas and his men,
 30 Thouch that he wald nocht schap him then
 For to ficht with tham all planly,
 He convoyit tham sa narrowly
 That of the henmast ay tuk he :
 Micht nane behind his falowis be
 35 Nocht ane stane-cast, than he in hy
 Was ded or tane deliverly,
 That nane rescours wald till him ma,
 Although he lufit him nevir sa.
 On this wis tham convoyit he
 40 Quhill that the king and his menyhe
 To Winchburch all cumin ar;
 Than lichtit tha all that war thar
 To bayt thar hors that war wery,
 And Douglas and his cumpauny
 45 Baytit alsua besid tham ner.
 Tha war sa fele withouten wer,
 And in armis sa clenly dicht,
 And sa arait ay to ficht,
 And he sa quhene and but gadring,
 50 That he wald nocht in plane fichting
 Assale tham, bot ay rad tham by,
 Watand his poynt ay ithandly.
 Ane litill quhile tha baytit thar,
 And syn lap on, and furth tha far,
 55 And he was alwais by tham ner,
 He let tham nocht haf sic laser

- As anis watir for to ma,
And, gif that ony stad war sa
That he behind left ony spas,
60 Sesit all sone in hand he was.
Tha convoyit tham apon this wis
Qubill that the king and his rout is
Cumin to the castell of Dunbar,
Quhar he and sum of his men war
65 Resavit richt wele, for yhet than
The erl Patrik was Inglisman,
That gert with met and drink alsua
Refresch tham wele, and syn gert ta
Ane bat, and send the king be se
70 To Balmeburch in his awn cuntre.
Thar hors thar left tha all on stray,
Bot sesit wele sone I trow war tha.
The laf that levit war without
Adressit tham intill a rout,
75 And till Berwik held straucht the way
In rout; bot, and we suth sall say,
Tha levit of thar rout party
Or tha com thar; bot nocht forthi
Tha com to Berwik wele, and thar
80 Intill the toun resavit war,
Ellis at gret mischef had tha bene.
The gud lord Douglas, quhen he has sene
That he had lesit all his pane,
Toward the king he went agane.
-

CX.

The king eschapit on this wis.
Lo! quhat falding in fortoun is,
That quhile apon ane man will smile,
And prik him syn ane othir quhile;
5 In na tym stabilly can scho stand.
This mighty king of Ingland
Scho had set on hir quhele on hicht,
Quhen with sa ferlyfull ane nicht
Of men of armis, and archeris,
10 And of futmen, and hobeleris,
He com ridand out of his land
As I befor haf born on hand,
And in a nicht syn and a day
Scho set him in sa hard assay
15 That he with sevintene in ane bat
Was fane for till hald ham his gat.
Bot of this ilk quhelis turning
King Robert suld mak na murning,
For his sid throu the quhele on hicht
20 Vencust thar fais was mekill of nicht.
For twa contraris, yhe may wit wele,
Set agane othir on a quhele,
Quhen ane is he, the tothir is law,
And, gif it fall that fortoun thraw
25 The quhele about, it that on hicht
Was er, on fors it mon doun licht,

- And it that wondir law was er
 Mon lep on loft in the contrer.
 Sa fur it of thir kingis twa :
 30 Quhen the king Robert stad was sa
 That in his gret mischef was he,
 The tothir was in his majeste;
 And, quhen the king Eduardis nicht
 Was lawit, king Robert lap on hicht,
 35 And now sic fortoun fell him till
 That he was he and at his will.
 At Strevilling was he yhet lyand,
 And the gret lordis that he fand
 Ded in the feld he gert bery
 40 In haly plas honorabilly,
 And the laf syn that ded war thar
 Intill gret pittis erdit war.
 The castell and the touris syn
 Richt to the ground doun gert he myn,
 45 And syn to Bothwell send has he
 Schir Eduard with ane gret menyhe,
 For thar was fra thine send him word
 That the rich erl of Herfurd
 And othir mighty als was thar.
 50 Sa tretit he with Schir Waltar
 That erl and castell and the laf
 In Schir Eduardis hand he gaf.
 And till the king the erl send he,
 That gert him richt wele yhemit be,
 55 Quhill at the last tha tretit sa
 That he till Ingland ham suld ga

Withouten paying of ransoun fre,
And that for him suld changit be
Bischop Robert that blind was mad,
60 And the quene that tha takin had
In presoun, as befor said I,
And hir dochtir dam Marjory.
The erl was changit for thir thre:
And, quhen tha cumin ham war fre,
65 The kingis dochtir that was far,
And was als his aperand ar,
With Walter Steward can he wed,
And tha wele sone gat of thar bed
Ane knaf child throu our Lordis gras
70 That eftir his gud eldfadir was
Callit Robert, and syn was king
And had the land in governing
Eftir his worthy eme Davy
That ringit twa yher and fourty.
75 And in tym of the compiling
Of this buk this Robert was king,
And of his kinrik passit was
Fif yher, and was the yher of gras
Ane thousand, thre hundreth, sevinty
80 And fif, and of his eld sixty;
And that was eftir that the gud king
Robert was brocht till his ending
Sex and fourty wintir but mar.
God grant that tha that cumin ar
85 Of his offspring mantem the land,
And hald the folk wele till warand,

And mantem richt and ek lawte,
 Als wele as in his tym did he.

CXI.

King Robert now was wele at hicht,
 For ilk day than grew mar his micht.
 His men war rich, and his cuntre
 Aboundit wele of corn and fe
 5 And of alkyn othir riches;
 Mirth and solas and blithnes
 Was in the land all comonly,
 For ilk man blith was and joly.
 The king eftir the gret journe
 10 Throu red of his consale preve
 In ser tounis gert cry on hicht,
 That quhasa clamit till haf richt
 To hald in Scotland land or fe,
 That in that tuelf-moneth suld he
 15 Cum and clam it, and tharfor do
 Till the king that pertenit tharto;
 And, gif tha com nocht in that yher,
 Than suld tha wit withouten wer
 That herd thareftir nane suld be.
 20 The king that was of gret bounte
 And besynes, quhen this was done,
 Ane host gert summon eftir sone,

And went syn sone intill Ingland,
 And ourrad all Northumbirland,
 25 And brint housis, and tuk the pray,
 And syn went ham agane thar way.
 I lat it schortly pas forby,
 For thar was na gret chevelry
 Prufit that was to spek of her.
 30 The king went oft on this maner
 In Ingland for to rich his men
 That in riches aboundit then.

CXII.

The erl of Carrik Schir Eduard,
 That stoutar was then ane libard
 And had na will to be in pes,
 Thocht that Scotland to litill wes
 5 Till his brothir and him alsua:
 Tharfor to purpos can he ta
 That he of Irland wald be king.
 Tharfor he send and had treting
 With Erischry of Irland,
 10 That in thar lawte tuk on hand
 Of Irland for to mak him king,
 Withthi that he with hard fichting
 Micht ourcum the Inglismen
 That in the land war wonnand then,

- 15 And tha suld help with all thar micht.
 And he that herd tham mak sic hicht
 Intill his hart had gret liking,
 And with the consent of the king
 Gaderit him men of gret bounte,
 20 And at Ar syn schippit he
 Intill the nest moneth of May.
 Till Irland held he straucht his way:
 He had than in his cumpany
 The erl Thomas that was worthy,
 25 And gud Schir Philip the Mowbra
 That sekir was in hard assay,
 Schir Johne the Soulis ane gud knicht,
 And Schir Johne Steward that was wicht,
 The Ramsay als of Ouchtirhous
 30 That was richt wicht and chevelrous,
 And Schir Fergus of Ardrossane,
 And othir knichtis mony ane.
 In Wokingis Firth arivit tha
 Safly but bargane or assay,
 35 And send thar schippis ham ilkane.
 Ane gret thing haf tha undirtane
 That with sa quhene as tha war thar,
 That was sex thousand men but mar,
 Schup for to warray all Irland,
 40 Quhar tha sall se mony thousand
 Cum armit on tham for to ficht.
 Bot, thouch tha quhene war, tha war wicht,
 And forouten dred or affray
 In twa battalis tha tuk the way

- 45 Toward Cragfergus it to se.
 Bot the lordis of that cuntre,
 Mandwell, Besat, and Logane,
 Thar men assemblit evirilkane;
 The Savagis was alsua thar;
 50 And, quhen tha all assemblit war,
 Tha war wele ner twenty thousand.
 Quhen tha wist that intill thar land
 Sic ane menyhe arivit war,
 With all the folk that tha had thar
 55 Tha went toward tham in gret hy.
 And, fra Schir Eduard wist suthly
 That ner till him cumand war tha,
 His men he gert richt wele aray:
 The vaward had the erl Thomas,
 60 And in the rerward Schir Eduard was.
 Thar fais approchit to the fichting,
 And tha met tham but abasing.
 Thar men nicht se ane gret melle,
 For erl Thomas and his menyhe
 65 Dang on thar fais sa douchtely
 That in schort tym men nicht se ly
 Ane hundreth that all bludy war,
 For hobynis that war stekit thar
 Rerit and flang, and gret roum mad,
 70 And kest tham that apon tham rad:
 And Schir Eduardis cumpany
 Assemblit syn sa hardely
 That tha thar fais ruschit all.
 Quha hapnit in that ficht to fall,

- 75 It was perill of his rising.
 The Scottismen in that fighting
 Sa apertly and wele tham bar
 That thar fais sa ruschit war
 That tha haly the ficht has tane.
- 80 In that battale was tane or slane
 All hale the flour of Ullister.
 The erl of Murref gret pris had ther,
 For his [richt] worthy chevelry
 Confortit all his cumpany.
- 85 This was ane full far beginning,
 For newlingis at thar ariving
 In plane ficht tha discumfit thar
 Thar fais that ay four for ane war.
 Syn to Cragfergus ar tha gane,
- 90 And in the toun has innis tane.
 The castell wele was stuffit then
 Of new with vittale and with men:
 Thartill tha set ane sege in hy,
 And mony isch full apertly
- 95 Was mad quhile thar the segis lay,
 Quhill trewis at the last tuk tha.
 Quhen that the folk of Ullister
 Till his pes haly cumin wer,
 For Schir Eduard wald tak on hand
- 100 To rid forthirmar in the land,
 Of the kingis of that cuntre
 Thar com till him and mad fewte
 Wele ten or tuelf, as I herd say.
 Bot tha held him schort quhile thar fay,

- 105 For twa of tham, ane Maksulchiane,
 And ane othir hat Makartane,
 Withset ane plas intill his way
 Quhar him behufit ned away
 With twa thousand of men with speris
 110 And als mony of thar archeris,
 And all the catell of the land
 War drawin thiddir till warand.
 Men callis that plas Endirwillane,
 In all Irland stratar is nane.
 115 For Schir Eduard that kepit tha;
 Tha thocht he suld nocht thar away,
 Bot he his viage sone has tane,
 And straucht toward the plas is gane.
 The erl of Murref Schir Thomas,
 120 That put him ay first till assais,
 Lichtit on fut with his menyhe,
 And apertly the plas tuk he.
 The Erisch kingis I spak of ar
 With all the folk that with tham war
 125 Met him richt sturdely; bot he
 Assalyheit sa with his menyhe
 That magre tharis tha wan the plas;
 Slane of thar fais fele thar was;
 Throuout the wod tham chasit tha,
 130 And sesit in sic fusoun the pray
 That all the folk of thar host war
 Refreschit wele ane ouk or mar.
 At Kilsagart Schir Eduard lay,
 And thar wele sone he has herd say

- 135 That at Dundalk was assemble
 Mad of the lordis of that cuntre.
 In host tha war assemblit thar:
 Thar was first Schir Richard of Clar,
 That in all Irland was luftenand
 140 Mad be the king of Ingland:
 The erl of Desmond als was thar,
 And the erl alsua of Kildar,
 The Breman, with the Wardoun,
 That war lordis of gret renoun;
 145 The Butler alsua thar was,
 And Schir Moris le Fiz Thomas.
 Thir with thar men ar cumin thar;
 Ane richt gret host forsuth tha war.
 And, quhen Schir Eduard wist suthly
 150 That thar was sic ane chevelry,
 His host in hy he gert aray,
 And thiddirwardis tuk the way,
 And ner the toun tuk his herbry.
 Bot, for he wist all utrely
 155 That in the toun was mony men,
 His battalis he arait then,
 And stud arait in battale
 To kep tham gif tha wald assale.
 And, quhen that Schir Richard of Clar
 160 And othir lordis that war thar
 Wist that the Scottismen sa ner
 With thar battale than cumin wer,
 Tha tuk to consale that that nicht,
 For it was lat, tha wald nocht ficht,

- 165 Bot on the morn in the morning
 Wele sone eftir the sone rising
 Tha suld isch furth all that war thar;
 Tharfor that nicht tha did na mar
 Bot herbryit tham on athir party.
 170 That nicht the Scottis cumpany
 War wachit richt wele all at richt;
 And on the morn, quhen day was licht,
 In twa battalis tha tham arait;
 Tha stud with baneris all displait,
 175 For the battale all redy boun;
 And tha that war within the toun,
 Quhen sone was risin schynand cler,
 Send furth of tham that within wer
 Fifty to se the contening
 180 Of Scottisamen and thar cuming.
 And tha rad furth and saw tham sone,
 Syn com agane forouten hone;
 And, quhen tha sammyn lichtit war,
 Tha tald thar lordis that was thar
 185 That Scottisamen semit to be
 Worthy and of full gret bounthe;
 'Bot tha ar nocht withouten wer
 Halfdele ane dyner till us her.'
 The lordis had of this tithing
 190 Gret joy and gret reconforting,
 And gert men throu the cite cry
 That all suld arm tham hastely.
 Quhen tha war armit and purvait
 And for the ficht all hale arait,

- 195 Than went tha furth in gud aray.
 Sone with thar fais assemblit tha,
 That kepit tham richt hardely:
 The stour begouth thar cruelly,
 For athir part set all thar micht
 200 To rusch thar fais in the ficht,
 And with all micht on othir dang.
 The stalward stour lestit wele lang,
 That men micht nocht persaf na se
 Quha mast that thar abouin micht be,
 205 For fra sone eftir the sone rising
 Quhill eftir midmorn the fichting
 Lestit intill sic ane dout:
 Bot than Schir Eduard that was stout
 With all tham of his cumpany
 210 Schot apon tham sa sturdely
 That tha micht thole na mar the ficht.
 All in a frusch tha tuk the flicht,
 And tha folowit full egirly;
 Intill the toun all comonly
 215 Tha enterit bath intermelle.
 Thar micht men feloun slauchtir se,
 For the richt nobill erl Thomas
 That with his rout folowit the chas
 Mad sic ane slauchtir in the toun,
 220 And sa feloun occisioun,
 That the rewis all bludy war
 Of slane men that war lyand thar:
 The lordis war gottin all away.
 And, quhen the toun, as I yhou say,

- 225 Was throu gret fors of fighting tane,
 And all thar fais fled or slane,
 Tha herbryit tham all in the toun,
 Quhar of vittale was sic fusoun
 And sa gret aboundans of wyn
 230 That the gud erl had gret doutyn
 That of thar men suld drunken be
 And mak in drunkennes sum melle:
 Tharfor he mad of wyn levere
 Till ilk man that he payit suld be;
 235 And tha had all eneuch perfay.
 That nicht richt wele at es war tha,
 And richt blith of the gret honour
 That tham befell for thar valour.

CXIII.

- E**ftir this ficht tha sojornit thar
 Intill Dundalk thre dais but mar,
 Syn tuk tha southwardis thar way:
 The erl Thomas was forouth ay.
 5 And, as tha rad throu the cuntre,
 Tha nicht apon the hillis se
 Sa mony men it was ferly;
 And, quhen the erl wald sturdely
 Dres him to tham with his baner,
 10 Tha wald fle all that evir tha wer

- Sa that in sicht nocht ane abad;
 And tha southwardis thar wais rad
 Quhill till ane gret forest com tha,
 Kilros it hat, as I herd say,
 15 And tha tuk all thar herbry thar.
 In all this tym Richard of Clar,
 That was the kingis luftenand,
 Of all the barnage of Irland
 Ane gret host he assemblit had:
 20 Tha war fif battalis gret and brad
 That socht Schir Eduard and his men;
 Wele ner him war tha cumin then.
 He gat some witting that tha wer
 Cumand on him, and war sa ner;
 25 His men adressit he tham agane,
 And gert tham stoutly tak the plane.
 And syn the erl thar com to se
 And Schir Philip the Mowbra send he;
 And Schir Johnne Steward went alsua
 30 Furth to discovir the way tha ta.
 Tha saw the host cum sone at hand,
 Tha war to ges fifty thousand;
 Ham till Schir Eduard rad tha then,
 And said wele tha war mony men.
 35 He said agane, 'The ma tha be,
 The mar honour all out haf we,
 Gif that we ber us manfully.
 We ar set her in juperdy
 To win honour or for to de,
 40 We ar fra ham to fer to fle,

- Tharfor lat ilk man worthy be.
 Yhon ar bot gadering of the cuntre,
 And tha sall fle I trow lichtly
 And men assale tham manfully.
 45 All said tha than tha wele suld do.
 With that approchand ner tham to
 The battalis com redy to ficht,
 And tha met tham with mekill micht
 That war ten thousand worthy men.
 50 The Scottis all on fut war then,
 And tha on stedis trappit wele,
 Sum helit all in irn and stele;
 Bot Scottismen at thar meting
 With speris persit thar arming,
 55 And stekit hors, and men doun bar.
 Ane feloun fichting was than thar;
 I can nocht tell thar strakis all,
 Na quha in ficht gert othir fall,
 Bot in schort tyme, I undirta,
 60 Tha of Irland war cummerit sa
 That tha durst than abid na mar,
 Bot fled scalit all that tha war,
 And levit in the battale sted
 Wele mony of thar gud men ded.
 65 Of wapnis, arming, and ded men
 The feld was haly strowit then:
 That gret host rudly ruschit was,
 Bot Schir Eduard let na man chas,
 Bot with presoneris that tha had taue
 70 Tha till the wod agane ar gane

Quhar that thar harnas levit wer.
 That nicht tha mad tham mery cher,
 And lowit God fast of his gras.
 This gud knicht that sa worthy was
 75 Till Judas Machabeus nicht
 Be liknit wele that into ficht
 Forsuk na multitud of men
 Quhile he had ane aganis ten.

CXIV.

Thus, as I said, Richard of Clar
 And his gret host rebutit war:
 Bot he about him nocht forthi
 Was gaderand men ay ithandly,
 5 For he thocht yhet to couir his cast:
 It angerit him richt ferly fast
 That twis intill battale was he
 Discumfit with ane few menyhe.
 And Scottismen that in the forest
 10 War ridin for to tak thar rest,
 All tha twa nichtis thar tha lay,
 And mad tham mirth, solas, and play;
 Toward Odymsey syn tha rad,
 Ane Erische king that ath had mad
 15 To Schir Eduard of fewte,
 For forouth that him prayit he

To se his land, and na vittale
Na nocht that micht him help suld fale.
Schir Eduard trowit in his hicht,
20 And with his rout rad thiddir richt.
Ane gret river he gert him pas,
And in ane richt far plas that was
Lauch by ane burn he gert tham ta
Thar herbry, and said he wald ga
25 To ger men vittale till tham bring;
He held his way but mar duelling.
For to betras tham was his thocht,
In sic ane plas he has tham brocht,
Quharof twa journeis wele and mar
30 All the catell withdrawin war,
Sa that tha in that land micht get
Nathing that worth war for till et:
With hungir he thocht tham till feblis,
Syn bring on tham thar ennemyis.
35 This fals tratour his men had mad
Ane litill owth quhar he herbryit had
Schir Eduard and the Scottismen
The ische of ane loch to den,
And let it out intill the nicht.
40 The watir than with sic ane micht
On Schir Eduardis men com down
That tha in perill war to droun,
For or tha wist on flot war tha:
With mekill pane tha gat away
45 And held thar lif as God gaf gras,
Bot of thar harnas tynt thar was.

He mad tham na gud fest perfay,
 And nocht forthi eneuch had tha,
 For, thouch tham falit of the met,
 50 I warn yhou wele tha war wele wet.
 In gret distres thar war tha stad,
 For gret defalt of met tha had,
 And tha betuix riveris twa
 War set, and nicht pas nane of tha.
 55 The Ban that is ane arm of se
 That with hors may nocht passit be
 Was betuix tham and Ullister.
 Tha had bene in gret perill ther
 Ne war ane scummar of the se,
 60 Thomas of Dun hattin was he,
 Herd that the host sa stratly than
 Was stad, and salit up the Ban
 Quhill he com wele ner quhar tha lay.
 Tha knew him wele, and blith war tha:
 65 Than with four schippis that he had tane
 He set tham our the Ban ilkane:
 And, quhen tha com in biggit land,
 Vittale and met eneuch tha fand,
 And in ane wod tham herbryit tha;
 70 Nane of the land wist quhar tha lay;
 Tha esit tham and mad gud cher.
 Intill that tym besid tham ner
 With ane gret host Schir Richard of Clar
 And othir gret of Irland war
 75 Herbryit intill ane forest sid,
 And ilke day tha gert men rid

- To bring vittale on ser maneris
 To tham fra the toun of Coigneris
 That wele ten gret mile was tham fra.
 80 Ilk day, as tha wald cum and ga,
 Tha com to the Scottis host sa ner
 That bot twa mile betuix tham wer.
 And, quhen erl Thomas persaving
 Had of thar com and thar ganging,
 85 He gat him ane gud cumpany,
 Thre hundreth on hors wicht and hardy.
 Thar was Schir Philip the Mowbra,
 And Schir John Steward als perfay,
 With Schir Alane Steward alsua,
 90 Schir Robert Boyd, and othir ma:
 Tha rad to met the vittaleris
 That with thar vittale fra Coigneris
 Com haldand to thar host the way.
 Sa sudanly on tham schot tha
 95 That tha war sa abasit all
 That tha let all thar wapnis fall
 And mersy pitwisly can cry;
 And tha tuk tham in thar mersy,
 And has tham up sa clenly tane
 100 That of tham all eschapit nane.
 The erl of tham he had witting
 That of thar host in the evinning
 Wald cum out at the woddis sid
 And aganis thar vittale rid.
 105 He thoct than on ane juperdy,
 And gert his menyhe halely

Dicht tham in the presoneris aray ;
Thar pennounis als with tham tuk tha,
And quhill the nicht was ner tha bad,
110 And syn toward the host tha rad.
Sum of thar mekill host has sene
Thar com, and wend wele tha had bene
Thar vittaleris: tharfor tha rad
Agane tham scalit, for tha had
115 Na dred that tha thar fais war,
And tham hungerit alsua wele sar ;
Tharfor tha com abandounly,
And, quhen tha ner war, in gret hy
The erl and all that with him war
120 Ruschit on tham with wapnis bar
And thar eneenyheis he can cry ;
And tha, that saw sa sudanly
Thar fais ding on tham, war sa rad
That tha na hart till help tham had,
125 Bot till thar host the way can ta ;
And tha chasit, and sa fele can sla
That all the feldis strowit war ;
Ma then ane thousand ded was thar ;
Richt till thar host tha can tham chas,
130 And syn agane thar wais tais.

CXV.

- On this wis was the vittale tane
 And of the Erischmen mony slane.
 The erl syn with his cumpany
 Presoneris and vittalis halely
 5 Has brocht to Schir Eduard als with,
 And he was of thar cuming blith.
 That nicht tha mad tham mery cher;
 Richt all than at thar es tha wer;
 Tha war all wachit sekirly.
 10 And thar fais on the tothir party,
 Quhen tha herd how thar men war slane
 And how thar vittale als was tane,
 Tha tuk to consale that tha wald
 Thar wais toward Coigneris hald
 15 And herbry in the cite ta;
 And in gret hy tha haf done sa
 And rad on nicht to the cite.
 Tha fand thar vittale of gret plente
 And mad tham meraly gud cher,
 20 For all trast in the toun tha wer.
 Apon the morn tha send to spy
 Quhar Scottismen had tane herbry;
 Bot tha war met withall and tane
 And brocht richt till the host ilkane.
 25 The erl of Murref richt mekly
 Sperit at ane of thar cumpany

Quhar thar host wes, and quhat tha thoct
 To do; and said him, gif he mocht
 Find that till him the suth said he,
 30 He suld gang ham but ransoun fre.
 'For suth,' he said, 'I sall yhou say
 Tha think the morn quhen it is day
 To sek yhou with all thar menyhe,
 Gif tha may get wit quhar yhe be.
 35 Tha haf gert throu the cuntre cry
 Undir pane of lif full felonly,
 That all the men of this cuntre
 This nicht intill the cite be;
 And trewly tha sall be sa fele
 40 That yhe sall na wis with tham dele.'
 'De perdew,' said he, 'wele may be!'
 To Schir Eduard with that yhed he
 And tald him utrely this tale.
 Than haf tha tane for consale hale
 45 That tha wald rid to the cite
 That ilk nicht, sa that tha micht be
 Betuix the toun with all thar rout
 And tham that war the toun without.
 As tha devisit sa haf tha done:
 50 Befor the toun tha com alsone,
 And bot halfdele ane mile of way
 Fra the cite thar rest tuk tha.
 And, quhen the day was dawin licht,
 Fifty on hobynis that war wicht
 55 Com till ane litill hill that was
 Bot fra the toun ane litill spas,

And saw Schir Eduardis herbery,
 And of the sicht had gret ferly
 That sa quene durst on ony wis
 60 Undirtak sa he empris
 As for to cum sa hardely
 Apon all the chevelry
 Of Irland for to bid battale.
 And sa it was forouten fale,
 65 For agane tham war gaderit thar
 With the wardane Richard of Clar
 The Butler with erlis twa,
 Of Desmond and Kildar war tha,
 Breman, Wardoun, and Fiz Waryn,
 70 And Schir Pascall of Florentyn
 That was ane knicht of Lumbardy
 And was full of gret chevelry.
 The Mandwellis war thar alsua,
 Besatis, Loganis, and othir ma,
 75 Savagis als, and yhet was ane
 Hat Schir Michel of Kilkenane;
 And with thir lordis sa fele was then
 That for ane of the Scottismen
 I trow that tha war fif or ma.
 80 Quhen thar discourouris sene has sa
 The Scottis host, tha went in hy
 And tald thar lordis all opinly
 How tha to tham war cumin ner,
 To sek tham fer was na mister.
 85 And, quhen the erl Thomas had sene
 That tha men at the hill had bene,

He tuk with him ane gud menyhe
 On hors, ane hundreth tha nicht be,
 And till the hill tha tuk the way.
 90 In ane slak tham enbuschit tha,
 And in schort tym fra the cite
 Tha saw cum ridand ane menyhe
 For to discovir till the hill.
 Than war tha blith, and held tham still
 95 Quhill tha war cumin till tham ner,
 Than in a frusch all that thar wer
 Tha schot apon tham hardely.
 And tha that saw sa sudanly
 Tha folk cum on abasit war;
 100 And nocht forthi sum of tham thar
 Abad stoutly to mak debat,
 And othir sum ar fled thar gat.
 And into wele schort tym war tha
 That mad arest cummerit sa
 105 That tha fled halely thar gat,
 And tha tham chasit richt till the yhat,
 And ane gret part of tham has slane,
 And syn went till thar host agane.

CXVI.

Q uhen tha within has sene sa slane
 Thar men and chasit ham agane,

Tha war all wa, and in gret hy
 'Till armis' hely can tha cry,
 5 Than armit tham all that thar war
 And for the battale mad tham yhar.
 Tha ischit out all wele arait
 In battale with baneris displait,
 Boun on thar best wis till assale
 10 Thar fais into fell battale.
 And, quhen Schir Philip the Mowbra
 Saw tham isch in sa gud aray,
 To Schir Eduard the Brus went he,
 And said, 'Schir, it is gud that we
 15 Schap for sum slicht that may avale
 Till help us in this gret battale.
 Our men ar quhene, bot tha haf will
 To do mar then tha may fulfill;
 Tharfor I red our cariage
 20 Forouten ony man or page
 Be thamselvin arait be,
 And tha sall seme fer ma then we.
 Set we befor tham our baneris,
 Yhon folk that cumis out of Coigneris,
 25 Quhen tha our baneris thar may se,
 Sall trow trastly that thar ar we,
 And thiddir in gret hy will rid.
 Cum we than on tham at a sid,
 And we sall be at advantage,
 30 For, fra tha in our cariage
 Be enterit, tha sall cummerit be,
 And than with all our micht may we

Lay on and do all that we may.
And as he ordanit done haf tha :
35 And tha that com out of Coigneris
Adressit tham to the baneris,
And smat with spuris the hors in hy,
Ruschand emang tham sudanly.
The barellferis that war thar
40 Cummerit tham fast that ridand war ;
And than the erl with his battale
Com on and sadly can assale,
And Schir Eduard ane litill by
Assemblit sa richt hardely
45 That mony fe fell undir fet.
The feld wox sone of blud all wet.
With sa gret felony thar tha faucht,
And sic routis till othir raucht
With stok, with stane, and with retreat,
50 As athir part can othir bet,
That it was hidwis for to se.
Tha mantemit that gret melle
Sa knichtlik apon athir sid,
Gifand and takand routis rid,
55 That prym was passit or men nicht se
Quha mast that thar abouin nicht be.
Bot sone eftir that prym was past
The Scottismen dang on sa fast,
And schot on tham at abandoun
60 As ilk man war ane campioun,
That all thar fais tuk the flicht,
Was nane of tham that was sa wicht

That evir durst abid his fer,
 Bot ilkane fled thar wais ser.
 65 Till the toun fled the mast party,
 And erl Thomas sa egirly
 And his rout chasit with suerdis bar,
 That all emang tham mellit war,
 That all togidder com in the toun.
 70 Than was the slauchtir sa feloun
 That all the rewis ran of blud.
 Tham that tha gat to ded all yhud,
 Sa that than thar wele ner was ded
 Als fele as in the battale sted.
 75 The Fiz Waryn was takin thar,
 Bot sa rad was Richard of Clar
 That he held till the south cuntre:
 All that moneth I trow that he
 Sall haf na gret will for to ficht.
 80 Schir Johne Steward ane nobill knicht
 Was woundit throu the body thar
 With ane sper that richt scharply schar:
 Bot till Monpeller went he syn,
 And lay thar lang intill helyn,
 85 And at the last helit was he.
 Schir Eduard than with his menyhe
 Tuk in the toun thar herbery.
 That nicht tha blith war and joly
 For the victor that tha had thar,
 90 And on the morn forouten mar
 Schir Eduard gert men gang and se
 All the vittale of that cite,

- And tha fand sic fusoun tharin
Of corn and flour and wax and wyn
95 That tha had of it gret ferly,
And Schir Eduard gert halely
Intill Cragfergus cartit be;
Syn thiddir went his men and he,
And held the sege full stalwardly
100 Quhill Palm-Sunday was passit by,
And quhill the Tysday in Pasche ouk
On athir half tha trewis tuk,
Sa that tha micht that haly tid
In pennans and in prayer bid.
105 Bot apon Pasche evin all richt
To the castell intill the nicht
Fra Devilling com thar schippis fiftene
Chargit with armit men bedene,
Four thousand trow I wele tha war.
110 In the castell tha enterit thar:
The Mandwell als Schir Thomas
Capitane of that menyhe was.
In the castell all prevely
Tha enterit, for that tha gert spy
115 That mony of Schir Eduardis men
War scalit in the cuntre then;
Tharfor tha thocht in the morning
Till isch but langar delaying,
And till suppris tham sudanly,
120 For tha thocht that tha suld trast ly
For the trewis that takin war.
Bot I trow falset evirmar

Sall haf unfar and evill ending.
 Schir Eduard wist of this nathing,
 125 For of tresoun had he na thocht,
 Bot for the trewis he levit nocht
 Wachis to set to the castele;
 Ilk nicht he gert men wach it wele,
 And Nele Fleming wachit that nicht
 130 With sixty men worthy and wicht.
 And, als sone as the day wox cler,
 Tha that within the castell wer
 Had armit tham and mad tham boun,
 And sone the brig avalit down,
 135 And ischit into gret plente.
 And, quhen Nele Fleming tham can se,
 He sent ane till the king in hy,
 Syn said to tham that war him by,
 'Now sall men se, I undirtak,
 140 Quha dar de for his lordis sak;
 Now ber yhou wele, for sekirly
 With all thir menyhe ficht will I;
 Intill bargane tham hald sall we
 Quhill that our mastir armit be.'
 145 And with that word assemblit tha.
 Tha war to few all out perfay
 With sic ane gret rout for to ficht,
 Bot nocht forthi with all thar micht
 Tha dang on tham sa hardely
 150 That thar fais had gret ferly
 That tha war all of sic manhed
 That tha na dred had of thar ded.

Bot thar fell fais sa can assale
 That thar nicht na worschip avale
 155 That tha ne war slane evirilkane
 Sa clen that thar eschapit nane.
 And the man that went till the king
 For till warn him of thar isching
 Warnit him into full gret hy.
 160 Schir Eduard, that was comonly
 Callit the king of Irland,
 Quhen that he herd sic hy on hand,
 In full gret hast he gat his ger.
 Tuelf wicht men in his chalmer wer
 165 That armit tham in full gret hy,
 Syn with his baneris hardely
 The middis of the toun he tais.
 With that ner cumand war his fais
 That had delt all thar men in thre.
 170 The Mandwell with ane gret menyhe
 Richt throu the toun his way held doun;
 The laf on athir sid the toun
 Held to met tham that fleand war;
 Tha thoct that all that tha fand thar
 175 Suld de but ransoun evirilkane.
 Bot othirwais the gle is gane,
 For Schir Eduard with his baner
 And his men that I tald of er
 On all that rout sa hardely
 180 Assemblit that it was ferly,
 For Gib Harpar befor him yhed
 That was the douchtyast of ded

That than was lifand of his stat,
 And with ane ax mad him sic gat
 185 That he the first fellit to ground,
 And eftir in ane litill stound
 The Mandwell be his arming
 He knew, and raucht him sic ane swing
 That he till erd yhed hastily:
 190 Schir Eduard that was ner him by
 Reversit him, and with ane knif
 Richt in that plas him reft the lif.
 With that of Ardrossane Fergus
 That was ane knicht richt curageous
 195 Assemblit with sixty and ma:
 Tha pressit than thar fais sa
 That tha that saw thar lord slane
 Tynt hart and wald haf bene agane;
 And ay, as Scottismen nicht be
 200 Armit, tha com to the melle,
 And dang apon thar fais sa
 That tha all hale the bak can ta,
 And tha tham chasit till the yhat.
 Thar was hard ficht and gret debat;
 205 Thar slew Schir Eduard with his hand
 Ane knicht that of all Irland
 Was callit best and of mast bounte;
 Of surnam Mandwell callit was he,
 His propir nam I can nocht say.
 210 Bot his folk till sa hard assay
 War set that tha of the dongeoun
 Durst opin na yhat na brig lat down;

And Schir Eduard, I tak on hand,
 Socht tham that fled thar till warand
 215 Sa felly that of all perfay
 That ischit apon him that day
 Thar eschapit nevir ane
 That tha ne war outhir tane or slane:
 For till the ficht Maknakill then
 220 Com with twa hundreth of gud spermen,
 And slew all that tha micht till win.
 This ilk Maknakill with ane gyn
 Wan of thar schippis four or fif
 And haly reft the men thar lif.
 225 Quhen end was mad of this fichting,
 Yhet than was lifand Nele Fleming.
 Schir Eduard went him for to se:
 About him slane lay his menyhe
 All in a lump on athir hand,
 230 And he redy to de thrawand.
 Schir Eduard had of him pite,
 And him full gretly menit he,
 And regratit his gret manhed,
 And his worschip and douchty ded:
 235 Sic mane he mad, tha had gret ferly,
 For he was nocht custumabilly
 Wont for till mene ony thing,
 Na wald nocht her men mak mening.
 He stud tharby quhill he was ded,
 240 And syn had him till haly sted,
 And him with worschip gert he be
 Erdit with gret solemnite.

CXVII.

On this wis ischit the Mandwill.
 Bot sekirly falset and gile
 Sall evir haf ane evill ending,
 As wele was sene be this isching.
 5 In tym of trewis ischit tha,
 And in sic tym as on Pasche day
 Quhen God ras for to saf mankyn
 Fra the wem of ald Adamis sin:
 Tharfor sic gret mischans tham fell
 10 That ilkane, as yhe herd me tell,
 War slane up or than takin thar,
 And tha that in the castell war
 War set intill sic fray that hour,
 For tha couth se quhar na succour
 15 Suld cum to relef tham, that tha
 Sa tretit, and on ane day
 The castell till him yhald tha fre
 To saf tham thar lifis, and he
 Held tham full wele his cunand.
 20 The castell tuk he in his hand
 And vittalit wele, and has set
 Ane gud wardane it for to get,
 And ane quhile thar than restit he.
 Of him na mar now spek will we,
 25 Bot till king Robert will we gang
 That we haf left unspokin of lang.

Quhen he convoyit had till the se
 His brothir Eduard and his menyhe,
 With his schippis he mad him yhar
 30 Intill the Ilis for to far.
 Walter Steward with him tuk he,
 His mach, and with him gret menyhe,
 And othir men of gret noblay.
 Till the Tarbard tha held thar way
 35 In galais ordanit for thar far;
 Bot tham worthit draw thar schippis thar,
 And a mile was betuix the seis,
 Bot that was lownit all with treis.
 The king his schippis thar gert draw,
 40 And, for the wind can stoutly blaw
 Apon thar back as tha wald ga,
 He gert men rapis and mastis ta
 And set tham in the schippis he,
 And salis till the toppis te,
 45 And gert men gang tharby drawand;
 The wind tham helpit that was blawand,
 Sa that intill ane litill spas
 Thar flot all wele our drawin was.
 And, quhen tha that in the Ilis war
 50 Herd tell how the gud king had thar
 Gert his schippis with the salis ga
 Outour betuix the Tarbardis twa,
 Tha war abasit all utrely,
 For tha wist throu ald prophesy
 55 That he that suld ger schippis sa
 Betuix the seis with salis ga

Suld win the Ilis sa till hand
 That nane with strinth suld him withstand:
 Tharfor tha com all till the king,
 60 Was nane that withstud his bidding,
 Outakin Johne of Lorne alane.
 Bot wele sone eftir he was tane
 And presentit was till the king,
 And tha that war of his leding
 65 That till the king had brokin fay
 War all ded and distroyit away.
 The king this Johne of Lorne has tane
 And send him sone to Dunbertane
 Ane quhile in presoun thar to be;
 70 Syn till Lochlevin send was he,
 Quhar he was lang tym in festning;
 Tharin I trow he mad ending.
 The king, quhen all the Ilis war
 Brocht till his liking les and mar,
 75 Still all that sesoun thar duelt he
 At hunting and gamyn and gle.

CXVIII.

Quhen the king apon this maner
 Dantit the Ilis as I tell her,
 The gud Schir James of Douglas
 Intill the Forest duelland was,

- 5 Defendand worthely the land.
That tym in Berwik was wonnand
Ewmond de Caliou ane Gascoun,
That was ane knicht of gret renoun,
And intill Gascone his cuntre
- 10 Ane lord of gret senyhory was he.
He had than Berwik in keping,
And mad ane preve gadering,
And gat him ane gret cumpany-
Of wicht men armit jolely,
- 15 And the nethir end of Tevydale
He prayit doun till him all hale
And of the Mers ane gret party,
Syn toward Berwik went in hy.
Schir Adam of Gordoun, that than
- 20 Was becumin Scottisman,
Saw tham sa drif away thar fe,
And wend tha had bene quhene, for he
Saw bot the fleand stale perfay
And tham that sesit on the pray.
- 25 Than till Schir James of Douglas
Intill gret hy the way he tais,
And tald how Inglisamen thar pray
Had tane and syn went thar away
Toward Berwik with all thar fe,
- 30 And said tha quhene war, and, gif he
Wald sped him, he suld wele lichtly
Win tham and reskew all the ky.
Schir James richt sone gaf his assent
To folow tham, and furth is went

- 35 Bot with the men that he had thar
 And met him be the gat, but mar.
 Tha folowit tham in full gret hy
 And com wele ner tham hastely,
 For, or tha micht fully se,
 40 Tha com wele ner with thar menyhe;
 And than bath forayouris and the stale
 Intill a schiltrum knit all hale,
 And was ane richt far cumpany.
 Befor tham gert tha drif the ky
 45 With knafis and swanis that na micht
 Had for to stand in feld to ficht;
 The laf behind tham mad ane stale.
 The Douglas saw thar purpos hale,
 And saw tham of sa gud covyn,
 50 And saw tha war sa mony syn
 That tha for ane of his war twa:
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'sen it is sa
 That we haf chasit on sic maner
 That we now cumin ar sa ner
 55 That we may nocht eschew the ficht
 Bot gif we fouly tak the flicht,
 Lat ilk man on his luf than mene,
 And how he mony tym has bene
 In gret thrang and cum wele away.
 60 Think we to do richt sa this day,
 And tak we of this furd herby
 Our advantage, for in gret hy
 Tha sall cum on us for to ficht;
 Set we than will and strinth and micht

- 65 For till met tham richt hardely.
And with that word full hastely
He has displait his baner,
For his fais war cumand ner,
That, quhen tha saw he was sa quhone,
70 Thocht tha suld with tham sone haf done,
And assemblit full hardely.
Thar nicht men se men ficht felly,
And richt ane cruell melle mak,
And mony strakis gif and tak.
75 The Douglas thar wele hard was stad,
Bot the gret hardyment that he had
Confort his men apon sic wis
That na man thocht on cowardia,
Bot faucht sa fast with all thar mane
80 That tha fele of thar fais has slane,
And, thouch tha war be wele fer ma
Then tha, yhet ure demanit tham sa
That Ewmond de Callou was ded
Richt in that ilk fichting sted,
85 And all the laf fra he was done
War planly thar discumfit sone,
And tha that chasit sum has slane
And turnit the prais hale agane.
The hardast ficht forsuth this was
90 That evir the gud lord of Douglas
Was in, as of sa few menyhe,
For, had nocht bene his gret bounte
That slew thar chiftane in the ficht,
His men to ded had all bene dicht.

- 95 He had intill custum alway,
 Quhenevir he com till hard assay,
 To pres him the chiftane to sla,
 And hap him fell that he did sa;
 That gert him victor haf fele sis.
 100 Quhen Schir Ewmond apon this wis
 Was ded, the gud lord of Douglas
 Till the Forest his way he tais.
 His fais gretly can him dred:
 The word wele fer sprang of this ded,
 105 Sa that in Ingland ner tharby
 Men spak of it wele comonly.
 Schir Robert Nevell in that tid
 Wonnit at Berwik ner besid
 The Marchis, quhar the lord Douglas
 110 In the Forest reparand was,
 And had at him full gret invy,
 For he him saw sa manfully
 Mak his boundis ay mar and mar.
 He herd the folk that with him war
 115 Spek of the lord Douglasis nicht,
 And how forsy he was in ficht,
 And how him oft fell far fortune.
 He wrethit him tharat all sone,
 And said, 'Quhat! wene yhe is thar nane
 120 That evir is worth bot him alane?
 Yhe set him as he war but per,
 Bot I avow befor yhou her,
 Gif evir he cum intill this land,
 He sall find me ner at his hand,

- 125 And, gif I evir his baner
May se displait apon wer,
I sall assemill on him but dout,
Although yhe hald him nevir sa stout.
Of this avow sone bodword was
- 130 Brocht till Schir James of Douglas,
That said, 'Gif he will hald his licht,
I sall do sa he sall haf sicht
Of me and of my cumpany
Yhet or ocht lang wele ner him by.'
- 135 His retenew than gaderit he
That war gud men of gret bounte,
And till the Marchis in gud aray
Apon ane nicht he tuk the way,
Sa that in the morning arly
- 140 He was with all his cumpany
Befor Berwik, and thar he mad
Men till display his baner brad,
And of his menyhe sum send he
For till brin tounis twa or thre,
- 145 And bad tham sone agane tham sped,
Sa that on hand, gif thar com ned,
Tha micht be for the ficht redy.
The Nevell, that wist verraly
That Douglas cumin was sa ner,
- 150 And saw all brad stand his baner,
Than with the folk that with him war;
And he had ane gret menyhe thar,
For all the gud of that cuntre
Intill that tym with him had he,

- 165 Sa that he with him thar had then
 Wele ma then was the Scottismen;
 He held his way up till ane hill,
 And said, 'Lordingis it war my will
 To mak end of the gret deray
 160 That Douglas makis us ilk day:
 Bot methink it spedfull that we
 Abid quhill his men scalit be
 Throu the cuntre to tak the pray,
 Than fersly schut on tham we may,
 165 And we sall haf tham at our will.'
 Than tha gaf all consent thartill,
 And on the hill abad hufand;
 The men fast gaderit of the land
 And drew till him in full gret hy.
 170 The Douglas than that was worthy
 Thocht it was foly mar to bid;
 Toward the hill than can he rid.
 And, quhen the Nevell saw that tha
 Wald nocht pas furth to the foray,
 175 Bot pressit till tham with thar micht,
 He wist wele than that tha wald ficht,
 And till his menyhe can he say,
 'Lordingis, now hald we furth our way;
 Her is the flour of the cuntre,
 180 And ma then tha alsua ar we;
 Assemill we than hardely,
 For Douglas with yhon yhemanry
 Sall haf na micht till us perfay.'
 Than in a frusch assemblit tha.

- 185 Thar nicht men her the speris brast,
 And men ding apon othir fast,
 And blud brist out at woundis wid.
 Tha faucht fast apon athir sid,
 For athir party can tham pane
 190 To put thar fais on bak agane.
 The lordis of Nevell and Douglas,
 Quhen that the fichting fellast was,
 Met togidder richt in the pres;
 Betuix tham than gret bargane wes,
 195 Tha faucht felly with all thar maucht,
 Gret routis athir till othir raucht;
 Bot Douglas starkar was, I hicht,
 And mar usit alsua to ficht,
 And he set hart and will alsua
 200 For till deliver him of his fa,
 Quhill at the last with mekill mane
 Throu fors the Nevell has he slane.
 Than his ensenyhe he can cry,
 And on the laf sa hardely
 205 He ruschit with all his menyhe,
 That into schort tym men nicht se
 Thar fais tak on tham the flicht,
 And tha tham chasit with all thar micht.
 Schir Ralf the Nevell in the chas
 210 And the baroun of Hiltoun was
 Takin: and othir of mekill micht
 Thar was slane thar intill the ficht
 That worthy in thar tym had bene.
 And, quhen the feld was clengit clene

- 215 Sa that thar fais evirilkane
 War slane, chasit away, or tane,
 Than gert he foray all the land,
 And sesit all that evir he fand,
 And brint the tounis in thar way,
 220 Syn hale and fer ham cumin ar tha.
 The pray sone emang his menyhe
 Eftir thar meritis delit he,
 And held nathing till his behuf.
 Sic dedis aucht to ger men luf
 225 Thar lord, and sa tha did perfay.
 He tretit tham sa wisly ay
 And with sa mekill luf alsua,
 And sic ane contenans wald ma
 Of thar ded, that the mast coward
 230 Stoutar he mad then ane libard.
 With cherising thusgat mad he
 His men wicht and of gret bounte.

CXIX.

- Quhen Nevell thus was brocht to ground,
 And of Caliou Schir Ewmond,
 The dred of the lord of Douglas
 And his renoun sa scalit was
 5 Throuout the Marchis of Ingland,
 That all that war tharin duelland

- Dred him as the devill of hell.
 And yhet haf I herd oftsis tell
 That he sa gretly dred was than
 10 That, quhen wifis wald thar childir ban,
 Tha wald with richt ane angry fas
 Betech tham till the blak Douglas;
 For with thar tale he was mar fell
 Then was ony devill in hell.
 15 Throu his gret worschip and bounte
 Sa with his fais dred was he
 That tham grewit till her his nam.
 He may at es now duell at ham
 Ane quhile, for I trow he sall nocht
 20 With fais all ane quhile be socht.
 Now lat him in the Forest be,
 Of him na mar now spek will we,
 Bot of Schir Eduard the worthy,
 That with all his gud chevelry
 25 Was at Cragfergus yhet lyand,
 To spek mar will we tak on hand.
 Quhen Schir Eduard, as I said ar,
 Had discumfit Richard of Clar
 And of Irland all the barnage
 30 Thris throu his worthy vassalage,
 And syn with all his men of mane
 To Cragfergus was cumin agane,
 The gud erl of Murref Thomas
 Tuk lef in Scotland for to pas;
 35 And he him levit with ane gruching,
 And syn him chargit till the king

To pray him specialy that he
 Suld cum in Irland him to se,
 For, war tha bath intill the land,
 40 Tha suld find nane suld tham withstand.
 The erl furth than his way has tane,
 And till his schippis is he gane,
 And salit out wele our the se.
 In Scotland sone arivit he,
 45 Syn till the king he went in hy,
 And he resavit him gladsumly,
 And sperit of his brothiris far
 And of journeis that he had thar;
 And he tald him all but lesing.
 50 Quhen the king had left the spering,
 His charge to the gud king tald he,
 And he said he wald blithly se
 His brothir, and als all the affer
 Of that cuntre and of that wer.
 55 Ane gret menyhe than gaderit he;
 And twa lordis of gret bounte,
 The tane the Steward Walter was,
 The tothir James of Douglas,
 Wardanis in his absens mad he
 60 For till mantem wele the cuntre;
 Syn till the se he tuk his way.
 At Lochryan in Galloway
 He schippit with all his menyhe.
 To Cragfergus sone cumin is he:
 65 Schir Eduard of his com was blith,
 And went doun for to meet him swith,

And welcumit him with gladsum cher,
 Sa did he all that with him wer,
 And specialy the erl Thomas
 70 Of Murref that his nevo was.
 Syn till the castell went tha thar,
 He mad tham mekill fest and far,
 Tha sojornit thar dais thre
 In gret mirth and in rialte.

CXX.

King Robert apon this wis
 Intill Irland arivit is:
 And, quhen in Cragfergus had he
 With his men sojornit dais thre,
 5 Tha tuk to consale that tha wald
 With all thar folk thar wais hald
 Throu all Irland fra end till othir.
 Schir Eduard than the kingis brothir
 Befor in the avaward rad,
 10 The king himself the rerward mad,
 That had intill his cumpany
 The erl Thomas that was worthy.
 Thar way furthwardis haf tha tane,
 And sone ar passit Endirwillane.
 15 This was in the moneth of May,
 Quhen birdis singis on the spray

- Melland thar notis with sindry soun
 For softnes of that suet sesoun,
 And lefis on the branchis spredis,
 20 And blumis bricht besid tham bredis,
 And feldis florist ar with flouris
 Wele savourit, of ser colouris,
 And all thing worthis blith and gay,
 Quhen that this gud king tuk his way
 25 To rid furthward, as I said ar.
 The wardane than Richard of Clar
 Wist the king was arivit sa,
 And wist that he schup for to ta
 His way toward the south cuntre.
 30 Of all Irland assemblit he
 Till him ane full gret chevelry
 Of squyaris, burges, and yhemantry,
 Quhill he had ner fourty thousand.
 Bot he wald nocht yhet tak on hand
 35 With all his fais in feld to ficht,
 Bot umbethocht him of ane slicht,
 That he with all that gret menyhe
 Wald in ane wod enbuschit be
 All prevely besid the way
 40 Quhar that thar fais suld away,
 And lat the vaward pas fer by,
 And syn assemill hardely
 On the rerward with all thar men.
 Tha did as tha devisit then :
 45 In ane wod tha enbuschit wer,
 The Scottis host rad by them ner,

- Bot tha na schawing of tham mad.
 Schir Eduard wele fer forouth rad
 With tham that war of his menyhe,
 50 To the rerward na tent tuk he.
 And Schir Richard of Clar in hy,
 Quhen Schir Eduard was passit by,
 Send wicht yhemmen that wele couth schut
 To bikkir the rerward apon fut.
 55 Than twa of tham that send furth war
 At the wodsid tham bikkirrit thar,
 And schot emang the Scottismen.
 The king, that had thar with him then
 Fif thousand wicht and ek hardy,
 60 Saw tha twa sa abandounly
 Schut emang tham and cum sa ner;
 He wist richt wele withouten wer
 That tha wele ner suppowale had;
 Tharfor ane bidding has he mad
 65 That na man sall be sa hardy
 To prik to tham, bot sarraly
 Rid redy ay intill battale
 To defend gif men wald assale,
 'For we sall sone, I undirta,'
 70 He said, 'haf for to do with ma.'
 Bot Schir Colyn Cambell, that ner
 Was by quhar tha twa yhemmen wer
 Schutand emang tham hardely,
 Priket on tham in full gret hy,
 75 And sone the tane he has ourtane
 And with his sper him sone has slane.

The tothir turnit and schot agane,
 And at a schot his hors has alane.
 With that the king com hastely,
 80 And in his gret malancoly
 With ane trunsioun intill his nef
 To Schir Colyn sic dusch he gef
 That he dinnit on his arsoun.
 The king bad smertly tit him doun,
 85 Bot othir lordis that war by
 Amesit the king in sum party.
 He said, 'The breking of bidding
 Micht caus be of thar discumfiting:
 Wene yhe yhon rebaldis durst assale
 90 Us sa ner intill our battale
 Bot gif tha had suppowale ner?
 I wat richt wele forouten wer
 That we sall haf to do in hy,
 Tharfor luk ilk man be redy.'
 95 With that wele ner thretty or ma
 Of bowmen com, and bikkirrit sa
 That tha hurt of the kingis men.
 The king has gert his archaris then
 Schut for to put tham than agane.
 100 With that tha enterit in ane plane,
 And saw arait agane tham stand
 In four battalis fourty thousand.
 The king said, 'Lordingis, now lat se
 Quha worthy in this ficht sall be:
 105 On tham forouten mar abad!
 Sa stoutly than on tham tha rad

- And assemblit sa hardely
 That of thar fais ane gret party
 Was laid at erd at thar meting.
 110 Thar was of speris sic bristing
 As athir apon othir rad,
 That it ane wele gret frusch has mad;
 Hors com thar fruschand hed for hed
 Sa that fele on the ground fell ded;
 115 Mony ane wicht and worthy man,
 As athir apon othir ran,
 War duschit ded down till the ground;
 The red blud out of mony ane wound
 Ruschit in sa gret fusoun than
 120 That of the blud the stremis ran;
 And tha that wrath war and angry
 Dang on othir sa hardely
 With wapnis that war bricht and bar
 That mony ane wicht man ded was thar,
 125 For tha that hardy war and wicht
 And stoutly with thar fais can ficht
 Pressit tham formast for to be.
 Thar micht men cruell bargane se
 And hard battale. I undirstand
 130 Intill all the wer of Irland
 Sa hard ane fichting was nocht sene,
 The quhethir of gret victoris nyntene
 Schir Eduard had withouten wer
 Intill les then intill thre yher,
 135 And in sindry battalis of tha
 He vencust twenty thousand and ma

With trappit hors richt till the fet.
 Bot in all tymis he was yhet
 Ay ane for fif quhen lest was he,
 140 Bot the king into this melle
 Had alwais aucht of his famen
 For ane, bot he sa bar him then
 That his gud ded and his bounte
 Confortit sa all his menyhe
 145 That the mast coward hardy wes,
 For, quhar he saw the thikkast pres,
 Sa hardely on tham he rad
 That ay about him roum he mad.
 And erl Thomas the worthy
 150 Was in all tymis ner him by
 And faucht as he war in ane rage,
 Sa that throu thar gret vassalage
 Thar men sic hardyment can tak
 That tha na perill wald forsak,
 155 Bot tham abandonit sa stoutly
 And dang on tham sa hardely
 That all thar fais affrait war.
 And tha that saw wele be thar far
 That tha eschewit sumdele the ficht,
 160 Tha dang on tham with all thar micht,
 And pressit tham dingand sa fast
 That tha the bak gaf at the last:
 And tha that saw tham tak the flicht
 Pressit tham than with all thar micht
 165 And in thar fleing fele can sla.
 The kingis men has chasit sa

That tha war scalit evirilkane.
 Richard of Clar the way has tane
 To Devilling in full gret hy
 170 With othir lordis that fled him by,
 And warnist bath castell and tounis
 That war in thar possessiounis.
 Tha war sa felly fleyit thar
 That I trow Schir Richard of Clar
 175 Sall haf na will to fand his micht
 In battale na in fors of ficht
 Quhile King Robert and his menyhe
 Is duelland into that cuntre.
 Tha stuffit strinthis on this wis,
 180 And the king that was sa to pris
 Saw in the feld richt mony slane,
 And ane of tham that thar was tane,
 That was arait jolely,
 He saw gret wondir tendirly,
 185 And askit him quhy he mad sic cher.
 He said him, 'Schir, forouten wer
 It is na wondir thouch I gret:
 I se her fele fellit to fet,
 The flour of the north of Irland
 190 That hardyast was of hart and hand
 And mast doutit in hard assay.'
 The king said, 'Thou dois wrang perfay,
 Thou has mar caus mirthis to ma
 For thou the ded eschapit sa.'

CXXI.

Richard of Clar on this maner
 And all his folk discumfit wer
 With few folk, as I till yhou tald.
 And, quhen Eduard the Brus sa bald
 5 Wist that the king had fochtin sa
 With sa fele folk, and he tharfra,
 Micht na man se ane wrathar man.
 Bot the gud king said till him than
 That it was in his awn foly,
 10 For he rad sa unwittandly
 Sa fer befor, and na vaward
 Mad to tham of the rerward;
 'For,' he said, 'quha on wer wald rid
 In the vaward, he suld na tid
 15 Pres fra his rerward fer of sicht,
 For gret perill sa fall thar micht.'
 Of this ficht will we spek na mar.
 The king and all that with him war
 Rad furthwardis in bettir aray
 20 And nerar togidder than er did tha.
 Throu all the land planly they rad,
 Tha fand nane that tham warning mad.
 Tha rad evin forouth Drochindra,
 And forouth Devilling syn alsua,
 25 Bot till gif battale nane tha fand,
 Syn went tha furthwardis in the land,

- And south to Lynrik held thar way;
 That is the southmast toun perfay
 That in Irland may fundin be.
 30 Thar lay tha dais twa or thre,
 And buskit syn agane to far;
 And, quhen that tha all redy war,
 The king has herd ane woman cry,
 And askit quhat that was in hy.
 35 'It is ane landar, schir,' said ane,
 'That her childryn richt now has tane
 And mon lef. now behind us her,
 Tharfor scho makis yhon evill cher.'
 The king said, 'Certis. it war pite
 40 That scho in that poynt left suld be,
 For certis. I trow thar is na man
 That he ne will rew ane woman than.'
 His host all than arestit he,
 And gert ane tent sone stentit be,
 45 And gert hir gang in hastely,
 And othir wemen to be hir by
 Quhill scho deliyer was he bad,
 And syn furth on his wais rad,
 And how scho furth suld caryit be
 50 Or evir he fur than ordanit he.
 This was ane full gret curtasy,
 That sic ane king and sa mighty
 Gert his men duell on this maner
 Bot for ane full pouer lavender.
 55 Northwardis agane tha tuk the way:
 Throu all Irland thus passit tha,

Throu Connach richt to Devillyn,
 And throu all Meth and Irell syn,
 And Monester, and Lenester,
 60 And syn haly throu Ullister
 To Cragfergus forout battale,
 For thar was nane durst tham assale.
 The kingis than of the Erischry
 Com till Schir Eduard halely,
 65 And thar manrent till him can ma,
 Bot gif that it war ane or twa.
 To Cragfergus they com agane,
 In all that way was na bargane,
 Bot gif that ony punyhe wer
 70 That is nocht for te spek of her.
 The Erisch kingis than evirilkane
 Ham till thar awn repar ar gane,
 And undirtuk in all kyn thing
 For till obes to the bidding
 75 Of Schir Eduard that thir king call tha.
 He was wele set now in gud way
 To conquer the land halely,
 For he had apon his party
 The Erischry and Ullister,
 80 And he was sa furth of his wer
 That he was passit throu Irland
 Fra end till end throu strinth of hand.
 Couth he haf governit him throu skill,
 And folowit nocht to fast his will,
 85 Bot with mesur half led his ded,
 It was wele lik withouten dred

That he nicht haf conquerit wele
 The land of Irland evirilk dele:
 Bot his outrageous succudry
 90 And will that mar was than hardy
 Of purpos lettit him perfay,
 As I hereftir sall yhou say.

CXXII.

Now lef we her the nobill king
 All at his es and his liking,
 And spek we of the lord Douglas
 That left to kep the Marchis was.
 5 He gert get wrichtis that was sle,
 And in the halch of Lyntounle
 He gert tham mak ane far maner;
 And, quhen the housis biggit wer,
 He gert purvay him richt wele thar,
 10 For he thocht for to mak infar
 And till mak gud cher till his men.
 In Richmond was thar wonnand then
 Ane erl men callit Schir Thomas;
 He had invy at the Douglas,
 15 And said, gif that he his baner
 Micht se displait apon wer,
 That sone assemill on it suld he.
 He herd how Douglas thocht to be

- At Lyntounle ane fest to ma,
 20 And he had witting wele alsua
 That the king and ane gret menyhe
 War passit than of the cuntre
 And the erl of Murref Thomas;
 Tharfor he thocht the cuntre was
 25 Febill of men for till withstand
 Men that tham socht with stalward hand;
 And of the Marchis than had he
 The governale and the pouste.
 He gaderit folk about him then
 30 Quhill he was ner ten thousand men,
 And wod-axis gert with him tak,
 For he thocht he his men wald mak
 Till hew down Jedworth Forest clene
 That na tre suld tharin be sene.
 35 Tha held tham furthward on thar way,
 Bot the gud lord Douglas, that ay
 Had spyis out on ilka sid,
 Had gud witting that tha wald rid
 And cum apon him sudanly.
 40 Than gaderit he richt hastely
 Tham that he nicht of his menyhe.
 I trow that than with him wald be
 Fifty that worthy war and wicht
 At all poynt armit wele and dicht,
 45 And of archaris ane gret menyhe
 Assemblit als with him had he.
 Ane plas than was thar in the way
 Quhar he wist wele tha wald away,

- That had wod apon athir sid ;
 50 The entre was wele large and wid,
 And as ane scheld it narowit ay
 Quhill that intill ane plas the way
 Was nocht ane pennystane-cast of bred.
 The lord of Douglas thiddir yhed
 55 Quhen he wist tha war ner cumand,
 And in ane cleuch on the ta hand
 All his archaris enbuschit he,
 And bad tham hald tham all preve
 Quhill that tha herd him ras the cry,
 60 And than suld tha schut hardely
 Emang thar fais, and hald tham thar
 Quhill that he throu tham passit war,
 And syn with him furth hald suld tha.
 Than birkis on athir sid the way
 65 That yyoung and thik war growand ner
 He knit togidder on sic maner
 That men nicht nocht wele throu tham rid.
 Quhen this was done, he can abid
 Apon the tothir half the way ;
 70 And Richmond intill gud aray
 Com ridand in the first eschele.
 The lord Douglas has sene him wele,
 And gert his men all hald tham still
 Quhill richt at hand tha com tham till
 75 And enterit in the narow way ;
 Than with ane schout on tham schot tha,
 Cryand on hicht 'Douglas! Douglas!'
 The Richmond than that worthy was,

- Quhen he has herd sa ris the cry
 80 And Douglas baner saw planly,
 He dressit him thiddirward in hy;
 And tha com on sa hardely
 That tha throu tham mad tham gud way,
 All that tha met till erd bar tha.
 85 The Richmond born doun thar was:
 On him arestit the Douglas,
 And him reversit, and with ane knif
 Richt in that plas him reft the lif.
 Ane hat apon his helm he bar,
 90 And that tuk Douglas with him thar
 In takning; for it furrit was,
 And syn in hy his way he tais
 Quhill in the wod tha enterit war.
 The archaris wele has born tham thar,
 95 For wele and hardely schot tha.
 The Inglis rout in gret affray
 War set, for Douglas sudanly
 With all tham of his cumpany
 Or evir tha wist was in thar rout,
 100 And thrillit tham wele ner throuout,
 And had almast all done his ded
 Or tha till help tham couth tak hed.
 And, quhen tha saw thar lord was slane,
 Tha tuk him up, and went agane
 105 To draw tham fra the schot away;
 Than in ane plane assemblit tha,
 And for thar lord that thar was ded
 Tha schup tham in that ilk sted

- For till tak herbry all that nicht.
 110 And than the Douglas that was wicht
 Gat wittering that ane clerk Elis
 With wele thre hundreth ennemyis
 All straucht to Lyntounle war gane
 And herbry for thar host had tane.
 115 Than thiddir is he went in hy
 With all tham of his company,
 And fand clerk Elis at the met
 And all his rout about him set:
 And tha com on tham stoutly thar,
 120 And with suerdis that scharply schar
 Tha servit tham full egirly;
 Tha war slane doun sa halely
 That thar wele ner eschapit nane:
 Tha servit tham in sa gret wane
 125 With scherand suerdis and with knifis
 That wele ner all lesit the lifis:
 Tha had ane feloun entremaas,
 That surchargis to chargeand was.
 Tha that eschapit thar throu cas
 130 Richt till thar host thar wais tais
 And tald how that thar men war slane
 Sa clene that ner eschapit nane.
 And, quhen tha of the host has herd
 How that the Douglas with tham ferd
 135 That had thar herbryouris all slane
 And ruschit all thamself agane,
 And slew thar lord in mid thar rout,
 Thar was nane of tham all sa stout

THE BRUS.

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That mar will had than till assale
 140 The Douglas. Tharfor till consale
 Tha yhed, and till purpos has tane
 To wend hamward, and ham is gane,
 And sped tham sa apon thar way
 That in Ingland sone cum ar tha.
 145 The Forest left tha standand still,
 To hew it than tha had na will,
 And specially quhile the Douglas
 Sa nerhand by thar nichtbour was.
 And he that saw tham turn agane
 150 Persavit wele thar lord was slane,
 And be the hat that he had tane
 He wist it alsua wele, for ane
 That takin was said him suthly
 That the Richmond comonly
 155 Was wont that furrir hat to wer :
 Than Douglas blithar was then er,
 For he wist wele that the Richmond
 His feloun fa was brocht to ground.

CXXIII.

Schir James of Douglas on this wis
 Throu his worschip and gret empris
 Defendit worthely the land.
 This poynt of wer, I tak on hand,

- 5 Was undirtane full apertly
And eschevit richt hardely,
For he stonait withouten wer
The folk that wele ten thousand wer
With fifty armit men but ma.
- 10 I can als tell yhou othir twa
Poyntis that wele eschevit wer
With fifty men, and but all wer
Tha war done sa richt hardely
That tha war prisit soveranly
- 15 Atour all othir poyntis of wer
That in thar tym eschevit wer.
This was the first that sa stoutly
Was brocht till end wele with fifty.
In Galloway the tothir fell,
- 20 Quhen, as yhe forouth herd me tell,
Schir Eduard the Brus with fifty
Vencust of Sanct Johne Schir Amy
And fiften hundreth men be tale.
The thrid fell intill Eskisdale,
- 25 Quhen that Schir Johne the Soulis was
The governour of all that plas,
That till Schir Andro Hardclay
With fifty men withset the way
That had thar in his cumpany
- 30 Thre hundreth horsit jolely.
This Schir Johne into plane melle
Throu hardyment and soverane bounte
Vencust tham sturdely ilkane
And Schir Andro in hand has tane.

- 35 I will nocht rehers the maner,
 For, quhasa likis, tha may her
 Yhoung wemen, quhen tha will play,
 Sing it emang tham ilke day.
 Thir war the worthy poyntis thre,
 40 That I trow evirmar sall be
 Prisit quhile men may on tham mene.
 It is wele worth foreuten wene
 That thar namis for evirmar,
 That in thar time sa worthy war
 45 That men till her yhet has dante
 Of thar worchip and thar bounte,
 Be lestand ay furth in lowing;
 Quhar he that is of hevin the king
 Bring tham he up till hevinis blis
 50 Quhar alwais lestand lowing is.

CXXIV.

- Untill this tym that the Richmond
 Was on this maner brocht to ground
 Men of the cost of England,
 That duelt on Hummyr or nerhand,
 5 Gaderit tham ane gret menyhe,
 And went in schippis till the se,
 And toward Scotland went in hy,
 And in the Firth com hastely.

- Tha wend till haf all thar liking,
 10 For tha wist richt wele that the king
 Was than fer out of the cuntre,
 With him mony of gret bounte:
 Tharfor intill the Firth com tha,
 And endlang furth held tha thar way
 15 Quhill tha besid Ennerkethyne
 On west half toward Dunfermlyne
 Tuk land and fast begouth to ref.
 The erl of Fif and the schirref
 Saw till thar cost schippis approchand,
 20 Tha gaderit till defend thar land,
 And ay forgane the schippis ay,
 As tha salit, tha held thar way,
 And thocht to let tham land to tak.
 And, quhen the schipmen saw tham mak
 25 Sic contenans in sic aray,
 Tha said emang tham all that tha
 Wald nocht let for tham land to ta.
 Than till the land they sped them sa
 That tha com thar in full gret hy
 30 And arivit full hardely.
 The Scottismen saw thar cuming,
 And had of tham sic abasing
 That tha all sammyn rad tham fra
 And the land letles let tham ta:
 35 Tha durst nocht ficht with tham, forthi
 Tha withdrew tham all halely,
 The quhethir tha war fif hundreth ner.
 Quhen tha away thus ridand wer

- And na defens begouth to schap,
40 Of Dunkelden the gud bischap,
That men callit Wilyham Sancier,
Com with ane rout in gud maner,
I trow on hors tha war sixty.
Himself was armit jolely
45 And rad apon ane stalward sted ;
Ane chemer for till hele his wed
Abouin his arming had he then,
And als wele armit was his men.
The erl with the schirref met he
50 Avaward with ane gret menyhe,
And askit tham wele sone quhat hy
Mad tham to turn sa hastely.
Tha said thar fais with stalward hand
Had in sic fusoun takin land
55 That tha thocht tham all out to fele
And tham to few with tham to dele.
Quhen the bischop herd it was sa,
He said, 'The king aucht wele to ma
Of yhou that takis sa wele on hand
60 In his absens to wer the land.
Certis, gif he gert serf yhou wele,
The gilt spuris richt by the hele
He suld in hy ger hew yhou fra :
Richt wald with cowardis men did sa.
65 Quha lufis his lord or his cuntre
Turn smertly now agane with me.'
With that he kest of his chemer,
And hynt in hand ane stalward sper,

And rad toward his fais in hy ;
 70 All turnit with him halely,
 For he had tham reprufit sa
 That of tham all nane went him fra.
 He rad befor tham sturdely,
 And tha him folowit sarraly
 75 Quhill that tha com ner approchand
 To thar fais that had tane land ;
 And sum war knit in gud aray,
 And sum war set to the foray.
 The gud bischop, quhen he tham saw,
 80 He said, 'Lordingis, but dred or aw
 Prik we apon tham hardely,
 And we sall haf tham wele lichtly ;
 Se tha us cum but abasing
 Sa that we mak her na stinting,
 85 Tha sall wele sone discumfit be.
 Now dois wele, for men sone sall se
 Quha lufis the kingis menek today.'
 Than all togidder in gud aray
 Tha prikit apon tham sturdely.
 90 The bischop that was richt hardy
 And mekill and stark rad foreuth ay.
 Than in a frusch assemblit tha ;
 And tha, that at the first meting
 Of speris feld sa sar sowing,
 95 Wandist and wald haf bene away ;
 Toward thar schippis in hy held tha,
 And tha com chasand felonly,
 And slew tham sa dispitfully

That all the feldis strowit war
100 Of Inglismen that slane was thar.
And tha that yhet held unslane
Pressit tham till the se agane,
And Scottismen that chasit sa
Slew all that evir tha nicht ourta,
105 Bot tha that fled yhet nocht forthi
Sa till thar schippis can tham hy,
And in sum bargis sa fele can ga,
For thar fais tham chasit sa,
That tha ourtumlit, and the men
110 That war tharin all drounit then.
Thar did ane Inglisman perfay
Ane wele gret strinth, as I herd say,
For, quhen he chasit was till the bat,
Ane Scottisman that him handlit hat
115 He hynt than be the armis twa,
And, war him wele or war him wa,
He evin apon his bak him flang,
And with him till the bat can gang,
And kest him in all magre his:
120 This was ane wele gret strinth I wis.
The Inglismen that wan away,
To thar schippis in hy went tha,
And salit ham angry and wa
That tha had bene rebutit sa.

CXXV.

Quhen that the schipmen on this wis
 War discumfit as I devis,
 The bischop, that sa wele him bar
 That he all hartit that was thar,
 5 Was yhet intil the fichting sted
 Quhar that fif hundreth ner war ded
 Forouten tham that drounit war;
 And, quhen the feld was spulyheit bar,
 Tha went all ham to thar repar.
 10 To the bischop is fallin far,
 That throu his pris and his bounte
 Has eschevit sa gret journe:
 The king tharfor ay fra that day
 Him luft, honorit, and prisit ay,
 15 And held him into sic dante
 That his awn bischop him callit he.
 Thus tha defendit the cuntre
 Apon bath halfis the Scottis Se
 Quhile that the king was out of land,
 20 That than, as I haf born on hand,
 Throu all Irland his cours had mad
 And agane till Cragfergus rad.
 And, quhen his brothir as he war king
 Had all Erischry at his bidding
 25 And halely Ullister alsua,
 He buskit ham his way to ta.

Of his men that war mast hardy
 And prisit of all chevelry
 With his brothir gret part left he,
 30 And syn he went ontill the se.
 Quhen thar lefis on athir party
 Was tane, he went to schip in hy;
 The erl Thomas with him he had;
 Tha rasit salis but abad,
 35 And in the land of Galloway
 Forout perill. arivit tha.
 The lordis of the land was fane
 Quhen tha wist he was cumin agane,
 And till him went in full gret hy,
 40 And he resavit tham richt gladly
 And mad tham fest and gladsum cher,
 And tha sa wondirly blith wer
 Of his com that na tounng might say:
 Gret fest and far till him mad tha.
 45 Quharevir he rad, all the cuntre
 Gaderit in dante him to se;
 Gret gladschip than was in the land;
 All than was wonnin till his hand;
 Fra Redis Swyr till Orkynnay
 50 Was nocht of Scotland fra his fay
 Outakin Berwik it alane.
 That tym tharin wonnit ane
 That capitane was of the toun.
 All Scottisamen in suspicioun
 55 He held, and tretit tham richt ill.
 He had ay till tham hevy will,

And held tham fast at undir ay,
 Quhill that it fell apon ane day
 That ane burges Sym of Spalding
 60 Thocht it was richt ane angry thing
 Ay sagat till rebutit be:
 Tharfor intill his hart thocht he
 That he wald slely mak covyn
 With the marschall, quhais cosyn
 65 He had weddit ontill his wif;
 And as he thocht he did belif.
 Letteris till him he send in hy
 With ane trast man all prevely,
 And set him tym to cum at nicht
 70 With ledderis and gud men and wicht
 To the Kow Yhat all prevely,
 And bad him hald his tryst trewly,
 And he suld met tham at the wall,
 For his wach thar that nicht suld fall.
 75 Quhen the marschall the letteris saw,
 He umbethocht him than ane thraw,
 For he wist be himselvin that he
 Micht nocht of micht na power be
 For till eschef sa gret ane thing,
 80 And, gif he tuk till his helping
 Ane, ane othir suld wrethit be.
 Tharfor richt till the king yhed he,
 And schawit him betuix tham twa
 The lettir and the charge alsua.
 85 Quhen that the king herd that this trane
 Was spokin into sic certane

That him thoct tharin na fantis,
He said him, 'Certis thou wrocht has wis
That thou discoverit the first to me,
90 For, gif thou had discoverit the
To my nevo the erl Thomas,
Thou suld displee the lord Douglas,
And him alsua in the contrer;
Bot I sall wirk on sic maner
95 That thou at thyn entent sall be
And haf of nane of tham magre.
Thou sall tak kep wele till the day,
And with tham that thou purchas may
At evin thou sall enbuschit be
100 In Duns park, bot be preve,
And I sall ger the erl Thomas
And the lord alsua of Douglas,
Athir with ane quhene of men,
Be thar to do as thou sall ken.
105 The marschall than but mar delay
Tuk lef and held on furth his way,
And held the spek preve and still
Quhill the day that was set him till.
Than of the best of Lowdiane
110 He with him till his tryst has tane,
For schirref tharof than was he.
To Duns park with his menyhe
He com at evin prevely,
And syn with ane gud cumpany
115 Sone eftir com the erl Thomas
That was met with the lord Douglas:

Ane richt far cumpany tha war
 Quhen tha war met togidder thar.
 And, quhen the marschall the covyn
 120 To bath the lordis lyn be lyn
 Had tald, tha went on furth thar way,
 Fer fra the toun thar hors left tha.
 To mak it schort, sa wrocht tha than
 That but seing of ony man,
 125 Outane Sym of Spalding alane
 That gert that ded be undirtane,
 Tha set thar ledderis till the wall,
 And but persaving com up all,
 And held tham in ane nuk prove
 130 Quhill that the nicht suld passit be,
 And ordanit that the mast party
 Of thar men suld gang sarraly
 With thar lordis and hald ane stale,
 And the remanand suld all hale
 135 Scale throu the toun, and tak and sla
 All the men that tha nicht ourta.
 Bot sone thar ordinans brak tha,
 For als sone as it dawit day
 The twa-part of thar men and ma
 140 All scalit throu the toun can ga.
 Sa greddy war tha till the gud
 That tha ran richt as tha war wud,
 And sesit housis, and slew men.
 And tha that saw thar fais then
 145 Cum apon tham sa sudanly,
 Throuout the toun tha rasit the cry,

- And schot togidder her and thar,
 And ay, as tha assemblit war,
 Tha wald abid and mak debat.
 150 Had tha bene warnit, wele I wat,
 Tha suld haf sald thar dedis der,
 For tha war gud men, and tha wer
 Fer ma then tha war that tham socht,
 Bot tha war scalit sa that tha mocht
 155 On na maner assemblit be.
 Thar was gret melleis twa or thre,
 Bot Scottisamen sa wele tham bar
 That thar fais ay ruschit war,
 And cummerit at the last war sa
 160 That tha haly the bak can ta.
 Sum gat the castell, bot nocht all,
 And sum ar slidin our the wall,
 And sum war intill handis tane,
 And sum war in the bargane slane.
 165 On this wis tham contenit tha
 Quhill it was ner none of the day;
 Than tha that in the castell war
 And othir that fled till tham thar,
 That war ane richt gret cumpany,
 170 Quhen tha the baneris saw simply
 Sa standand stuffit with sa quhone,
 Thar yhatis haf tha opnit sone
 And ischit on tham hardely.
 Than erl Thomas that was worthy,
 175 And the gud lord als of Douglas,
 With the few folk that with tham was,

Met tham stoutly with wapnis ser.
 Thar men nicht so that had bene ner
 Men abandoun tham hardely:
 180 The Inglismen faucht cruelly,
 And with all michtis can tham pane
 To rusch the Scottismen agane.
 I trow tha had sa done perfay,
 For tha war fewar fer then tha,
 185 Gif it na had bene ane new mad knicht,
 That till his nam Schir Wilyham hicht
 Of Keth, and of the Gawlistoun
 He hicht throu differens of surnoun,
 That bar him sa richt wele that day,
 190 And put him till sa hard assay,
 And sic dintis about him dang,
 That, quhar he saw the thikkast thrang,
 He prikit with sa mekill nicht,
 And sa enforseely can ficht
 195 That he mad till his menyhe way;
 And tha that ner war by him ay
 Dang on thar fais sa hardely
 That tha haf tane the bak haly,
 And till the castell held thar way,
 200 And at gret mischef enterit tha,
 For tha war pressit thar sa fast
 That tha fele lesit of the last;
 Bot tha that enterit, nocht forthi,
 Sparit thar yhatis hastely
 205 And in hy till the wallis ran,
 For tha war nocht all sekir than.

CXXVI.

The toun was takin on this wis
 Throu gret worschip and he empris,
 And all the gud that tha thar fand
 Was sesit smertly intill hand.
 5 Vittale tha fand in gret fusoun,
 And all that fell to stuff of toun,
 That kepit tha fra distroying;
 And syn has word send till the king,
 And he was of that tithing blith,
 10 And sped him thiddirward full swith;
 And, as he throu the cuntre rad,
 Men gaderit till him quhill he had
 Ane mekill rout of worthy men.
 And the folk that war wonnand then
 15 Intill the Mers and Tevydale,
 And in the Forest als all hale,
 And the est end of Lowdiane,
 Befor that the king com ar gane
 To Berwik with sa stalward hand
 20 That nane that was that tym wonnand
 On yhond half Twed durst wele aper.
 And tha that in the castell wer,
 Quhen tha thar fais in sic plente
 Saw forouth tham assemblit be,
 25 And had na hop of reaskewing,
 Tha war abasit in gret thing.

Bot tha the castell nocht forthi
 Held tha fif dais sturdely.
 Syn yhald it on the sext day,
 30 And till thar cuntre syn went tha.
 Thus was the castell and the toun
 To Scottisemenis possessioun
 Brocht, and sone eftir the king
 Com ridand with his gadering
 35 To Berwik, and in the castele
 He herbryit is bath far and wele,
 And all his gret lordis him by;
 The remanand all comonly
 To herbry in the toun ar gane.
 40 The king has than to consale tane
 That he wald nocht brek doun the wall,
 Bot castell and the toun withall
 Stuff wele with men and with vittale
 And alkyn othir apparale
 45 That micht avale or yhet mister
 To hald castell or toun of wer.
 And Walter Steward of Scotland,
 That than was yhoung and avenand,
 And sone in law was till the king,
 50 Had sa gret will and sic yharning
 Nerhand the Marchis for to be
 That Berwik till yhemsal tuk he,
 And resavit of the king the toun
 And the castell and the dongeoun.
 55 The king gert men of gret noblay
 Rid intill Ingland for to pray,

- That brocht out gret plente of fe,
 And sum cuntreis trewit he
 For vittale that in gret fusoun
 60 He gert bring smertly till the toun,
 Sa that bath toun and castell war
 Wele stuffit for ane yher and mar.
 The gud Steward of Scotland then
 Send for his frendis and his men,
 65 Quhill he had with him, but archeris,
 But burges and but awblasteris,
 Fif hundreth men wicht and worthy
 That armis bar of awncestry.
 Johne Crab ane Fleming als had he,
 70 That was of sa gret subtilite
 Till ordane till mak apparale
 For till defend and till assale
 Castell of wer or than cite,
 That nane slear nicht fundin be.
 75 He gert engynis and cranis ma,
 And purvait gret fyr alsua;
 Springaldis and schotis on ser maneris
 That till defend castellis efferis
 He purvait into full gret wane;
 80 Bot gynis for crakis had he nane,
 For in Scotland yhet than but wene
 The us of tham had nocht bene sene.
 And, quhen the toun apon this wis
 Was stuffit as I her devis,
 85 The nobill king his way has tane
 And ridin toward Lowdiane;

And Walter Steward that was stout
 He left at Berwik with his rout,
 And ordanit fast for apparale
 90 To defend gif men wald assale.

CXXVII.

Quhen till the king of Ingland
 Was tald how that with stalward hand
 Berwik was tane, and stuffit syn
 With men and vittale and armyn,
 5 He was anoyit richt gretumly,
 And gert assemill hastily
 His consale, and has tane to red
 That he his host wald thiddir led,
 And with all micht that he micht get
 10 To the toun ane assege he set,
 And gert dik tham sa stalwardly
 That, quhile tham likit thar to ly,
 Tha suld fer out the trastar be;
 And, gif the men of the cuntre
 15 With strinth of men wald tham assale
 At thar dikis intill battale,
 Tha suld advantage haf gretly,
 And thocht all suth for gret foly
 War till assale intill fichting
 20 At his dikis sa stark ane thing.

Quhen his consale on this maner
Was tane, he gert bath fer and ner
His host haly assemblit be ;
Ane gret folk than with him had he.
25 Of Longcastell the erl Thomas,
That syn was sanctit as men sais,
Intill his cumpany was thar,
And all the erlis als that war
In Ingland worthy for to fight,
30 And barounis als of mekill nicht,
With him to that assege had he,
And gert his schippis be the se
Bring schot and othir apparale
And gret warnising of vittale.
35 To Berwik with all his menyhe
With his battalis arait com he,
And till gret lordis ilkane sindry
Ordanit ane feld for thar herbry ;
That men nicht se sone palyheounis
40 Be stentit on sindry fassounis
Sa fele that tha ane toun mad thar
Mar than bath toun and castell war.
On othir half syn on the se
The schippis com on sic plente
45 With vittale, arming, and with men,
That all the havin was stoppit then.
And, quhen tha that war in the toun
Saw thar fais in sic fusoun
Be land and se cum sturdely,
50 Tha as wicht men and richt worthy

- Schup tham for till defend thar sted,
 That tha in aventur of ded
 Suld put tham, or than rusch agane
 Thar fais; for thar capitane
 55 Tretit tham sa lusumly,
 And tharwithall the mast party
 Of tham that armit with him wer
 War of his blud and sibmen ner,
 Or ellis tha war his allye.
 60 Of sic confort men nicht tham se
 And of sa richt far contening
 As nane of tham had abasing.
 On dais arait wele war tha,
 And on the nicht wele wachit ay.
 65 Wele sex dais tha sa abad
 That tha na full gret bargane had.

CXXVIII.

- I**ntill this tym that I tell her
 That tha withouten bargane wer
 The Inglismen sa closit had
 Thar host with dikis that tha mad
 5 That tha war strinthit gretumly.
 Syn with all handis besaly
 Tha schup tham with thar apparale
 Tham of the toun for till assale,

- And on our Ladyis evin Mary
 10 That bar the birth that all can by,
 That men callis hir Nativite,
 Sone in the morning men nicht se
 The Inglis host arm tham in hy,
 And display baneris sturdely,
 15 And assemill to thar baneris
 With instrumentis on ser maneris,
 As scaffaldis, ledderis, and coveringis,
 Pikis, howis, and ek staf-alingis.
 Till ilk lord and his battale
 20 Was ordanit quhar he suld assale;
 And tha within, quhen that tha saw
 That menyhe range tham sa on raw,
 Till thar wardis tha went in hy
 That war stuffit richt stalwardly
 25 With stanis and schot and othir thing
 That nedit till thar defending,
 And into sic maner abad
 Thar fais that till assale tham mad.
 Quhen tha without war all redy,
 30 Tha trumpit till ane salt in hy,
 And ilk man with his apparale
 Quhar he suld be went till assale;
 Till ilk kyrnele that was thar
 Archaris to schut assignit war.
 35 And, quhen on this wis tha war boun,
 Tha went in hy toward the toun,
 And fillit dikis richt hastely,
 Syn till the wallis hardely

Tha went with ledderis that tha had.
 40 Bot tha sa gret defens haf mad
 That war abouin apon the wall,
 That of ledderis and men withall
 Tha gert fall flatlingis till the ground.
 Than men nicht se in litill stound
 45 Men assalyheand richt hardely,
 Dressand up ledderis douchtely,
 And sum on ledderis pressand war.
 Bot tha that on the wall was thar
 Till all peralis can abandoun
 50 Tham quhill thar fais war dungin doun.
 At gret mischef defendit tha
 Thar toun, for, gif we suth sall say,
 The wallis of the toun than wer
 Sa law that a man with ane sper
 55 Nicht strik ane othir intill the fas,
 And the schot als sa thik thar was
 That it was wondir for to se.
 Walter Steward with ane menyhe
 Rad ay about for till se quhar
 60 That for till help mast mister war,
 And, quhar men pressit mast, he mad
 Succouris till his that mister had.
 The mekill folk that was without
 Had enveronit the toun about
 65 Sa that na part of it was fre.
 Thar nicht men the assalyheouris se
 Abandoun tham richt hardely,
 And the defendouris douchtely

- With all thar nichtis can tham pane
 70 To put thar fais with fors agane.
 On this wis tham contenit tha
 Quhill none was passit of the da.
 Than tha that in the schippis war
 Ordanit ane schip with full gret far
 75 To cum with all hir apparale
 Richt till the wall for till assale.
 To mid-mast up thar bat tha drew
 With armit men tharin enew;
 Ane brig tha had for till lat fall
 80 Richt fra the bat upon the wall;
 With bargis by hir can tha row,
 And pressit tham full fast to tow
 Hir by the brighous till the wall;
 On that entent tha set tham all,
 85 Tha brocht hir quhill scho com wele ner.
 Than nicht men se on ser maner
 Sum men defend and sum assale
 Full besaly with gret travale.
 Tha of the toun sa wele tham bar
 90 That the schipmen sa handlit war
 That tha the schip on na maner
 Micht ger cum till the wall sa ner
 That thar fallbrig nicht rek thartill.
 Sa lang abad tha fichtand still
 95 Quhill that scho ebbit on the ground;
 Than nicht men in ane litill stound
 Se tham be fer of wer covyn
 Than tha war er that war hir in.

And, quhen the se was ebbit sa
100 That men all dry till hir nicht ga,
Out of the toun ischit in hy
Till hir ane wele gret cumpany,
And fyr till hir has kendlit sone.
Intill schort tym sa haf tha done
105 That tha in fyr has gert hir brin,
And sum war slane that war hir in,
And sum fled and away ar gane.
Ane engynour thar haf tha tane
That sleast was of that mister
110 That men wist outhir fer or ner,
Intill the toun syn enterit tha.
It fell tham happely perfay
That tha gat in sa hastely,
For thar com ane gret cumpany
115 In full gret hy up be the se,
Quhen tha the schip saw brinnand be;
Bot, or tha com, the tothir war past
The yhat and barrit it richt fast.
The folk assalyheit fast that day,
120 And tha within defendit ay
On sic awis that tha that war
With gret enfors assalyheand thar
Micht do thar will on na maner.
And, quhen the evin-sang tym was ner,
125 The folk without that war wery,
And sum woundit full cruelly,
Saw tham within defend tham sa,
And saw it was nocht eth to ta

The toun quhile sic defens was mad,
 130 And tha that into stering had
 The host saw that thar schip was brint,
 And of tham that tharin war tynt,
 And thar folk woundit and wery,
 Tha gert blaw the retret in hy;
 135 Fra the schipmen rebutit war
 Tha let the tothir assale na mar,
 For throu the schip tha wend ilkane
 That tha the toun wele suld haf tane.
 Men sais that ma schippis than sa
 140 Pressit that tym the toun to ta;
 Bot, for that thar was brint bot ane
 And the gynour tharin was tane,
 Now her tharfor mentioun mad I
 Bot of a schip allanerly.

CXXIX.

Quhen tha had blawin the retret,
 Tha folk that tholit had panis gret
 Withdrew tham haly fra the wall;
 The assalt haf tha levit all;
 5 And tha within that wery war,
 And mony of tham woundit sar,
 War blith and glad quhen that tha saw
 Thar fais sagat tham withdraw.

- And, fra tha wist suthly that tha
10 Held till thar palyheounis thar way,
Tha set gud wachis till thar wall,
Syn till thar innis went tha all
And esit tham that wery war;
And othir that war woundit sar
15 Had gud lechis, forsuth I hicht,
That helpit tham as best tha micht.
On athir sid wery war tha,
That nicht tha did na mar perfay.
Fif dais thareftir tha war still
20 That nane till othir did mekill ill.
Now lef we thir folk her lyand
All still as I haf born on hand,
And turn the cours of our carping
To Schir Robert the douchty king,
25 That assemblit bath fer and ner
Ane host, quhen that he wist but wer
That the king sa of Ingland
Had assegit with stalward hand
Berwik quhar Walter Steward was.
30 To purpos with his men he tais
That he wald nocht sa sone assale
The king of Ingland with battale,
And at his dikis specialy,
For it micht wele turn till foly.
35 Tharfor he ordanit lordis twa,
The erl of Murref was ane of tha,
The tothir was the lord Douglas,
With fiftin thousand men to pas

In Ingland for to brin and sla
40 And sa gret ryot thar to ma
That tha that lay segeand the toun,
Quhen tha herd the distructioun
That tha suld intill Ingland ma,
Suld be sa dredand and sa wa
45 For thar childir and for thar wifis
That tha suld dred suld les thar lifis,
And thar gudis alsua that tha
Suld dred than suld be had away,
That tha suld lef the sege in hy
50 And wend to reskew hastely
Thar gudis, thar frendis, and thar land.
Tharfor, as I haf born on hand,
Thir lordis send he furth in hy,
And tha thar way tuk hastely,
55 And in Ingland gert brin and sla,
And wrocht tharin sa mekill wa,
As tha forait the cuntre,
That it was pite for to se
To tham that wald it ony gud,
60 For tha distroyit all as tha yhud.
Sa lang tha rad distroyand sa
As tha traversit to and fra,
That tha ar cumin till Repoun
And distroyit haly that toun.
65 At Borowbrig syn thar herbry
Tha tuk, and at Mytoun tharby.
And, quhen the men of that cuntre
Saw thar land sa distroyit be,

- Tha gaderit into full gret hy
 70 Archaris, burges, and yhemantry,
 Prestis, clerkis, monkis, and freris,
 Husbandis, and men of all misteris,
 Quhill that tha sammyn assemblit war
 Wele tuenty thousand men and mar;
 75 Richt gud arming eneuch tha had.
 The archbischof of York tha mad
 Thar capitane, and till consale
 Has tane that tha in plane battale
 Wald assale the Scottismen
 80 That fer fewar then tha war then.
 Than he displait his baner,
 And othir bischopis that thar wer
 Gert display thar baneris alsua;
 All in a rout furth can tha ga
 85 Toward Mytoun the redy way.
 And, quhen the Scottismen herd say
 That tha war till tham cumand ner,
 Tha buskit tham on thar best maner
 And delit tham in battalis twa;
 90 Douglas the avaward can ma,
 The rerward mad the erl Thomas,
 For chiftane of the host he was;
 And sa ordanit in gud aray
 Toward thar fais tha held thar way.
 95 Quhen athir had of othir sicht,
 Tha pressit on bath halfis to ficht.
 The Inglismen com on sadly
 With gud contenans and hardy

Richt in a front with thar baner,
 100 Quhill tha thar fais com sa ner
 That tha thar visage wele nicht se.
 Thre sper lenth I trow wele nicht be
 Betuix tham, quhen sic abasing
 Tuk tham that but mar in a swing
 105 Tha gaf the bak and all to ga.
 Quhen Scottismen has sene tham sa
 Affraitly fle all thar away,
 In gret hy apon tham schot tha,
 And slew and tuk ane gret party :
 110 The laf fled full affraitly
 As tha best nicht to sek warand.
 Tha war chasit sa ner at hand
 That wele ane thousand deit thar.
 Of tha yhet thre hundreth war
 115 Prestis that deit intill that chas ;
 Tharfor that bargane callit was
 The chaptour of Mytoun, for thar
 Slane sa mony prestis war.

CXXX.

Quhen thir folk thus discumfit was
 And Scottismen had left the chas,
 Tha went tham furthwardis in the land
 Slayand, distroyand, and brinnand.

- 5 And tha that at the segis lay,
 Or it was passit the fift day,
 Had mad tham sindry apparale
 To gang eftsonis till assale.
 Of gret gestis ane sow tha mad
 10 That stalward heling owth it had,
 With armit men enew tharin,
 And instrumentis als for to myn.
 Sindry scaffaldis tha mad withall
 That war wele hear then the wall,
 15 And ordanit als that be the se
 The toun suld wele assalyheit be.
 And tha within, that saw tham sa
 Sa gret apparale schap to ma
 Throu Crabis consale that was sle,
 20 Ane crane tha haf gert dres up he
 Rinnand on quhelis, that tha nicht bring
 It quhar that ned war of helping.
 And pik and ter als haf tha tane,
 And lint and hardis and brinstane,
 25 And dry treis that wele wald brin,
 And mellit syn athir othir in,
 And gret fagattis tharof tha mad
 Girdit with irn bandis brad.
 Of tha fagattis nicht mesurit be
 30 Till ane gret tunnis quantite.
 Tha fagattis brinnand in ane bale
 With thar crane thocht tha till avale,
 And, gif the sow com till the wall,
 To lat tham brinnand on hir fall

- 35 And with stark chenyheis hald tham thar
Quhill all war brint up that thar war.
Engynis alsua for to kast
Tha ordanit and mad redy fast,
And set ilk man syn till his ward;
40 And Schir Walter the gud Steward
With armit men suld rid about,
And se quhar that thar war mast dout,
And succour thar with his menyhe.
And, quhen tha into sic degre
45 Had mad tham for thar defending,
On the Rud evin in the dawing
The Inglis host blew till assale.
Than nicht men with ser apparale
Se that gret host cum sturdely;
50 The toun enveronit tha in hy,
And assalit with sa gud will,
For all thar nicht tha set thartill,
That tha tham pressit fast of the toun.
Bot tha that can tham abandoun
55 To ded or than to woundis sar
Sa wele has tham defendit thar
That ledderis till the ground tha flang,
And with stanis sa fast tha dang
Thar fais that fele tha left lyand,
60 Sum ded, sum hurt, and sum swonand.
Bot tha that held on fut in hy
Drew tham away deliverly,
And skunnirrit tharfor na kyn thing,
Bot went stoutly till assaling.

- 65 And tha abouin defendit ay
 And set tham till sa hard assay,
 How that fele of tham woundit war,
 That tha sa gret defens mad thar
 That tha stintit thar fais micht.
- 70 Apon sic maner can tha ficht
 Quhill it was ner none of the day :
 Than tha without in gret aray
 Pressit thar sow toward the wall ;
 And tha within wele sone gert call
- 75 The engynour that takin was,
 And gret manans till him mais,
 And swour that he suld de bot he
 Prufit on the sow sic sutele
 That he to-fruschit hir ilk dele.
- 80 And he, that has persavit wele
 That the ded was wele ner him till
 Bot gif he micht fulfill thar will,
 Thocht that he all his micht wald do.
 Bendit in gret hy than was scho
- 85 That till the sow was evin set.
 In hy he gert draw the cleket
 And smertly swappit out the stane,
 That evin out our the sow is gane,
 And behind hir ane litill we
- 90 It fell, and than tha cryit he
 That war in hir, ' Furth till the wall,
 For dredles it is ouris all.'
 The gynour than deliverly
 Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy

- 95 And the stane smertly swappit out.
 It flaw out quhedirand with ane rout
 And fell richt evin befor the sow.
 Thar hartis than begouth to grew,
 Bot yhet than with thar michtis all
 100 Tha pressit the sow toward the wall
 And has hir set thartill juncly.
 The gynour than gert bend in hy
 The gyn, and swappit out the stane,
 That evin toward the lift is gane,
 105 And with gret wecht syn duschit doun
 Richt by the wall in ane randoun,
 And hit the sow in sic maner
 That it that was the mast summer
 And starkast for to stint ane strak
 110 In sinder with that dusch he brak.
 The men ran out in full gret hy,
 And on the wallis tha can cry
 That thar sow ferryit was thar.
 Johne Crab, that had his ger all yhar,
 115 In his fagattis has set the fyr,
 And our the wall syn can tham wyr,
 And brint the sow to brandis bar.
 With this all fast assalyheand war
 The folk without with feloun ficht,
 120 And tha within with mekill micht
 Defendit manfully thar sted
 Intill gret aventur of ded.
 The schipmen with gret apparale
 Com with thar schippis till assale

- 125 With top-castellis warnist wele
 Of wicht men armit into stele,
 Thar batis up apon thar mast
 Drawin wele he and festnit fast,
 And pressit with that gret atour
 130 Toward the wall; bot the gynour
 Hit in the hespyn with ane stane,
 And the men that tharin war gane,
 Sum ded, sum dosnit, com doun wyndland.
 Fra thine furth durst nane tak on hand
 135 With schippis to pres tham till the wall;
 Bot the laf war assalyheand all
 On ilke sid sa egirly
 That certis it was gret ferly
 That tha folk sic defens has mad
 140 With the gret mischef that tha had,
 For thar wallis sa law than wer
 That a man richt wele with ane sper
 Micht strik ane othir up in the fas,
 As her befor tald till yhou was,
 145 And fele of tham war woundit sar,
 And the laf sa fast travalit war
 That nane had tym rest for to ta,
 Thar adversouris assalyheit sa.
 Tha war within sa stratly stad
 150 That thar wardane, that with him had
 Ane hundreth men in cumpany
 Armit that wicht war and hardy,
 And rad about for till se quhar
 That his folk hardast pressit war,

- 155 To relef tham that had mister,
Com sindry tymis in plasis ser
Quhar sum of the defendouris war
All ded, and othir woundit sar,
Sa that he of his cumpany
160 Behufit till lef thar party,
Sa that, be he ane cours had mad
About, of all the men he had
Thar was levit with him bot ane,
That he ne had left tham evirilkane
165 To relef quhar he saw mister.
And the folk that assalyheand wer
At Mary Yhat till-hewin had
The barras, and ane fyr had mad
At the draw-brig, and brint it doun,
170 And war thringand in gret fusoun
Richt till the yhat ane fyr to ma.
Than tha within gert smertly ga
Ane till the wardane for to say
How tha war set in hard assay.
175 And, quhen Schir Walter Steward herd
How men sa stratly with tham ferd,
He gert cum of the castell then
All that war thar of armit men,
For thar that day assalyheit nane,
180 And with that rout in hy is gane
To Mary Yhat, and till the wall
Is went, and saw the mischef all,
And umbethocht him sudanly,
Bot gif gret help war set in hy

185 Thartill, tha suld brin up the yhet,
 That fra the wall tha suld nocht let.
 Tharfor apon gret hardyment
 He sudanly set his entent,
 And gert all wid set up the yhat,
 190 And the fyr that he fand tharat
 With strinth of men he put away.
 He set him in full hard assay,
 For tha that war assalyheand thar
 Pressit on him with wapnis bar,
 195 And he defendit with his micht.
 Thar micht men se ane feloun ficht;
 With staving, stoking, and striking
 Thar mad tha sturdy defending,
 For with gret strinth of men the yhat
 200 Tha defendit, and stud tharat
 Magre thar fais quhill the nicht
 Gert tham on bath halfis lef the ficht.

CXXXI.

Tha of the host, quhen nicht can fall,
 Fra the assalt withdrew tham all,
 Woundit and wery and forbett
 With mate cher the assalt tha left,
 5 And till thar innis went in hy,
 And set thar wachis hastely.

The laf tham esit as tha micht best,
 For tha had gret mister of rest.
 That nicht tha spak all comonly
 10 Of tham within, and had ferly
 That tha sa stout defens has mad
 Agane the gret assalt tha had.
 And tha within on othir party,
 Quhen tha thar fais sa halely
 15 Saw tham withdraw, tha war all blith,
 And thar wachis has ordanit swith,
 And syn ar till thar innis gane.
 Thar was bot few of tham was slane,
 Bot fele war woundit wikkity;
 20 The laf our mesur war wery.
 It was ane hard assalt perfay,
 And certis I herd nevir say
 Quhar quhene men mar defens had mad
 That sa richt sar assalyheing had :
 25 And of a thing that thar befell
 I haf ferly that I of tell,
 That is, that intill all that day,
 Quhen all thar mast assalyheit tha,
 And the schot thikkast was withall,
 30 Wemen with child and childir small
 In armfullis gaderit up and bar
 To tham that on the wallis war
 Arowis, and nocht ane slane was thar
 Na yhet woundit; and that was mar
 35 The mirakill of God almichty,
 And till nocht ellis it set can I.

On athir sid that nicht tha war
 All still, and on the morn but mar
 Thar com tithandis out of Ingland
 40 To tham of the host, that bar on hand
 How that by Borowbrig and Mytoun
 Thar men war slane and dungin doun,
 And that Scottismen throuout the land
 Rad yhet brinnand and distroyand.
 45 And, quhen the king has herd this tale,
 His consale he assemblit hale
 To se quhethir farar war him till
 To ly about the toun all still
 And assale quhill it wonnin war,
 50 Or than in Ingland for to far
 And reskew his land and his men.
 His consale fast discordit then,
 For southren men wald that he mad
 Arest thar quhill he wonnin had
 55 The toun and the castell alsua ;
 Bot northir men wald nathing sa,
 That dred thar frendis for to tyn
 And mast part of thar gudis syn
 Throu Scottismenis cruelte ;
 60 Tha wald he let the sege be
 And rad for till reskew his land.
 Of Longcastell, I tak on hand,
 The erl Thomas was ane of tha
 That consalit the king ham to ga,
 65 And, for that mar inclynit he
 To the folk of the south cuntre

Than till the northir menis will,
 He tuk it till sa mekill ill
 That he gert turs his ger in hy,
 70 And with his battale halely
 That of the host ner thrid part was
 Till Inland ham his way he tais.
 But lef he ham has tane his gat;
 Tharfor fell eftir sic debat
 75 Betuix him and the king, that ay
 Lestit quhill Andro Hardclay
 That throu the king was on him set
 Tuk him syn intill Pomfret,
 And on the hill besid the toun
 80 Strak of his hed but ransoun.
 Tharfor syn drawin and hangit was he
 And with him wele ane far menyhe.
 Men said syn eftir this Thomas
 That on this wis mad martyr was
 85 Was sanctit and gud mirakillis did,
 Bot invy syn gert tham be hid.
 Bot, quhethir he haly was or nane,
 At Pomfret thusgat was he slane.
 And syn the king of Inland,
 90 Quhen that he saw him tak on hand
 To pas his way sa opinly,
 Him thocht it was perill to ly
 Thar with the laf of his menyhe,
 And his harnas tursit has he
 95 And till Inland ham can far.
 The Scottismen that distroyand war

In Ingland herd some tell tithing
 Of this gret sege the departing;
 Tharfor tha tuk westward the way,
 100 And by Carlele ham went tha
 With prais and with presoneris
 And othir gudis on ser maneris.
 The lordis till the king ar gane,
 And the laf has thar wais tane
 105 Ilk man till his repar agane.
 The king, I wis, was wondir fane
 That tha war cumin hale and fer,
 And that tha sped on sic maner
 That tha thar fais discumfit had
 110 And but tynsale of men had mad
 Rescours to tham that in Berwik
 War assegit richt till thar dik.
 And, quhen the king had sperit tithand
 How tha had farin in Ingland,
 115 And tha had tald him all thar far,
 How Inglismen discumfit war,
 Richt blith intill his hart was he
 And mad tham fest with gamyn and gle..

CXXXII.

Berwik was on this maner
 Reskewit, and tha that tharin wer,

- Throu manhed and subtilite.
 He was worthy ane prins to be
 5 That couth with wit sa he ane thing
 But tynsale bring to gud ending.
 To Berwik syn the way he tais,
 And, quhen he herd thar how it was
 Defendit sa richt apertly,
 10 He lowit tham that war thar gretly.
 Walter Stewardis gret bounte
 Atour the laf commendit he
 For the richt gret defens he mad
 At the yhat quhar that men brint had
 15 The brig, as yhe herd me devis;
 And certis he was wele to pris
 That sa stoutly with plane fichting
 At opin yhat mad defending.
 Micht he haf livit quhill he had bene
 20 Of perfit eld, withouten wene
 His renoun suld haf strekit fer;
 Bot ded, that wachis ay to mer
 With all hir micht wak and worthy,
 Had at his worschip sic invy
 25 That in the flour of his yhouthed
 Scho endit all his douchty ded,
 As I sall tell yhou forthirmar.
 Quhen the king had ane quhile bene thar
 He send for masonis fer and ner
 30 That sleast was of that mister,
 And gert wele ten fut he the wall
 About Berwikis toun our all,

And syn sone toward Lowdiane
 With his menyhe his gat has gane,
 35 And syn he gert ordane in hy
 Bath armit men and yhemantry
 Intill Irland in hy to far
 Till help his brothir that was thar.
 Bot he, that rest anoyit ay
 40 And wald in travale be alway,
 A day forouth thar ariving
 That war send till him fra the king
 He tuk his way furthwardis to far
 Magre tham all that with him war,
 45 For he had nocht than in that land
 Of all men I trow twa thousand,
 Outane the kingis of Erischry
 That in gret routis rad him by.
 Toward Dundalk he tuk the way;
 50 And, quhen Richard of Clar herd say
 That he com with ane few menyhe,
 All that he nicht assemblit he
 Of all Irland of armit men,
 Sa that he had thar with him then
 55 Of trappit hors taenty thousand
 But tha that war on fut gangand,
 And held furth northwardis on his way.
 And, quhen Schir Eduard has herd say
 That cumin ner till him was he,
 60 He send discourouris him to se;
 The Soulis and the Steward war tha,
 And als Schir Philip the Mowbra.

- And, quhen tha sene had thar cuming,
 Tha went agane to tell the king,
 65 And said tha war wele mony men.
 In hy Schir Eduard ansuerd then
 And said that he suld ficht that day
 Thouch triplit or quadruplit war tha.
 Schir Johne Steward said, 'Sekirly
 70 I red nocht yhe ficht in sic hy;
 Men sais my brothir is cumand
 With fiften hundreth men nerhand,
 And, war tha knit with yhou, yhe micht
 The trastlyar abid to ficht.'
 75 Schir Eduard lukit richt angirly,
 And till the Soulis he said in hy,
 'Quhat sais thou?' 'Schir,' he said, 'perfay
 As my falow has said I say.'
 And than to Schir Philip said he.
 80 'Schir,' said he, 'sa our Lord me se,
 Methink it na foly to bid
 Yhour men that spedis tham to rid,
 For we are few, our fais ar fele.
 God may richt wele our werdis dele,
 85 Bot it war wondir that our micht
 Suld ourcum sa fele in ficht.'
 Than with gret ire, 'Alas!' said he,
 'I wend nevir till her that of the.
 Now help quha will, for sekirly
 90 This day but mar bad ficht will I;
 Sall na man say, quhile I may dre,
 That strinth of men sall ger me fle;

- God scheld that ony suld us blam
That we defoul our nobill nam.'
- 95 'Now be it sagat than,' quod tha,
'We sall tak that God will purvay.'
And, quhen the kingis of Erischry
Herd say and wist all sekirly
That thar king with sa quhene wald ficht
- 100 Agane folk of sa mekill nicht,
Tha com till him in full gret hy
And consalit him full tendirly
For till abid his men, and tha
Suld hald thar fais all that day
- 105 Doand, and on the morn alsua,
With thar saltis that tha suld ma.
Bot thar nicht na consale avale,
He wald allgat haf the battale.
And, quhen tha saw he was sa thra
- 110 To ficht, tha said, 'Yhe may wele ga
To ficht with yhon gret cumpany,
Bot we aquyt us utrely
That nane of us will stand to ficht.
Assuris nocht tharfor in our nicht,
- 115 For our maner is of this land
To folow and ficht, and ficht fleand,
And nocht to stand in plane melle
Quhill the tapart discumfit be.'
He said, 'Sen that yhour custum is,
- 120 I ask na mar at yhou bot this,
That is, th~~e~~yhe and yhour menyhe
Wald all togidder arait be,

- And stand on fer but departing,
 And se our ficht and our ending.'
- 125 Tha said wele that tha suld do sa,
 And syn toward thar men can ga
 That war wele tuenty thousand ner.
 Eduard with tham that with him wer,
 That war nocht fully twa thousand,
- 130 Arait tham stalwardly to stand
 Agane fourty thousand and ma.
 Schir Eduard that day wald nocht ta
 His cot armour, bot Gib Harper,
 That men held has withouten per
- 135 Of his estat, had on that day
 All hale Schir Eduardis aray.
 The ficht abad tha on this wis;
 And in gret hy thar ennemyis
 Com till assemill all redy;
- 140 And tha met tham richt hardely.
 Tha war sa few, for suth to say,
 That ruschit with thar fais war tha,
 And tha that mast pressit to stand
 War slane down, and the remanand
- 145 Fled till Erischry for succour.
 Schir Eduard that had sic valour
 Was ded, and Johne Steward alsua,
 And John the Soulis als with tha,
 And othir als of thar cumpany.
- 150 Tha vencust war sa sudanly
 That few intill the plas war slane,
 For the laf has thar wais tane

- Till the Erisch kingis that was thar
That in hale battale hufand war.
- 155 . Johne Thomassone that was ledar
Of tham of Carrik that thar war,
Quhen he saw the discumfiting,
Withdrew him till ane Erisch king
That of his aquentans had he,
- 160 And he resavit him in lawte.
And, quhen Johne cumin was till that king,
He saw be led fra the fighting
Schir Philip the Mowbra the wicht
That had been dosnit in the ficht,
- 165 And be the armis led was he
With twa men apon the cause
That was betuix tham and the toun
And strekit lang in ane randoun.
Toward the toun tha held thar way,
- 170 And, quhen in mid cause war tha,
Schir Philip of his desynes
Ourcom, and persavit he wes
Tane and sagat led with twa.
The tane he swappit sone him fra,
- 175 And syn the tothir in gret hy,
Syn drew his suerd deliverly,
And till the ficht the way he tais
Endlang the cause that than was
Fillit into gret fusoun
- 180 Of men that than went till the toun;
And he that met tham can tham ma
Sic payment quhar he can ga

That wele ane hundreth men gert he
 Lef magre tharis the cause,
 185 As Johne Thomassone said suthly
 That saw his ded all halely.
 Toward the battale evin he yhed:
 Johne Thomassone, that tuk gud hed
 That tha war vencust all planly,
 190 Cryit on him in full gret hy,
 And said, 'Cum her, for thar is nane
 On lif, for tha ar ded ilkane.'
 Than stud he still ane quhile, and saw
 That tha war all done out of daw,
 195 Syn went toward him sarraly.
 This Johne wrocht syn sa wittely
 That all that thiddir fled than wer,
 Thouch that tha lesit of thar ger,
 Com till Cragfergus hale and fer.
 200 And tha that at the fichting wer
 Socht Schir Eduard to get his hed
 Emang the folk that thar was ded,
 And fand Gib Harpar in his ger,
 And for sa gud his armis wer
 205 Tha strak his hed of, and syn it
 Tha haf gert salt intill ane kit,
 And send it syn intill Ingland
 To the king Eduard in presand.
 Tha wend Schir Eduardis it had bene,
 210 Bot for the arming that was schene
 Tha of the hed dissavit war,
 Although Schir Eduard deit thar.

CXXXIII.

On this wis war tha nobill men
 For wilfulness all lesit then;
 And that was sin and gret pite,
 For, had thar outrageous bounte
 5 Bene led with wit and with mesur,
 Bot gif the mar misaventur
 Befell tham, it suld richt hard thing
 Be till led tham till outraying:
 Bot gret outrageous succudry
 10 Gert tham all der thar worschip by.
 And tha that fled fra the melle
 Sped tham in hy toward the se,
 And till Cragfergus cumin ar tha.
 And tha that war intill the way
 15 To Schir Eduard send fra the king,
 Quhen tha herd the discumfiting,
 To Cragfergus tha went agane;
 And that was nocht forouten pane,
 For tha war mony tymis that day
 20 Assalit with Erischry, bot tha
 Ay held togidder sarraly,
 Defendand tham sa wittely
 That tha eschapit oft throu nicht
 And mony tymis als throu slicht,
 25 For of tharis to tham 'gaf tha
 To lat tham scathles pas thar way.

And till Cragfergus com tha sa
 That batis and schippis can tha ta,
 And salit till Scotland in hy,
 30 And thar arivit all safly.
 Quhen tha of Scotland had witting
 Of Schir Eduardis discumfiting,
 Tha menit him full tendirly
 Our all the land all comonly,
 35 And tha that with him slane war thar
 Full tendirly als menit tha war.

CXXXIV.

Eduard the Brus, as I said er,
 Was discumfit on this maner;
 And, quhen the feld was clengit clene
 Sa that na resistens was sene,
 5 The wardane than Richard of Clar
 And all the folk that with him war
 Toward Dundalk has tane the way,
 Sa that richt na debat mad tha
 At that tym with the Erischry,
 10 Bot till the toun tha held in hy,
 And syn has send furth till the king
 That Ingland had in governing
 Gib Harparis hed intill ane kit.
 John Mawpas till the king had it,

- 15 Quhilk he resavit in gret dante.
 Richt blith of that presand was he,
 For he was glad that he was sa
 Deliverit of ane feloun fa.
 In hart tharof he tuk sic prid
20 That he tuk purpos for to rid
 With ane gret host intill Scotland
 To revenge him with stalward hand
 Of tray, of travale, and of tene
 That done till him tharin had bene.
25 And ane richt gret host gaderit he,
 And gert his schippis be the se
 Cum with gret fusoun of vittale,
 For at that tym he thocht all hale
 For till distroy sa clene Scotland
30 That nane suld lef tharin lifand,
 And with his folk in gret aray
 Toward Scotland he tuk the way.
 And, quhen king Robert wist that he
 Com on him with sic ane menyhe,
35 He gaderit men bath fer and ner
 Quhill sa fele till him cumin wer
 And war als for to cum him to
 That him thocht he richt wele suld do.
 He gert withdraw all the catele
40 Of Lowdiane evirilk dele,
 And till strinthis gert tham be send,
 And ordanit men tham till defend,
 And with his host all still he lay
 At Culros, for he wald assay

- 45 To ger his fais throu fasting
 Be feblist and throu lang waking,
 And, fra he feblist had thar nicht,
 Assemill than with tham to ficht.
 He thocht to wirk apon this wis;
 50 And Inglismen with gret mastris
 Com with thar host in Lowdiane,
 And sone till Edinburgh ar gane,
 And thar abad tha dais thre.
 Thar schippis that war on the se
 55 Had the wind contrar till tham ay,
 Sa that apon na maner tha
 Had power till the Firth to bring
 Thar vittale till relef the king.
 And tha of the host that falit met,
 60 Quhen tha saw that tha nicht nocht get
 Thar vittalis till tham be the se,
 Than send tha furth ane gret menyhe
 For till foray all Lowdiane;
 Bot catell haf tha fundin nane
 65 Outane ane kow that was haltand
 That in Tranentis corn tha fand.
 Tha brocht hir till thar host agane;
 And, quhen the erl of Warane
 That kow saw anerly cum sa,
 70 He askit gif tha gat na ma,
 And tha haf said all till him 'Nay.'
 Than, 'Certis,' said he, 'I dar say
 This is the derast bef that I
 Saw evir yhet, for sekirly

75 It cost ane thousand pund and mar.
 And, quhen the king and tha that war
 Of his consale saw tha nicht get
 Na catell till thar host till et
 That than of fasting had gret pane,
 80 Till Ingland turnit tha agane.
 At Melros schup tha for to ly,
 And send befor ane cumpany,
 Thre hundreth ner of armit men :
 Bot the lord Douglas, that was then
 85 Besid intill the Forest ner,
 Wist of thar com and quhat tha wer,
 And with tham of his cumpany
 Intill Melros all prevely
 He hufit intill ane enbuschement,
 90 And ane richt sturdy frer he sent
 Without the yhat thar com to se,
 And bad him hald him all preve
 Quhill that he saw tham cumand all
 Richt till the cunyhe of the wall,
 95 And than cry he, 'Douglas, Douglas !'
 The frer furth than his way he tais,
 That was derf, stout, and ek hardy ;
 His mekill hud helit haly
 The arming that he on him had ;
 100 Apon ane stalward hors he rad,
 And in his hand he had ane sper,
 And abad apon that maner
 Quhill that he saw tham cumand ner.
 And, quhen the formast passit wer

- 105 The cunyhe, he cryit, ' Douglas, Douglas !'
 Than till tham all ane cours he mais,
 And bar ane doun deliverly.
 Than Douglas and his cumpany
 Ischit apon tham with ane schout;
 110 And, quhen tha saw sa gret ane rout
 Cum apon tham sa sudanly,
 Tha war abasit gretumly
 And gaf the bak but mar abad.
 The Scottismen emang tham rad
 115 And slew all that tha micht ourta,
 Ane gret martyrdom thar can tha ma,
 And tha that eschapit unslane
 Ar till thar gret host went agane,
 And tald tham quhat kyn welcuming
 120 Douglas tham mad at thar meting
 Convoyand tham agane rudly,
 And warnit tham the plane herbry.

CXXXV.

- The king of Ingland and his men,
 That saw thar herbryouris then
 Cum rebutit on that maner,
 Anoyit gretly in hart tha wer,
 5 And thocht that it war gret foly
 Intill the wod to tak herbry.

- Tharfor by Dryburgh in the plane
 Tha herbryit tham, and syn agane
 Ar went till Ingland ham thar way.
 10 And, quhen the king Robert herd say
 That tha war turnit ham agane,
 And how thar herbryouris war slane,
 In hy his host assemblit he,
 And went south our the Scottis Se,
 15 And till Ingland his way he tais.
 Quhen his host assemblit was,
 Auchty thousand he was and ma,
 And aucht battalis he mad of tha,
 In ilk battale was ten thousand.
 20 Syn went he furth ontill Ingland,
 And in hale rout folowit sa fast
 The Inglis king quhill at the last
 He com approchand till Biland,
 Quhar at that tym thar was lyand
 25 The king of Ingland with his men.
 King Robert that had witting then
 That he lay thar with mekill nicht
 Tranontit sa on him a nicht
 That be the morn that it was day
 30 Cumin intill plane feld war tha
 Fra Biland bot ane litill spas.
 Bot betuix him and it thar was
 Ane craggy bra strekit wele lang,
 And ane gret peth up for to gang:
 35 Othirwais nicht tha nocht away
 To pas to Bilandis abbay,

Bot gif tha passit fer about.
 And, quhen the mekill Inglis rout
 Herd that king Robert was sa ner,
 40 The mast part of tham that thar wer
 Went till the peth and tuk the bra.
 Thar thocht tha thar defens to ma,
 Thar baneris thar tha gert display
 And thar battalis on brad aray,
 45 And thocht wele till defend the plas.
 Quhen king Robert persavit has
 That tha tham thocht thar till defend,
 Eftir his consale has he send
 And askit quhat was best to do.
 50 The lord Douglas ansuerd tharto
 And said, 'Schir, I will underta
 That in schort tym I will do sa
 That I sall win yhon plas planly,
 Or than ger all yhon cumpany
 55 Cum down to yhou her in this plane.'
 The king than said till him agane,
 'Do than,' he said, 'and God the sped.'
 Than he furth on his wais yhed,
 And of the host the mast hardy
 60 Put tham intill his cumpany
 And held thar way toward the plas.
 The gud earl of Murref Thomas
 Left his battale, and in gret hy
 Bot with few men in cumpany
 65 Com till the lordis rout of Douglas
 And, or he enterit in the plas,

Befor tham all the plas tuk he,
 For he wald that men suld him se.
 And, quhen Schir James of Douglas
 70 Saw that he sagat cumin was,
 He prisit him tharof gretly,
 And welcumit him full hamly,
 And syn the plas tha sammyn ta.
 Quhen Inglismen tham saw do sa,
 75 Tha lichtit and agane tham yhed.
 Twa knichtis that douchty war of ded,
 Thomas Arthy ane hat to nam,
 The tothir Schir Ralf of Cobham,
 Com down befor all thar menyhe.
 80 Tha war bath of full gret bounte
 And met thar fais richt manlely,
 Bot tha war pressit gretumly.
 Thar nicht men se men wele assale,
 And men defend with stout battale,
 85 And arowis fle in gret fusoun,
 And tha that owth war tummill doun
 Stanis apon tham fra the hicht.
 Bot tha that set bath will and nicht
 To win the peth tham pressit sa
 90 That Schir Ralf of Cobham can ta
 The way up till his hors in hy,
 And left Schir Thomas manfully
 Defendand with gret nicht the plas
 Quhill that he sa supprisit was
 95 That he was tane throu hard fighting.
 And tharfor syn quhill his ending

He was renounit for best of hand
 Of ane knicht was in all Ingland,
 For this ilk Schir Ralf of Cobham
 100 In all Ingland he had the nam
 For the best knicht of all that land,
 And, for Schir Thomas duelt fichtand
 Quhar Schir Ralf, as befor said we,
 Withdrew him, prisit our him was he.

CXXXVI.

Thus war tha fichtand in the plas;
 And, quhen the king Robert that was
 Wis in his ded and averty
 Saw his men ay sa douchtely
 5 The peth apon thar fais ta,
 And saw his fais defend tham sa,
 Than gert he all the Erischry
 That war intill his cumpany
 Of Argile and the Ilis alsua
 10 Sped tham in hy ontill the bra.
 He bad tham lef the peth haly,
 And clym up in the craggis by,
 And sped tham fast the hicht to ta;
 And tha in gret hy has done sa,
 15 And clam allgat up till the hicht,
 And left nocht for thar fais nicht;

- Magre thar fais tha bar tham sa
That tha ar gottin abouin the bra.
Than men might se tham ficht felly
20 And rusoh thar fais sturdely,
And tha that till the plas war gane
Magre thar fais the hicht has tane,
Than laid tha on with all thar micht.
Thar micht men se men felly ficht.
25 Thar was ane peralous bargane,
For ane knicht hat Schir Johne Bretane
That lichtit was abouin the bra
With his men gret defens can ma,
And Scottismen sa can assale
30 And gaf tham sa feloun battale
That tha war set in sic affray
That tha that fle micht fled away.
Schir Johne of Bretane thar was tane,
And richt fele of his folk war slane.
35 Of Frans thar tane was knichtis twa ;
The lord of Souly was ane of tha,
The tothir was the marachall Bretane
That was ane wele gret lord at ham.
The laf sum ded war and sum tane,
40 And the remanand fled ilkane.
And, quhen the king of Ingland
That yhet at Biland was lyand
Saw his men discumfit planly,
He tuk his way in full gret hy
45 And southwardis fled with all his micht.
The Scottismen chasit him hard, I hicht,

And in the chas has mony tane.
 The king quytlly away is gane
 And the mast part of his menyhe.
 50 Walter Steward of gret bounte,
 Set ay apon he chevelry,
 With fif hundreth in cumpany
 To Yorkis yhatis chas can ma,
 And thar sum of thar men can sla,
 55 And abad thar quhill ner the nicht
 To see gif ony wald isch to ficht.
 And, quhen he saw nane wald cum out,
 He turnit agane with all his rout,
 And till the host is went in hy,
 60 That than tane had thar herbery
 Intill the abbay of Biland
 And Riveus that was by nerhand.
 Tha delt emang tham that war ther
 The king of Inghlandis ger
 65 That he had levit intill Biland;
 All gert tha lep out our thar hand,
 And mad tham all glad and mery.
 And, quhen the king had tane herbry,
 Tha brocht till him the presoneris
 70 All unarmit as it efferis.
 And, quhen he saw Johne of Bretane,
 He had at him richt gret disdane,
 For he was wont to spek hely
 At ham and our dispitfully,
 75 And bad haf him away in hy
 And luk he kepit war stratly,

And said, 'War it nocht that he war
 Sic ane catiff, he suld by sar
 His wordis that war sa angry.'
 80 And mekly he him cryit mersy.
 Tha led him furth forouten mar
 And kepit him wele ay quhill tha war
 Cumin ham till thar awn cuntre.
 Lang eftir syn ransounit was he
 85 For twenty thousand pund to pay,
 As I haf herd mony men say.

CXXXVII.

Quhen that the king this spek had mad,
 The Franch knichtis men takin had
 War brocht richt thar befor the king,
 And he mad tham far welcuming,
 5 And said, 'I wat richt wele that yhe
 For yhour gret worship and bounte
 Com for to se the fichting her,
 For, sen yhe in the cuntre wer,
 Yhour strinth, yhour worschip, and yhour micht
 10 Wald nocht thole yhou eschew the ficht,
 And, sen that caus yhou led thartill,
 And nouthir wreth na evill will,
 As frendis ye sall resavit be,
 Quhar welcum all tym her be yhe.'

- 15 Tha knelit and thankit him gretly,
 And he gert tret tham curtasly,
 And lang quhile with him tham had he,
 And did tham honour and bounte,
 And, quhen tha yharnit till thar land,
 20 To the king of Frans in presand
 He send tham quyt but ransoun fre,
 And gret giftis to tham gaf he.
 His frendis thusgat curtasly
 He couth resaf and hamely,
 25 And his fais stoutly stonay.
 At Biland all that nicht he lay,
 For thar victor all blith tha war,
 And on the morn forouten mar
 Tha haf furthwardis tane thar way.
 30 Sa fer at that tym travaalit tha,
 Brinnand, slayand, and distroyand,
 Thar fais with thar micht noyand,
 Quhill till the Wald cumin war tha.
 Syn northwardis tuk tha ham thar way,
 35 And distroyit in thar repar
 The vale haly of Beauvar,
 And syn with presoneris and catell,
 Riches and mony far jowell,
 To Scotland tuk tha ham thar way
 40 Blith and glad, joyfull and gay;
 And ilk man went to thar repar,
 And lowit God tham fell sa far
 That tha the king of Ingland
 Throu worschip and throu strinth of hand

- 45 And throu thar lordis gret bounte
Discumfit in his awn cuntre.

CXXXVIII.

- Thus was the land ane quhile in pes ;
Bot covatis, that can nocht ces
To set men spon felony
To ger tham cum to senyhory,
5 Gert lordis of full gret renoun
Mak ane fell conjuracioun
Agane Robert the douchty king.
Tha thocht to bring him till ending,
And for to bruk eftir his ded
10 The kinrik and ring in his sted.
The lord of Soulis Schir Wilyham
Of that purchas had mast defam,
For principall tharof was he.
Bath of assent and cruelte
15 He had gert be with him sindry ;
Gilbert Maleherbe, Johne of Logy,
Thir war knichtis that I tell her,
And Richard Broun als ane squyer.
And gud Schir David the Brechyn
20 Was of this ded arettit syn,
As I sall tell yhou forthirmar.
Bot tha ilkane discoverit war

- Throu ane lady, as I herd say,
 Or till thar purpos cum micht tha,
 25 For scho tald haly till the king
 Thar purpos and thar ordaning,
 And how that he suld haf bene ded,
 And Soulis ring intill his sted,
 And tald him verray takinning
 30 That this purchas was suthfast thing.
 And, quhen the king wist it was sa,
 Sa sutell purchas can he ma
 That he gert tak tham evirilkane.
 And, quhar the lord Soulis was tane,
 35 Thre hundreth and sixty had he
 Of squyaris cled in his livere
 At that tym in his cumpany,
 Outane knichtis that war joly.
 Intill Berwik takin was he.
 40 Than micht men all his menyhe se
 Sary and wa, for, suth to say,
 The king let tham all pas thar way,
 And held tham that he takin had.
 The lord Soulis sone eftir mad
 45 Playn granting of all that purchas.
 Ane parliament tharfor set thar was,
 And thiddir brocht thir menyhe war.
 The lord the Soulis has grantit thar
 The ded intill playn parliament;
 50 Tharfor sone eftir was he sent
 Till his penans to Dunbertane,
 And deit in that tour of stane.

Schir Gilbert Maleherbe and Logy
 And Richard Broun, thir thre planly
 55 War with ane assis than ourtane;
 Tharfor tha drawin war ilkane
 And hangit and hedit als tharto.
 As men had demit tham to do.
 And gud Schir David the Brechyn
 60 Tha gert chalans richt stratly syn;
 And he grantit that of that thing
 Was mad till him discovering,
 Bot he thartill gaf na consent.
 And, for he helit thar entent
 65 And discoverit nocht till the king
 That he held of all his halding
 And had mad till him his fewte,
 Jugit till hang and draw was he.
 And, as tha drew him for till hing,
 70 The pepill ferly fast can thring
 Him and his mischef for to se,
 That till behald was gret pite.
 Schir Ingeram Umphravill, that than
 Was with the king as Scottisman,
 75 Quhen he that gret mischef can se,
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'quhartill pres yhe
 To se at mischef sic ane knight,
 That was sa worthy and sa wicht
 That I haf sene ma pres to se
 80 Him for his richt soverane bounte
 Than now dois for to se him her?'
 And, quhen thir wordis spokin wer,

With sary cher he held him still
 Quhill men had done of him thar will,
 85 And syn with the lef of the king
 He brocht him menaskfully till erding,
 And syn to the king thus said he,
 'A thing I pray yhou grant to me,
 That is, that yhe of all my land
 90 That into Scotland is lyand
 Wald gif me lef to do my will.'
 The king than sone has said him till,
 'I will wele grant that it sa be,
 Bot tell me quhat anoyis the.'
 95 He said agane, 'Grant me mersy,
 And I sall tell yhou it planly.
 Myn hart gifis me na mar to be
 With yhou duelland in this cuntre;
 Tharfor, bot that it nocht yhou gref,
 100 I pray yhou hartly of yhour lef,
 For, quhar sa richt worthy ane knicht
 And sa chevelrous and sa wicht
 And sa renounit of worschip syn
 As gud Schir David the Brechyn,
 105 And sa fulfillit of all manhed,
 Was put to sa feloun ane ded,
 Myn hart forsuth may nocht gif me
 To duell for nathing that may be.'
 The king said, 'Sen that thou will sa;
 110 Quhenevir the likis thou may ga,
 And thou sall haf gud lef tharto
 Thy liking of thy land to do.'

And he him thankit gretumly,
And of his land in full gret hy
115 As him thocht best disponit he,
Syn at the king of gret bounte
Befor all tham that with him war
He tuk his lef for evirmar,
And went in Ingland till the king,
120 That mad him richt far welcuming,
And askit him of the north tithing.
And he him tald all but lesing
How tha knichtis distroyit war,
And all as I tald till yhou ar,
125 And of the kingis curtasy
That levit him debonarly
To do of his land his liking.
In that tyme was send fra the king
Of Scotland messingeris to tret
130 Of pes, gif that tha micht it get,
As tha oftais befor war send
Quhar that tha couth nocht bring till end;
For the gud king had in entent,
Sen God sa far gras till him sent
135 That he had wonnin all his land
Throu strinth of armis till his hand,
That he pes in his tyme wald ma
And all the landis stabill sa
That his ar eftir him suld be
140 In pes gif men held thar lawte.

CXXXIX.

In this tym now that Umphravile,
 As I bar yhou on hand er quhile,
 Com till the king of Ingland,
 The Scottis messingeris thar he fand
 5 Of pes and rest till haf tretis.
 The king wist Schir Ingeram was wis
 And askit his consale tharto
 Quhat he wald red him for to do,
 For him he said thocht hard to ma
 10 Pes with king Robert Brus his fa
 Quhill that he of him vengit war.
 Schir Ingeram till him mad ansuar,
 And said, 'He delt sa curtasly
 With me that on na wis suld I
 15 Gif consale till his merring.'
 'The behufis nedwais,' said the king,
 'To this thing her say thyn avis.'
 'Schir,' said he, 'sen yhour willis is
 That I say, wit yhe sekirly
 20 For all yhour gret chevelry
 To dele with him yhe haf na micht.
 His men ar worthin all sa wicht
 For lang usage of gret fighting,
 That has bene nurist in sic thing
 25 That ilk yheman is sa wicht
 Of his that he is worth ane knicht.

- Bot, and yhe think yhour wer to bring
 To yhour purpos and gud liking,
 Lang trewis with him tak sall yhe,
 30 Than sall the mast of his menyhe,
 That ar bot simpill yhemanry,
 Be distrenyheit all comonly
 To win thar met with thar travale,
 And sum of tham nedis but fale
 35 With pleuch and harow for to get
 And othir ser craftis thar met,
 Sa that thar arming sall worth ald,
 And sall be rottin, distroyit, or sald,
 And fele that now of wer ar sle
 40 Intill the lang trewis sall de,
 And othir in thar sted sall ris
 That sall cun litill of sic mastris,
 And, quhen tha thus disusit er,
 Than may yhe move on tham yhour wer,
 45 And sall richt wele, as I suppos,
 Bring yhour entent to gud purpos.
 To this assentit tha ilkane,
 And eftir sone war trewis tane
 Betuix the twa kingis, that wer
 50 Talyheit to lest for thretten yher,
 And on the Marchis gert tham cry.
 The Scottisamen kepit tham lely,
 Bot Inglisamen apon the se
 Distroyit throu gret iniquite
 55 Marchand schippis that saland war
 Fra Scotland till Flandris with war,

And distroyit the men ilkane,
 And till thar us thar gud has tane.
 The king send oft till ask redres,
 60 Bot nocht tharof redres thar wes,
 And he abad all tym askand;
 The trewis on his half gert he stand
 Apon the Marchis stabilly,
 And gert men kep tham lelely.

CXL.

In this tym that the trewis war
 Lestand on Marchis, as I said ar,
 Walter Steward that worthy was
 At Bathket ane gret seknes tais.
 5 His evill it wox ay mar and mar
 Quhill men persavit be his far
 That him worthit ned pay the det
 That na man for to pay may let.
 Schrevin and als repentand wele,
 10 Quhen all was done till him ilkdele
 That nedit Cristin man till haf,
 As gud Cristin the gast he gaf.
 Than nicht men her folk gret and cry,
 And mony ane knicht and ek lady
 15 Mak in apert richt evill cher,
 Sa did tha all that evir thar wer;

All men him menit comonly,
 For of his eld he was worthy.
 Quhen tha lang tym thar dule had mad,
 20 The cors to Paslay haf tha had,
 And thar with gret solemnite
 And with gret dule erdit was he.
 God for his nicht his saul he bring
 Quhar joy ay lestit but ending.

CXLI.

Effir his ded, as I said ar,
 The trewis that sa takin war
 For till haf lestit thretten yher,
 Quhen twa yher of tham passit wer
 5 And ane half as I trow alsua,
 King Robert saw men wald nocht ma
 Redres of schippis that war tane
 And of the men als that war slane,
 Bot continuit thar mavite
 10 Quhenevir tha met tham on the se.
 He send and aquyt him planly
 And gaf the trewis up opinly,
 And in vengeans of this trespass
 The gud erl of Murref Thomas,
 15 And Donald erl of Mar alsua,
 And James of Douglas with tha twa,

And James Steward that ledar wes
 Eftir his gud brothiris disces
 Of all his brothiris men in wer,
 20 He gert apon thar best maner
 With mony men boun tham to ga
 In Ingland for to brin and sla.
 And tha held furth sone till Ingland,
 Tha war of gud men ten thousand,
 25 Tha brint and alew intill thar way,
 Thar fais fast distroyit tha,
 And sagat farthward can tha far
 To Werdale quhill tha cumin war.
 That tym Eduard of Carnavirname
 30 The king was ded and laid in stane,
 And Eduard his sone that was yhing
 In Ingland crounit was for king
 And surnam had of Wyndissor.
 He had in Frans bene of befor
 35 With his modir dam Isabell,
 And was weddit, as I herd tell,
 With ane yhoung lady far of fas
 That the erlis dochtir was
 Of Hennaut, and of that cuntre
 40 Brocht with him men of gret bounte;
 Schir Johne of Hennaut was thar leder,
 That was richt wis and wicht in wer.
 And that tym that Scottismen war
 At Werdale, as I said yhou ar,
 45 Intill York was the new mad king,
 And herd tell of the distroying

That Scottismen mad in his cuntre.
 Ane gret host till him gaderit he,
 He was wele ner fifty thousand,
 50 Than held he northwardis in the land
 In hale battale with that menyhe;
 Auchten yher ald that tym was he.
 The Scottismen a day Cokdale
 Fra end till end had heryit hale,
 55 And till Werdale agane tha rad.
 Thar discurreouris, that sicht has had
 Of cuming of the Inglismen,
 To thar lordis tha tald it then.
 Than the lord Douglas in ane ling
 60 Rad furth for till se thar cuming,
 And saw that sevin battalis war tha
 That com ridand in gud aray.
 Quhen he that folk behaldin had,
 Toward his host agane he rad.
 65 The erl sperit gif he had sene
 The Inglis host. 'Yha, Schir, but wene.'
 'Quhat folk ar tha?' 'Schir, mony men.'
 The erl his ath has sworn then,
 'We sall ficht with tham, thouch tha war
 70 Yhet ma eftsonis then tha ar.'
 'Schir, lowit be God,' he said agane,
 'That we haf sic ane capitane
 That sa gret thing dar undirta.
 Bot be Sanct Bryd it beis nocht sa
 75 Gif my consale may trowit be,
 For ficht on na maner sall we

Bot be it at our advantage,
 For methink it war na outrage
 To fewar folk aganis ma
 80 Advantage quhen tha may to ta.
 As tha war on this wis spekand,
 Our ane he rig tha saw ridand
 Toward tham evin ane battale brad,
 Baneris displait enew tha had,
 85 And ane othir com eftir ner,
 And richt apon the samin maner
 Tha com quhill sevin battalis brad
 Out our that he rig passit had.
 The Scottismen war than lyand
 90 On north half Wer toward Scotland.
 The dale was strekit wele I hicht,
 On athir sid thar was ane hicht
 And till the watir down sumdele stay.
 The Scottismen in gud aray,
 95 On thar best wis buskit ilkane,
 Stud in the strinth that tha had tane,
 And that was fra the watir of Wer
 Ane quartir of ane mile wele ner.
 Tha stud thar battale till abid;
 100 And Inglismen on othir sid
 Com ridand downward quhill tha wer
 To Weris watir cumin als ner
 As on othir haf thar fais war.
 Than haf tha mad arest richt thar,
 105 And send out archaris ane thousand
 With hudis of and bowis in hand,

- And gert tham drink wele of the wyn,
And bad tham gang to bikkir syn
The Scottis host in abandoun,
110 And luk gif tha nicht ding tham down,
For, nicht tha ger tham brek aray,
To haf tham at thar will thocht tha.
Armit men down with tham tha send
Tham at the watir till defend.
115 The lord Douglas has sene thar far,
And men that richt wele horsit war
And armit, ane gret cumpany,
Behind the battalis prevely
He gert huf till bid thar cuming,
120 And, quhen he mad to tham takning,
Tha suld cum prikand fast and sla
With speris all that tha nicht ourta.
Donald of Mar thar chiftane was,
And Archebald with him of Douglas.
125 The lord Douglas toward tham rad,
Ane gown on his arming he had,
And traversit alwais up agane
Tham ner his battalis for to trane;
And tha, that drunken had of the wyn,
130 Com ay up endlang in ane lyn
Quhill tha the battale com sa ner
That arowis fell emang tham ser.
Robert of Ogill ane gud squyer
Com prikand than on ane courser,
135 And on the archaris cryit agane,
'Yhe wat nocht quha mais yhou that trane;

That is the lord Douglas, that will
 Sum of his plais ken yhou till.'
 And, quhen tha herd spek of Douglas,
 140 The hardyast affrait was
 And agane turnit halely.
 His takin mad he than in hy,
 And the folk that enbuschit war
 Sa stoutly prikit on tham thar
 145 That wele thre hundreth haf tha slane,
 And till the watir ham agane
 The remanand all can tha chas.
 Schir Wilyham of Erskyn, that was
 Newlingis makin knicht that day,
 150 Wele horsit into gud aray,
 Chasit with othir that war thar
 Sa fer furth that his hors him bar
 Emang the lump of Inglismen,
 And with strang hand he tane was then.
 155 Bot of him wele sone change was mad
 For othir that men takin had.
 Fra thir Inglis archaris war slane
 Tha folk rad till thar host agane,
 And richt sa did the lord Douglas.
 160 And, quhen that he reparit was,
 Tha micht emang thar fais se
 The palyheounis sone stentit be.
 Than tha persavit sone in hy
 That tha that nicht wald tak herbry
 165 And schap to do na mar that day;
 Tharfor alsua tham herbryit tha

And stentit palyheounis in hy ;
 Tentis and lugis als tharby
 Tha gert mak and set all on raw.
 170 Twa novelryis that day tha saw
 That forouth in Scotland had bene nane.
 Tymbris for helmis was the tane,
 That tham thocht than of gret beaute
 And alsua wondir for to se ;
 175 The tothir crakis war of wer
 That tha befor herd nevir er ;
 Of thir twa thingis tha had ferly.
 That nicht tha wachit stalwardly ;
 The mast part of tham armit lay
 180 Quhill on the morn that it was day.

CXLII.

The Inglismen tham umbethocht
 Apon quhat maner that tha mocht
 Ger Scottis lef thar advantage,
 For tham thocht foly and outrage
 5 To gang up till tham till assale
 Tham at thar strinth in plane battale.
 Tharfor of gud men ane thousand
 Armit on hors bath fut and hand
 Tha send behind thar fais to be
 10 Enbuschit intill ane vale,

- And schup thar battalis as tha wald
Apon tham till the fichting hald,
For tham thoct Scottismen sic will
Had that tha nicht nocht hald tham still,
15 For tha knew tham of sic curage
That tha trowit strinth and advantage
Tha suld lef and met tham planly ;
Than suld thar buschement hastely
Behind brek on tham at thar bak,
20 Sa thoct tha wele tha suld tham mak
For till repent tham of thar play.
Thar enbuschement furth send haf tha
That tham enbuschit prevely,
And on the morn sumdele arly
25 Intill the host syn trumpit tha
And gert thar battalis brad aray,
And all arait for to ficht
Tha held toward the watir richt.
Scottismen, that saw tham do sa,
30 Boun on thar best wis can tham ma,
And in battale planly arait,
With baneris till the wind displait,
Tha left thar strinth and all planly
Com down to met tham hardely
35 In als gud maner as tha mocht,
Richt as thar fais befor had thoct.
Bot the lord Douglas, that ay quhar
Set out wachis her and thar,
Gat wit of thar enbuschement.
40 Than intill gret hy is he went

Befor the battalis, and stoutly
 He bad ilk man turn him in hy
 Richt as he stud, and turnit sa
 Up till thar strinth he bad tham ga
 45 Sa that na let tharin be mad.
 And tha did as he biddin had
 Quhill till thar strinth tha com agane,
 Than turnit tha tham with mekill mane,
 And stud redy to gif battale,
 50 Gif thar fais wald tham assale.
 Quhen Inglismen has sene tham sa
 Toward thar strinth agane up ga,
 Tha cryit he, 'Tha fle thar way.'
 Schir Johne of Hennaut said, 'Perfay
 55 Yhon fleing is richt degyse.
 Thar armit men behind I se
 And thar baneris, sa that tha thar
 Bot turn tham as tha standand ar
 And be arait for the ficht,
 60 Gif ony pressit tham with micht.
 Tha haf sene our enbuschement
 And agane till thar strinth ar went.
 Yhon folk ar governit wittely,
 And he that ledis tham war worthy
 65 For avis, worschip, and wisdom,
 To govern the empyr of Rome.'
 Thus spak that worthy knicht that day,
 And the enbuschement, fra that tha
 Saw that tha sa discoverit war,
 70 Toward thar host agane tha far.

THE BRUS.

455

And the battale of Inglisamen,
 Quhen tha saw tha had falit then
 Of thar purpos, to thar herbry
 Tha went and lugit tham in hy.
 75 On othir half richt sa did tha,
 Tha mad na mar debat that day.

CXLIII.

Quhen tha the day ourdrifin had,
 Fyris in gret fusoun tha mad
 Als sone as the nicht fallin was.
 And than the gud lord of Douglas,
 5 That spyit had ane plas tharby
 Twa mile fra thine, quhar mast trastly
 The Scottis host micht herbry ta
 And defend tham bettir alsua
 Than ellis in ony plas tharby;
 10 It was ane park all halely
 Was enveronit about with wall,
 It was ner full of treis all,
 Bot ane gret plane intill it was;
 Thiddir thocht the lord of Douglas
 15 Be nichtirdale thar host to bring.
 Tharfor forouten mar duelling
 Tha bet thar fyris and mad tham mar,
 And syn all sammyn furth tha far,

- And till the park without tynsele
20 Tha com, and herbryit tham wele
Apon the watir and als ner
Till it as tha beforouth wer.
And on the morn, quhen it was day,
The Inglis host missit away
25 The Scottismen, and had ferly,
And gert discurrouris hastely
Prik to se quhar tha war away,
And be thar fyris persavit tha
That tha in the park of Werdale
30 Had gert herbry thar host all hale.
Tharfor thar host but mar abad
Buskit and evin anent tham rad,
And on othir half the watir of Wer
Gert stent thar palyheounis als ner
35 As thar befor stentit war tha.
Aucht dais on bath halfis sa tha lay
That Inglismen durst nocht assale
The Scottismen with plane battale
For strinth of erd that tha had ther.
40 Thar was ilk day justing of wer,
And scrymming mad full apertly,
And men tane on athir party,
And tha that tane war on a day,
On ane othir changit war tha ;
45 Bot othir dedis nane war done
That gretly is apon to mone,
Quhill it fell on the nynt day
The lord Douglas has spyit ane way

How that he micht about tham rid
 50 And cum apon the ferrast sid.
 And at evin him purvait he
 And tuk with him ane gud menyhe,
 Fif hundreth on hors was richt hardy,
 And in the nicht all prevely
 55 Forout noys sa fer he rad
 Quhill that he ner enveronit had
 Thar host, and on the ferrar sid
 Toward tham slely can he rid.
 And half the men that with him war
 60 He gert in hand haf suerdis bar,
 And bad tham hew rapis in twa
 That tha the palyheounis micht ma
 To fall on tham that in tham war;
 Than suld the laf that folowit thar
 65 Stab down with speris sturdely,
 And, quhen tha herd his horn, in hy
 To the watir hald down the way.
 Quhen this was said that I her say,
 Toward thar fais fast tha rad
 70 That on that sid na wachis had.
 And, as tha ner war approchand,
 Ane Inglisman that lay bekand
 Him by ane fyr said till his fer,
 'I wat nocht quhat may tid us her,
 75 Bot ane richt gret growing me tais,
 I dred sar for the blak Douglas.'
 And he, that herd him, said, 'Perfay
 Thou sall haf caus, gif that I may.'

With that with all his cumpany
80 He ruschit on tham hardely,
And proud palyheounis doun he bar,
And with speris that scharply schar
Tha stekit men dispitwisly.
The noys wele sone ras and the cry.
85 Tha stabit, stekit, and tha slew,
And mony palyheounis doun tha drew,
Ane feloun slauchtir mad tha thar,
For tha that lyand nakit war
Had na power defens to ma,
90 And tha but pite can tham ala;
Tha gert tham wit that gret foly
Was ner thar fais for to ly
Bot gif tha trastly wachit war.
The Scottismen war slayand thar
95 Thar fais on this wis, quhill the cry
Ras throu the gret host comonly
That lord and othir war on ster.
And, quhen the Douglas wist tha wer
Armand tham all comonly,
100 He blew his horn for till rely
His men, and bad tham hald thar way
Toward the watir, and sa did tha,
And he abad henmast to se
That nane of his suld levit be.
105 And, as he sa abad hufand,
Sa com ane with ane club in hand,
And sa gret routis till him raucht
That, had nocht bene his mekill maucht

- And his richt soverane gret manhed,
110 Intill that plas he had bene ded.
Bot he, that na tym was affrait,
Thouch he wele oft was hard assait,
Throu mekill strinth and gret manhed
Has brocht the tothir till the ded.
115 His men, that till the watir doun
War ridin intill ane randoun,
Missit thar lord quhen tha com thar.
Than war tha dredand for him sar,
Ilkane at othir sperit tithing,
120 Bot yhet of him tha herd nathing.
Than can tha consale sammyn ta
That tha to sek him up wald ga,
And, as tha war in sic affray,
Ane tutling of his horn herd tha,
125 And tha, that has it knawin swith,
War of his cuming wondir blith,
And sperit at him of his abad;
And he tald how ane carl him mad
With his club sic ane feloun pay,
130 That met him stoutly in the way,
That, had nocht ure helpit the mar,
He had bene in gret perill thar.
Thusgat spekand tha held thar way
Quhill till thar host cumin ar tha
135 That on fut armit tham abad
For till help gif tha mister had.
And, als sone as the lord Douglas
Met with the erl of Murref was,

THE BRUS.

- The erl sperit at him tithing
 140 How he had farn in his outing.
 'Schir,' said he, 'we haf drawin blud.'
 The erl that was of mekill mud
 Said, 'And we had all thiddir gane,
 We had discumfit tham ilkane.'
 145 'It micht haf fallin wele,' said he,
 'Bot sekirly enew war we
 To put us in yhon aventur,
 For, had tha mad discumfitur
 On us that yhondir passit wer,
 150 It suld all stonay that ar her.'
 The erl said, 'Sen that it sa is
 That we may nocht with juperdyis
 Our feloun fais fors assale,
 We sall it do in plane battale.'
 155 Lord Douglas said than, 'Be Sanct Bryd
 It war gret foly at this tid
 Till us with sic ane host to ficht
 That ilke day growis of micht
 And vittale has tharwith plente,
 160 And in thar cuntre her ar we
 Quhar thar may cum us na succouris,
 Hard is to mak us her rescours,
 Na we may foray till get met,
 Sic as we haf her mon we et.
 165 Do we with our fais tharfor
 That ar her lyand us befor
 As I herd tell this othir yher
 That ane fox did with ane fischer.'

- 'How did the fox?' the erl can say.
 170 He said, 'Ane fischar quhilom lay
 Besid ane river for to get
 His nettis that he thar had set.
 Ane litill luge thar had he mad,
 And tharwithin ane bed he had
 175 And ek ane litill fyr alsua.
 Ane dur thar was withouten ma.
 A nicht his nettis for to se
 He ras, and thar wele lang duelt he,
 And, quhen that he had done his ded,
 180 Toward his luge agane he yhed,
 And with licht of the litill fyr
 That in the luge was brinnand schyr
 Intill the luge ane fox he saw
 That fast can on ane salmond gnaw.
 185 Than till the dur he went in hy,
 And drew ane suerd deliverly,
 And said, refar, thou mon her out.
 The fox that was in full gret dout
 Lukit about sum hole to se,
 190 Bot nane isch thar persave couth he
 Bot quhar the man stud sturdely.
 Ane lauchtane mantill than him by
 Lyand apon the bed he saw,
 And with his teth he can it draw
 195 Atour the fyr; and, quhen the man
 Saw his mantill ly brinnand than,
 To red it ran he hastely.
 The fox gat out than in gret hy

And held his way his warand till.
 200 The man let him begilit ill
 That he his salmond sa had tynt,
 And alsua had his mantill brint,
 And the fox scathles gat away.
 This ensampill I may wele say
 205 Be yhon folk and us that ar her;
 We ar the fox, and tha the fischer
 That stekis forouth us the way;
 Tha wene we may nocht get away
 Bot richt quhar tha ly. Bot, perde,
 210 All as tha think it sall nocht be,
 For I haf gert spy us ane gat,
 Suppos that it be sumdele wat,
 A page of ouris we sall nocht tyn.
 Our fais for this small tranontyn
 215 Wenis wele we sall prid us sa
 That we planly on hand sall ta
 To gif tham opinly battale;
 Bot at this tym thar thocht sall fale,
 For we tomorn her all the day
 220 Sall mak als mery as we may,
 And mak us boun agane the nicht,
 And than ger mak our fyris bricht,
 And blaw our hornis and mak far
 As all the warld our awn it war,
 225 Quhill that the nicht wele fallin be;
 And than with all our harnas we
 Sall tak our way hamward in hy;
 And we sall gyit be richt grathly

230 Quhill we be out of thar danger
 That lyis now encloait her;
 Than sall we all be at our will,
 And tha sall let tham trumpit ill
 Fra tha wit wele we be away.'
 To this haly assentit tha,
 235 And mad tham gud cher all that nicht
 Quhill on the morn that day was licht.

CXLIV.

Apon the morn all prevely
 Tha turst harnas and mad redy,
 Sa that or evin all boun war tha.
 Thar fais that agane tham lay
 5 Gert haf thar men that thar was ded
 In cartis till ane haly sted.
 All that day caryand tha war
 With cartis men that slane war thar.
 That tha war fele men nicht wele se
 10 That in carying sa lang suld be.
 The hostis bath all that day wer
 In pes, and, quhen the nicht was ner,
 The Scottis folk that lyand war
 Intill the park mad fest and far,
 15 And blew hornis, and fyris mad,
 And gert tham brin bath bricht and brad,

Sa that thar fyris that nicht war mar
Than ony tym befor tha war,
And, quhen the nicht was fallin wele,
20 With all thar harnas ilke dele
All prevely tha rad thar way.
Sone in ane mos enterit ar tha
That had wele a lang mile on bred.
Out our that mos on fut tha yhed,
25 And in thar hand thar hors led tha.
It was richt ane noyous way,
And nocht forthi all that thar wer
Com wele out our it hale and fer,
And tynt bot litill of thar ger,
30 Bot gif it war ony summer
That in the mos was left lyand.
Quhen all, as I haf born on hand,
Out our the mos that was sa brad
War cumin, ane gret gladschip tha had,
35 And rad furth hamwardis on thar way.
And on the morn quhen it was day
The Inglismen saw the herbry
Quhar Scottismen war wont to ly
All voyd. Tha wonderit gretly then,
40 And send furth sindry of thar men
To spy quhar tha war gane away,
Quhill at the last thar tras fand tha
That till the mekill mos tham had
That was sa hidwis for to wad
45 That aventur tham tharto durst nane
Bot till thar host agane ar gane

- And tald how that tha passit war
 Quhar nevir man was passit ar.
 Quhen Inglismen herd it was sa,
 50 In hy to consale can tha ta
 That tha wald folow tham na mar.
 Thar host richt than tha scalit thar,
 And ilk man till his awn he rad.
 King Robert than, that wittering had
 55 That his men in the park sa lay
 And at quhat mischef thar war tha,
 Ane host assemblit he in hy,
 And twenty thousand richt hardy
 He send furth has with erlis twa,
 60 Of March and Angus war tha,
 The host in Werdale till relef,
 And, gif tha nicht sa wele eschef
 That samin nicht be tha and tha,
 Tha thocht thar fais till assay.
 65 Sa fell that on the samin day,
 That the mos, as yhe herd me say,
 Was passit the discurrouris that thar
 Ridand befor the hostis war
 Of athir host has gottin sicht,
 70 And tha that worthy war and wicht
 At thar meting justit of wer.
 Ensenyheis he tha cryit ther,
 And be thar cry persavit tha
 That tha war frendis and at a fay.
 75 Than nicht men se tham glad and blith,
 And tald it till thar lordis swith.

The hostis bath met sammyn syn.
 Thar was richt hamly welcumyn
 Mad emang tha gret lordis thar ;
 80 Of thar meting joyfull tha war.
 The erl Patrik and his menyhe
 Had vittale with tham gret plente,
 And tharwith wele relevit tha
 Thar frendis, for, the suth to say,
 85 Quhile tha in Werdale lyand war,
 Tha had defalt of met, bot thar
 Tha war relevit with gret plente.
 Toward Scotland with gamyn and gle
 Tha went, and ham wele cumin ar tha,
 90 And scalit syn ilk man thar way.
 The lordis ar went ontill the king,
 That mad tham richt far welcuming,
 For of thar com richt glad was he
 And that tha sic perplexite
 95 Forout tynsale eschapit had :
 Tha war all blith and mery mad.

CXLV.

Sone eftir that the erl Thomas
 Fra Werdale thus reparit was
 The king assemblit all his micht
 And left nane that was worth to ficht.

- 5 Ane gret host than assemblit he,
 And delt his host in partis thre.
 A part to Norham went but let,
 And thar ane strat assege has set,
 And held tham in richt at thar dik
10 The tothir part ontill Anwik
 Is went, and thar ane sege set tha.
 And, quhile that thir assegis lay
 At the castellis I spak of ar,
 Apert assaltis mad tha thar,
15 And mony far gud chevelry
 Eschevit war full douchtely.
 The king at tha castellis lyand
 Left his folk, as I bar on hand,
 And with the thrid host held his way
20 Fra park to park him for to play
 Huntand as all his awn it war,
 And till tham that war with him thar
 The landis of Northumbirland
 That nest to Scotland war lyand
25 In fe and heritage gaf he,
 And tha payit for the selis fe.
 On this wis rad he distroyand
 Quhill that the king of England,
 Throu consale of the Mortymar
30 And his modir that that tym war
 Ledaris of him that than yhoung wes,
 To king Robert to tret of pes
 Send messingeris. And sa sped tha
 That tha assentit on this way

- 35 Than ane perpetuall pes to tak,
 And tha ane mariage suld mak
 Of king Robertis sone Davy,
 That than bot fif yher had scarsly,
 And of dam Johne als of the Tour
 40 That syn was full of gret valour.
 Sistir scho was to the yhoung king
 That Ingland had in governing,
 That than of eld had sevin yher.
 And monimentis and letteris ser
 45 That tha of Ingland that tym had
 That ocht agane Scotland mad
 Intill that tretis up tha gaf,
 And all the clam that tha micht haf
 Intill Scotland on ony maner.
 50 And king Robert, for scathis ser
 That he to tham of Ingland
 Had done of wer with stalward hand,
 Full tuenty thousand pund suld pay
 Of silver into gud monay.
 55 Quhen men thir thingis forspokin had,
 And with selis and athis mad
 Festning of frendschip and of pes
 That nevir for na chans suld ces,
 The mariage syn ordanit tha
 60 To be at Berwik, and the day
 Tha haf set quhen that it suld be,
 Syn went ilk man till his cuntre.
 Thus mad was pes quhar wer was ar,
 And syn the assegis rasis war.

- 65 The king Robert ordanit to pay
The silver, and agane the day
He gert wele for the maujory
Ordane quhen that his sone Davy
Suld weddit be ; and erl Thomas
70 And the gud lord als of Douglas
Intill his sted ordanit he
Devisouris of that fest to be,
For ane male es tuk him sa sar
That he on na wis nicht be thar.
75 His male es of ane fundying
Begouth, for throu his cald lying,
Quhen in his gret mischef was he,
Him fell that hard perplexite.
At Cardros all that tym he lay,
80 And, quhen ner cumin was the day
That ordanit for the wedding was,
The erl and the lord of Douglas
Com till Berwik with mekill far
And brocht yhoung Davy with tham thar.
85 And the quene and the Mortymar
On othir party cumin war
With gret affer and rialte.
The yhoung lady of gret beaute
Thiddir tha brocht with rich affer.
90 The wedding haf tha mad richt ther
With gret fest and solemnite.
Thar nicht men mirth and gladschip se,
For full gret fest tha mad richt thar,
And Inglismen and Scottis war

- 95 Togidder in joy and in solas ;
Na feloun spek betuix tham was.
The fest ane wele lang tym held tha,
And, quhen tha buskit to far away,
The quene has left hir dochtir thar
100 With gret riches and riall far.
I trow that lang quhile na lady
Till hous was gifin sa richly.
And the erl and the lord Douglas
Hir in dante resavit has
105 As it was worthy sekirly,
For scho was syn the best lady
And the farast that men nicht se.
Eftir this gret solemnite,
Quhen on bath halfis lefis was tane,
110 The quene till Ingland ham is gane,
And had with hir the Mortymar.
The erl and tha that levit war,
Quhen tha ane quhile convoyit hir had,
Toward Berwik agane tha rad,
115 And syn with all thar cumpany
Toward the king tha went in hy,
And had with tham the yhoung Davy
And als dam Johne the yhoung lady.
The king mad tham far welcuming,
120 And eftir but langar delaying
He has gert set ane parliament
And thiddir with mony men is went,
For he thocht he wald in his lif
Croun his yhoung sone and his wif,

- 125 And at that parliament sa did he
With gret far and solemnite.
The king Davy was crounit thar,
And all the lordis that thar war
And als of the comunitie
- 130 Mad him manrent and fewte.
And forouth that tha crounit war
The king Robert gert ordane thar,
Gif it fell that his sone Davy
Deit but ar male of his body
- 135 Gottin, Robert Steward suld be
King and bruk all the rialte,
That his dochtir bar Marjory.
And that this tale suld lelely
Be haldin all the lordis swar,
- 140 And it with selis affermit thar,
And, gif it hapnit Robert the king
To pas to God quhile tha war yhing,
The gud erl of Murref Thomas
And the lord alsua of Douglas
- 145 Suld haf tham into governing
Quhill tha had wit to ster thar thing,
And than the lordschip suld tha ta.
Hertill thar athis can tha ma,
And all the lordis that was thar
- 150 To thir twa wardanis athis swar
Till obes tham intill lawte,
Gif tham hapnit wardanis to be.

CXLVI.

Quhen all this thing thus tretit wes
 And affermit with sekirnes,
 The king to Cardros went in hy,
 And thar tuk him sa felonly
 5 His seknes, and him travailit sa
 That he wist him behufit to ma
 Of all this lif the comoun end,
 That is the ded, quhen God will send.
 Tharfor his letteris sone send he
 10 For the lordis of his cuntre,
 And tha com as he biddin had.
 His testament than has he mad
 Befor bath lordis and prelatiis,
 And till religioun of ser statis
 15 For hele of his saul gaf he
 Silver intill gret quantite.
 He ordanit for his saul richt wele,
 And, quhen that this was done ilk dele,
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'sa is it gane
 20 With me that thar is nocht bot ane,
 That is the ded withouten dred
 That ilke man mon thole of ned,
 And I thank God that has me sent
 Spas in this lif me till repent,
 25 For throu me and my warraying
 Of blud thar has bene gret spilling,

Quhar mony sakles men was slane.
 Tharfor this seknes and this pane
 I tak in thank for my trespas,
 30 And my hart fischit fermly was,
 Quhen I was in prosperite,
 Of my sinnis to savit be
 To travale apon Goddis fais;
 And, sen he now me till him tais
 35 Sa that the body may na wis
 Fulfill that the hart can devis,
 I wald the hart war thiddir sent
 Quharin consavit was that entent.
 Tharfor I pray yhou evirilkane
 40 That yhe emang yhou ches me ane
 That be honest, wis, and wicht,
 And of his hand ane nobill knight,
 On Goddis fais my hart to ber
 Quhen saul and cors disseverit er,
 45 For I wald it war worthely
 Brocht thar, sen God will nocht that I
 Haf power thiddirward to ga.
 Than war thar hartis all sa wa
 That nane micht hald him fra greting.
 50 He bad tham lef thar sorowing,
 For it he said micht nocht relief
 And micht tharself gretly engref.
 He prayit tham in hy to do
 The thing that tha war chargit to.
 55 Than went tha furth with drery mud,
 And emang tham tha thoct it gud

That the worthy lord of Douglas,
 Quham in bath wit and worschip was,
 Suld tak this travale apon hand.
 60 Hertill tha war all accordand,
 Syn till the king tha went in hy,
 And tald him that tha thocht trewly
 That the douchty lord Douglas
 Best schapin for that travale was.
 65 And, quhen the king herd that tha sa
 Had ordanit him his hart to ta
 That he mast yharnit suld it haf,
 He said, 'Sa God himself me saf,
 I hald me richt wele payit that yhe
 70 Haf chosin him, for his bounte
 And his worschip set my yharning
 Ay sen I thocht to do this thing
 That he it with him thar suld ber,
 And, sen yhe all assentit er,
 75 It is the mar likand to me.
 Lat se now quhat thartill sais he.'
 And, quhen the gud lord of Douglas
 Wist that thing thus spokin was,
 He com and knelit till the king
 80 And on this wis mad him thanking:
 'I thank yhou gretly, lord,' said he,
 'Of mony larges and gret bounte
 That yhe haf done to me fele sis
 Sen first I com to yhour servis.
 85 Bot our all thing I mak thanking
 That yhe sa digne and worthy thing

As yhour hart that enlumynit wes
 Of all bounte and worthynes
 Will that I in my yhemsale tak.
 90 For yhou, schir, I will blithly mak
 This travale, gif God will me gif
 Laser and spas sa lang to lif.
 The king him thankit tendirly.
 Thar was nane in that cumpany
 95 That tha na wepit for pite :
 Thar cher anoyous was to se.

CXLVII.

Quhen the lord Douglas on this wis
 Had undirtane sa he empris
 As the gud kingis hart to ber
 On Goddis fais apon wer,
 5 Prisit for his empris was he.
 And the kingis infirmite
 Wox mar and mar, quhill at the last
 The dulfull ded approchit fast.
 And, quhen he had gert till him do
 10 All that gud Cristin man fell to,
 With verray repentans he gaf
 The gast, that God till hevin couth haf
 Emang his chosin folk to be
 In joy, solas, and angell gle !

- 15 And, fra his folk wist he was ded,
 The sorow ras fra sted to sted.
 Thar nicht men se men rif thar har,
 And cumly knichtis gret full sar,
 And thar nefis oft sammyn drif,
 20 And as wud men thar clathis rif,
 Regratand his worthy bounte,
 His wit, strinth, and his honeste,
 And our all the gret cumpany
 That he oft mad tham curtasly.
 25 'All our defens,' tha said, 'alas !
 And he that all our confort was,
 Our wit and all our governing,
 Is brocht, alas ! her till ending.
 His worschip and his mekill nicht
 30 Mad all that war with him sa wicht
 That tha nicht nevir abasit be
 Quhile forouth tham tha nicht him se.
 Alas ! quhat sall we do or say ?
 For, in lif quhile he lestit ay,
 35 With all our fais dred war we,
 And into mony fer cuntre
 Of our worschip ran the renoun,
 And that was all for his persoun.'
 With sic wordis tha mad thar mane ;
 40 And sekirly wondir was nane,
 For bettir governour then he
 Micht in na cuntre fundin be.
 I hop that nane that is on lif
 The lamentacioun suld discrif

- 45 That tha folk for thar lord mad.
 And, quhen tha lang thus sorowit had,
 And he debowalit was clenly
 And balmit syn full richly,
 And the worthy lord of Douglas
 50 His hart, as it forspokin was,
 Has resavit in gret dante
 With gret far and solemnite,
 Tha haf him had to Dunfermlyn,
 And him solemnly erdit syn
 55 In ane far tumb intill the quer.
 Bischopis and prelatis that thar wer
 Assolyheit him, quhen the servis
 Was done as tha couth best devis,
 And syn apon the tothir day
 60 Sary and wa ar went thar way.

CXLVIII.

- Quhen that the gud king beryit was,
 The erl of Murref Schir Thomas
 Tuk all the land in governing;
 All obesit till his bidding.
 5 And the gud lord of Douglas syn
 Gert mak ane cas of silver fyn
 Enamalit throu subtilite.
 Tharin the kingis hart did he,

And ay about his hals it bar,
10 And fast him bounit for his far.
His testament devisit he,
And ordanit how his land suld be
Governit quhill his agane cuming;
Of frendis and all othir thing
15 That till him pertenit ony wis
With sa gud forsicht and sa wis
On his furth passing ordanit he
That nathing nicht amendit be.
And, quhen that he his lef has tane,
20 To schip to Berwik is he gane,
And with ane nobill company
Of knichtis and of squyary
He put him thar intill the se.
Ane lang way furthwardis salit he,
25 For betuix Cornwale and Bretanyhe
He salit and left the ground of Spanyhe
On northhalf him, and held thar way
Quhill till Seville the graunt com tha.
Bot gretly war his men and he
30 Travalit with tempestis of the se;
Bot, thouch tha gretly travalit war,
Hale and fer ar tha cumin thar.
Tha arivit at graunt Seville,
And eftir in ane litill quhile
35 Thar hors to land tha drew ilkane
And in the toun has herbry tane,
And him contenit richt richly,
For he had ane far company

And gold enech for till dispend.
40 The king alsone eftir him send
And him richt wele resavit he,
And perofferit him in gret plente
Gold and tresour, hors and arming.
Bot he wald tak tharof nathing,
45 For he said he tuk that viage
To pas intill his pilgrimage
On Goddis fais, that his travale
Micht eftir till his saul avale,
And, sen he wist that he had wer
50 With Sarasenis, he wald duell ther
And help him at his micht lely.
The king him thankit curtasly,
And betaucht him gud men that wer
Wele knawin of that landis wer
55 And the maner tharof alsua,
Syn till his innis can he ga.
Quhen the king him levit had,
Ane wele gret sojorn thar he mad.
Knichtis that com of ser cuntre
60 Com in gret routis him to se
And honorit him full gretumly,
And our all men mast soveranly
The Inglis knichtis that war thar
Honour and cumpany him bar.
65 Emang the strangeris was ane knicht
That was haldin sa wondir wicht
That for ane of the gud was he
Prist of all the Cristiante.

Sa fast till-hewin was his fas
 70 That 'it our all ner wemmit was.
 Or he the lord Douglas had sene
 He wend his fas had wemmit bene,
 Bot nevir ane hurt in it had he.
 Quhen he unwemmit can it se,
 75 He said that he had gret ferly
 That sic ane knicht and sa worthy
 And prisit of sa gret hounte
 Micht in the fas unwemmit be.
 And he ansuerd thartill mekly,
 80 And said, 'Lowe God, all tyme had I
 Handis my hed for to wer.'
 Quha wald tak tent to this ansuer
 Suld se in it undirstanding,
 That, and he that mad that asking
 85 Had had handis to wer his fas,
 That for defalt of fens sa was
 To-fruschit into plasis ser
 Suld haf may-fall left hale and fer.
 The gud knichtis that than war by
 90 Prisit his ansuer gretumly,
 For it was mad with mek speking
 And had richt he undirstanding.
 Apon this maner still tha lay
 Quhill throu the cuntre tha herd say
 95 That the be king of Balmerlyne
 With mony ane muddy Sarasyne
 Was enterit in the land of Spanyhe
 All hale the cuntre for to manyhe.

The king of Spanyhe on othir party
 100 Gaderit his host deliverly,
 And delt tham into battalis thre,
 And to the lord Douglas gaf he
 The vaward for to led and ster;
 All hale the strangeris with him wer;
 105 And the Gret Mastir of Sanct Jak
 The tothir battale gert he tak;
 The rerward mad himselvin thar.
 Thusgat devisit furth tha far
 To met thar fais that in battale
 110 Arait, redy till assale,
 Com agane tham full sturdely.
 The Douglas than that was worthy,
 Quhen he to tham of his leding
 Had mad ane far amonesting
 115 To do wele and na ded to dred,
 For hevinis blis suld be thar med
 Gif that tha deit in Goddis servis,
 Than as gud warrayouris and wis
 With tham stoutly assemblit he.
 120 Thar nicht men feloun fichting se,
 For tha war all wicht and hardy
 That war on the Cristin party,
 And faucht sa fast with all thar mane
 That of Sarasenis war mony slane.
 125 The quhethir with mony fell falchoun
 Mony Cristin tha dang thar doun.
 Bot at the last the lord Douglas
 And the gret rout that with him was

Pressit the Sarasenis sa
130 That tha haly the bak can ta,
And tha chasit with all thar mane,
And mony in the chas has slane.
Sa fer chasit the lord Douglas
With few folk that he passit was
135 All the folk that was chasand then.
He had nocht with him atour ten
Of all men that war with him thar.
Quhen he saw all reparit war,
Toward his host than turnit he.
140 And, quhen the Sarasenis can se
That the chasaris turnit agane,
Tha relyit with mekill mane.
And, as the gud lord of Douglas,
As I said er, reparand was,
145 Sa saw he richt besid him ner
Quhar Schir Wilyham the Sancier
With ane gret rout enveronit was.
He was anoyit, and said, 'Alas!
Yhon worthy knicht will sone be ded,
150 Bot he haf help throu our manhed.
Sen that we ar sa ner him by,
God biddis us help him in gret hy,
And God wat wele our entent is
To lif or de in his servis.
155 His will in all thing do sall we,
Sall na perill eschewit be
Quhill he be put out of yhon pane
Or than we all be with him slane.'

- With that with spuris spedaly
 160 Tha strak the hors, and in gret hy
 Emang tha Sarasenis tha rad
 And roun about tham haf tha mad.
 Tha dang on fast with all thar nicht
 And fele of tham to ded has dicht.
 165 Gretar defens mad nevir sa quhone
 Agane sa fele as tha haf done,
 Quhile tha nicht lest tha gaf battale.
 Bot nicht na worschip thar avale
 That tym, for ilkane war slane thar,
 170 For Sarasenis sa mony war
 That tha war twenty ner for ane.
 The gud lord Douglas thar was slane,
 And Wilyham Sancier syn alsua,
 And othir worthy knichtis twa,
 175 Schir Robert Logane hat the tane,
 And the tothir Walter Logane :
 Quhar our Lord for his mekill nicht
 Thar saulis haf till hevinis hicht !

CXLIX.

The gud lord Douglas thus was ded,
 And Sarasenis in that sted
 Abad na mar, bot held thar way,
 Tha knichtis ded thar levit tha.

- 5 Sum of the lord Douglass men,
That thar lord ded has fundin then,
Yhed wele ner wud for dule and wa.
Lang quhile our him tha sorowit sa,
And with gret dule syn ham him bar.
- 10 The kingis hart haf tha fundin thar,
And that ham with tham haf tha tane,
And ar toward thar innis gane
With greting and with evill cher:
Thar sorow angir was till her.
- 15 And quhen of Keth gud Schir Wilyham,
That all that day had bene at ham,
For at sa gret mischef was he
That he com nocht to the journe
For his arm was brokin in twa,
- 20 Quhen he that folk sic dule saw ma,
He askit quhat it was in hy,
And tha tald him all opinly
How that thar douchty lord was slane
With Sarasenis that relyit agane.
- 25 And, quhen he wist that it was sa,
Atour all othir he was mast wa,
And mad sa wondir evill cher
That all wonderit that by him wer.
Bot till tell of thar sorowing
- 30 Anoyis, and helpis litill thing.
Men may wele wit, thouch nane tham tell
How angry, sorowfull, and how fell
Is till tyn sic ane lord as he
To tham that war of his menyhe;

- 35 For he was swet and debonar,
And wele counth tret his frendis far,
And his fais richt felonly
Stonay throu his gret chevelry.
The quhethir of litill effer was he,
40 Bot our all thing he lufit lawte.
At tresoun grewit he sa gretly
That na tratour micht be him by
That he micht wit, na he suld be
Wele punist of his cruelte.
45 I trow the lele Fabricius,
That fra Rome till warray Pyrrus
Was send with ane gret menyhe,
Lufit tresoun na les then he.
The quhethir, quhen this Pyrrus had
50 On him and on his menyhe mad
Ane outrageous discumfitur,
Quhar he eschapit throu aventur
And mony of his men war slane,
And he gaderit ane host agane,
55 Ane gret mastir of medicyn
That Pyrrus had in governyn
Perofferit to this Fabricius
In tresoun for to sla Pyrrus,
For in his first potacioun
60 He suld him gif dedly pusoun.
Fabricius than, that wondir had
That he sic peroffer till him mad,
Said, ' Certis Rome is wele of micht
Throu strinth of armis into ficht

- 65 To vengus wele thar fais, thouch tha
 Consent to tresoun be na way ;
 And, for thou wald do sic tresoun,
 Thou sall to get thy warisoun
 Ga to Pyrrus, and lat him do
 70 Quhatevir in hart him lyis the to.
 Than till Pyrrus he send in hy
 This mastir, and gert opinly
 Fra end till end tell him this tale.
 Quhen Pyrrus had it herd all hale,
 75 He said, ' Was nevir man that sa
 For lawte bar him till his fa
 As her Fabricius dois to me.
 It is als evill to ger him be
 Turnit fra way of richtwisnes
 80 Or ellis consent to wikkitnes
 As at midday to turn agane
 The sone that rinnis his cours all plane.'
 Thus said he of Fabricius,
 That syn vengust this ilk Pyrrus
 85 In plane battale throu hard fichting.
 His honest lawte gert me bring
 In this ensampill her, for he
 Had soverane pris of his lawte,
 And richt sa had the lord Douglas,
 90 That honest, lele, and worthy was,
 That ded was, as befor said we :
 All menit him strangis and preve.
 Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,
 Tha debowalit him, and syn

- 95 Gert seth him sa that nicht be tane
 The flesch all haly fra the bane.
 The carioun thar in haly plas
 Erdit with richt gret worschip was;
 The banis haf tha with tham tane,
 100 And syn ar till thar schippis gane.
 Quhen tha war levit of the king
 That dule had of thar sorowing,
 To se tha went, gud wind tha had,
 Thar cours till Ingland haf tha mad,
 105 And thar safly arivit tha,
 Syn toward Scotland held thar way
 And thar ar cumin in full gret hy.
 And the banis richt honorabilly
 Intill the kirk of Douglas war
 110 Erdit with dule and mekill car.
 Schir Archebald his sone gert syn
 Of alabast bath far and fyn
 Ordane ane tumb full richly,
 As it behufit to sa worthy.

CL.

Quhen that on this wis Schir Wilyham
 Of Keth had brocht his banis ham,
 And the gud kingis hart alsua,
 And men had richly gert ma

THE BRUS.

- 5 With far affer his sepultur,
The erl of Murref, that the cur
That tym of Scotland had haly,
With gret worschip has gert bery
The kingis hart at the abbay
10 Of Melros, quhar men prais ay
That he and his haf paradis.
Quhen this was done that I devis,
The gud erl governit the land,
And held the pouer wele till warand.
15 The law sa wele mantemit he,
And held in pes sa the cuntre,
That it was nevir led or his day
Sa wele, as I herd ald men say.
Bot syn, alas! pusionit was he,
20 To se his ded was gret pite.
Thir lordis deit apon this wis.
He that he Lord of all thing is
Up till his mekill blis tham bring,
And grant us gras that thar ofspring
25 Led wele the land, and ententif
Be till folow in all thar lif
Thar nobill elderis gret bounte :
Quhar afald God in Trinite
Bring us he up till hevinis blis
30 Quhar alwais lestand liking is!

VARIOUS READINGS,
WITH NOTES OF
SOME ERRORS AND CORRECTIONS.

VARIOUS READINGS, &c.

It is to be observed generally, that, for the commencement of the Poem (to p. 76) the authorities are, *first*, the Edinburgh MS.; *secondly*, Hart's editions; and, *lastly*, Freebairn's edition. Where the reading is silently changed from Jamieson's edition (that is, from the Edinburgh MS.) it is to be understood that the alteration rests on Hart; which is preferred to the MS., however, only where the sense renders it necessary, or where it is evident that Hart has drawn from better sources not now accessible.

"Edin." indicates the MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh: "Cantab." the MS. in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge.

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|------|----|-----|---|
| CAP. | P. | L. | |
| i. | 3 | 9. | <i>Suth</i> , Dr. Jamieson reads <i>suck</i> . |
| ii. | 4 | 3. | <i>Sex</i> , Jamieson reads <i>sax</i> , the Angus pronunciation. In the MS. it is <i>vi</i> . Hart has <i>sex</i> . |
| | 5 | 25. | <i>How that in his even descendand</i> . This line, which stands so in the MS., and is not improved in Hart, is made sense by Wyntown, who quotes this passage from Barbour. He gives, <i>That be lyn wer descendand</i> . <i>Wynt.</i> , B. viii., Ch. ii., l. 25. |
| | 6 | 41. | <i>Suld</i> , wanting in the MS., is supplied from Hart and Wyntown. |
| | 6 | 60. | <i>Alwais</i> Wyntown reads <i>of Wales</i> , which gives a needless repetition. |
| | | 68. | <i>Ony</i> is from Hart and Wyntown. The MS. gives <i>our</i> . |
| iii. | 9 | 31. | <i>Wrethit</i> is <i>wreth</i> in MS. |
| | | 35. | <i>Assentit sone till all his will</i> . This line in the MS. is— <i>Assentyt till him in all his will</i> . |

- | CAP. | P. | L. | |
|---------|----|--------|---|
| iv. | 10 | 10. | <i>Mulisnuk</i> . In MS. <i>Mullyrsnuk</i> . In Hart and Freebairn <i>Mulesnuk</i> . The place is the point of the Mull of Galloway. |
| | 12 | 75. | <i>Wif</i> . The MS. and Hart read <i>Lordis</i> , which Dr. Jamieson has followed; contrary to the sense. |
| ix. | 22 | 35. | <i>Pujoun</i> , a dagger. I have ventured, by a change of one letter, to alter <i>pusoun</i> of the MS. into this word, without authority. In Hart it is <i>botkins</i> . In Freebairn <i>punsoun</i> . The other editions have <i>bodkins</i> . |
| xiii. | 34 | 69-71. | <i>Als was gud Cristol of Setoun</i>
<i>And Robert Boyd of gret renoun</i>
<i>And othir fele men of mekill micht.</i>
These three lines, omitted in MS., necessary both for the sense and rhyme, are supplied from Hart and Freebairn. |
| xv. | 38 | 5. | <i>All</i> . <i>At</i> in MS. is made <i>all</i> by Hart, Freebairn, and Jamieson. |
| | | 3 & 7. | <i>Thar</i> of the MS., is in these lines and elsewhere modernised by Jamieson into <i>their</i> . |
| | 41 | 93. | <i>Turn but</i> So in MS. and Dr. Jamieson. Hart and Freebairn give <i>combat</i> . |
| xvi. | 42 | 1. | <i>On this maner rebutyt was</i> .
This line stands in MS.— <i>On this maner Robert was</i> . Jamieson has altered <i>Robert</i> after Hart and Freebairn to <i>rebutyt</i> , and probably rightly. <i>On</i> he has changed to <i>In</i> , unnecessarily. |
| xvii. | 45 | 22. | <i>Adrastus</i> after Hart, is <i>Aristas</i> in the MS. |
| | | 33. | <i>Ne</i> , which is required for the sense, is <i>Than</i> in MS. and Jamieson. Hart changes it to <i>War not</i> , the right meaning. |
| | | 35. | <i>Toun</i> is <i>Tour</i> in MS. |
| | | 36. | <i>Ransoun</i> is in MS. <i>Recour</i> . Both here from Hart. |
| xviii. | 48 | 26. | <i>The King his men saw</i> . This reading, required by the sense, is adopted by Dr. Jamieson from Hart. In the MS. it is <i>Kingis</i> . |
| xix. | 49 | 9. | <i>Fingal</i> from Hart. In MS. <i>hym all</i> . |
| | 50 | 20. | <i>Abandonit</i> . This word, so common in Barbour, has a meaning very different from 'deserted.' |
| xxiv. | 63 | 69. | For <i>Quilks</i> , read <i>quhilis</i> . |
| xxvii. | 71 | 26. | <i>Stycht</i> . It is <i>Stycht</i> or <i>Stytht</i> in MS. Dr. Jamieson has read <i>flycht</i> . |
| | | 50. | <i>Midwart</i> . The MS. has <i>Mydicatt</i> ; Hart the <i>Midway</i> . Freebairn reads <i>Midwart</i> , which seems to be the true reading. |
| xxviii. | 75 | 8. | <i>On</i> is <i>Or</i> in MS. |
| | | 9. | <i>It</i> is <i>At</i> in MS. Both these are corrected by Dr. Jamieson. |

The Cambridge MS. begins here, and from henceforward *silent* alterations of Jamieson's text may be understood to be readings from the Cambridge MS., preferred to the Edinburgh MS. and Jamieson.

- | | CAP. | P. | L. | |
|----------|------|--------|--|---|
| xxix. | 78 | 35. | <i>Oft.</i> | So in Cantab. Dr. Jamieson has <i>Ost</i> . |
| | 80 | 87. | <i>Rusit.</i> | The Edin. MS. has <i>Rusflyt</i> . Cantab., <i>Ruschit</i> . But the latter authorises the spelling here used which suits the rhyme. |
| xxxii. | 89 | 23-4. | <i>Thing . . . Arming.</i> | So in Cantab. Edin. has <i>Things . . . Armings</i> . |
| | 90 | 61. | <i>That sa he gert the land-brist ris.</i> | So in Edin. In Cantab. it is— <i>That it gert sa the land-brist ris</i> . |
| xxxiii. | 91 | 1. | <i>On this wise.</i> | So in Cantab. In Edin. it is— <i>Quhen this</i> . |
| | | 3. | <i>Releyit</i> | in Cantab. In Edin. <i>relevit</i> . |
| | | 5. | <i>Strat</i> | in Cantab. is <i>strinth</i> in Edin. |
| | | 16-18. | <i>Strange</i> | in Cantab. is <i>strang</i> in Edin. in both places. |
| | 92 | 56. | <i>Salusit</i> | in Cantab. <i>Inclynit</i> in Edin. |
| | 93 | 60. | <i>Huntyn.</i> | So in Edin. In Cantab. it is <i>Outyne</i> , and perhaps correctly. The word occurs afterwards, cxliii., 140, p. 460. |
| xxxvi. | 100 | 92. | <i>Ay quhar ane gat is.</i> | From Cantab. The Edin. reading is perhaps better— <i>ay quhar agatis</i> , i.e., everywhere in one way. |
| xxxviii. | 107 | 15. | <i>Fyften.</i> | In Cantab. <i>xv</i> , and apparently right. Edin. MS. and Hart have <i>fourty</i> . |
| | 108 | 46-7. | <i>Was to litill till him and me</i> | <i>Tharfor I will it all myn be.</i> In Edin. these lines stand—
<i>Wes to litill to thaim and me</i>
<i>Tharfor he will it myn all be</i> ,—which seems contrary to the sense. |
| xxxix. | 110 | 27. | <i>Schonand</i> , | from Cantab. In Edin. it is <i>Skownrand</i> , which Dr. Jamieson in his Dictionary explains as if he had read here <i>Skowurand</i> . |
| | | 31. | <i>Schavalduris</i> , | from Cantab. This uncouth spelling of 'Chevaliers' has led to the change in the Edin. MS. and all the editions which read <i>sodjouris</i> . |
| xli. | 114 | 63-4. | <i>He suld ane mantill haf, and ber</i> | <i>Ane flaill, as he ane taskar wer.</i>
This reading is not warranted entirely by either MS. Both have the word <i>auld</i> after <i>haf</i> , and Edin. inserts <i>and</i> at the beginning of the second line. <i>Taskar</i> of Cantab. is <i>thresscher</i> in Edin. |

- CAP. P. L.
- xliv. 119 5. *Galloway.* So in Edin. and all the editions. Cantab. has *Carrik.*
- 120 31. *Ony man is from Hart.* Both MSS. have *Off the men.*
- xliv. 121 50. *Forsuth that this was na gabing.*
Edin. has *this* ; Cantab. *that.* The sense seems to require both.
- xlvi. 126 4. *That thoct his sutelte and gile*
Had all fulyheit into that plas.
So in Cantab. The first line as given in Edin.—*That thoct with sutelte and throw gyle*—has been altered by Dr. Jamieson from Hart.
- xlvi. 129 18. *That tha sammyn the land nicht ta.*
This line is from Cantab. In Edin. it now stands—*That thai togidder nicht lang ta ga*—where the last word has evidently been added subsequently to the writing of the rest of the line.
- 19-26. These eight lines, not in Edin. nor in the editions, are from Cantab. They seem essential for the story.
- 130 29. *Quhistling.* the word in Cantab., here, and some lines lower, for *questing* of a hound, is in Edin. *Questionyng.*
42. After l. 42 the Edin. MS. has the following six lines, and is followed by Hart and Dr. Jamieson :—
Sa lang he stude that he mycht her
The noyis off thaim that cummand wer.
Than his twa men in hy send he
To warne and walkyn his menyne,
And thai ar furth thair wayis gane ;
And he left thar all hym allane.
They are superfluous, if the eight lines given above from Cantab. are adopted, which tell the story more consistently.
- xlvi. 135 74. *Anciente.* This is the reading of Cantab., not a very good one, but better than the Edin.—*That throw gret a mairyte.*
- xlix. Hitherto the present and past of the verb “come,” and its compounds “become” and “overcome,” have been printed indiscriminately *cum*. It would seem, however, that the Scribe of the MSS., though far from uniform, usually gives *com* or *come* for the past ; and that distinction has been observed in printing the subsequent part of the poem.
- In like manner the verbs “luf,” *amare*, and “lowe,” *laudare*, which are constantly confounded by the Scribe, and which have been spelt similarly in the preceding part of the text, are distinguished in spelling after p. 126, l. 105.

- CAP. P. L.
- i. 138 9. *But*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *For*.
 139 33. *It wald*. In Edin. *I wald*. In Cantab. *It will*.
- li. 141 33. *Ky*. So in Cantab., which Hart follows. In Edin. it is *Cry*.
- lii. 143 13. *Cumnok*. So in Edin. and editions. Cantab. has *Carrik*.
 144 29. *Lowdiane*. So spelt in Cantab. In Edin. *Lowthiane*.
 37. *Strecour*. So in Cantab., apparently a hound for the chase.
 Edin. and editions have *Traytour*, with no meaning.
- 145 64. *Thre*. So in Cantab. and Hart. Edin. has *four*.
 150 206. *But to gret part . . tuk yhe*. In Edin. it is *But the gret part*.
 Hart reads *Bot our gret part*. Cantab. has *Bot till gret part*, a mistaken and unmeaning reading, that seems to point at the one here adopted, which at least expresses the sense.
207. *That slew four or I slew ane*. So in Cantab. In Edin. the line is—*That slew fif of the four yow ane*.
- lv. 156 80. *But he said he wad anerly*
Betuix him and his fulow be
At a fyr, and tha all thre
In the end of the hous suld ma
Ane othir fyr.
 So in Cantab. In Edin. the passage stands—
Bot he said he wald anerly
At a fyr, and tha all thre
On na wis with tham togidder be
In the end of the hous tha suld ma
Ane othir fyr.
- lvi. 161 71. This and the four lines following, from the Cantab. MS., are not in the Edin. MS. They are given in Hart and Freebairn; affording one among many proofs that Hart used the MS. now at Cambridge.
- 162 98. *Twa hundreth*. So in Edin. and editions. In Cantab. it is *Twa thousand*.
 107. *And sum thar armis till tham drew* In the MSS. it is—*And sum his armis with him drew*. Hart gives—*And some their harnesse to them drew*.
- lvii. 165 25. *Umbestount* is from Cantab.
 26. *He* is from Edin., though Dr. Jamieson gives *And*. The two lines (25-6) are here as in Cantab., with the single change of *He* for *And*. In Edin. they run—
Was in Carrik quhar he was wont
He wald went with his men to hunt.
- 166 78. *The King's hund*. So in both MSS., which mention but one

- CAP. P. L. hound as assisting Bruce. Hart and Freebairn make it two throughout.
- lvii. 167 84. *Saw he sa far succour him mad.* So in both MSS. The meaning is, *When he saw, &c.*
- ix. 174 31. *Sexty*, Cantab. Edin. has forty.
- { 28. *Machyrnokis*. In both places Edin. has *Makyrnokis*. In 28
33. Cantab. has *Mochyrn noxis*, and in 33 *Marchyrn noxis*.
34. *Edryfurd*. So in Cantab. Edin. has *Nethirford*. The latter place I have printed as in Cantab., relying on Godscroft, though without much confidence, who names it *Ederfoord*. The former is fixed more satisfactorily. Blaeus's map gives *Macharnock moors* on the heights between Renfrew and Cuninghame; and flowing thence, *Macharnock fluvius*, apparently a stream joining the Irvine near Kilmarnock.
- lxi. 177 2. *Yhet*. Both MSS. give *that*, with no meaning. Perhaps in the original the word was written *y^t*.
- lxii. 181 12. *Eschelis*. So in Edin. It is useful to observe that this word (old French *eschelles*—squadrons) is *Battalis* in Cantab., both here and three lines lower.
19. This and the next line are verbatim from Cantab., except *war* omitted after *basnetis* on the authority of Edin. The Edin. MS. has—
Thar bassynettis burnyst all
Agayne the son glemand of lycht all.
Dr. Jamieson has thought it necessary to attempt their correction.
- 182 51. *Thar*. Dr. Jamieson gives *char*, which reading the Edin. MS. will bear; and in his Dictionary he guesses the words *char doute* to mean “murmur, distrust.” Cantab. has *thar* plainly; and the sense seems to be, ‘For there are none that we need fear’—*quos oportet nos timere*.
- lxiii. 183 26. *Sarray*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *Sarra’y*. Dr. Jamieson thinks it means “artfully.” He and the other editions take the concluding word of the line to mean “rode”:
And richt sarray togidder raid.
But the meaning is rather, “And right closely together arrayed.” The word was used even down to the time of Milton—“Serried shields in thick array.” *Par. Lost*.
- lxiv. 187 42. *Frendis*. So in Cantab., meaning perhaps “relations,” as the word in Scotland still means. In Edin. it is *Cosyngis*.
- lxv. 189 39. *Lanrik* in Cantab. is *Lanark* in Edin.
- 190 82. *Awmener*. So in Cantab. (Armoire, Aumry.) In Edin. it is *Coffeir*.

- CAP. P. L.
- lxvi. 192 12. *Contenans*. In Edin. *Contentance*. Here and generally Cantab. spells this word *counternans* or *councernans*.
- 195 108. *Slevack*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *Slenauch* (as Dr. Jamieson reads it) or *Sleuauch*. It is believed to be Sliach, a place in the parish of Drumblate in the Garioch, where a consistent local tradition concurs with chronicle and history.
- lxix. 201 10. *Merdale*. So in Cantab. In Edin. a space is left blank where this word should be, which Dr. Jamieson has filled with *poweraill*. *Merdaille* in old French means a dirty crew.
- lxxi. 204 15. *Muschet—Olifard*. These are the names in Cantab. In Edin. they are given *Moffat* and *Olyfard*. Hart has, 'the *Methwenes* and the *Olyphands*.' Muschet (Montefix) and Olifard, now Oliphant, are old Stratherne names and neighbours to Perth.
- 205 51. *Toward the toun, &c.*
This and the three next lines have been omitted by mistake in the Edin. MS. They are found in Cantab., and Hart gives them.
- lxxiii. 211 51. *Buttill*. So in Cantab. Edin. and the editions have *Bothwell* in contempt of geography.
62. *Off Buttill tour*. So Cantab. Edin. has *Owt of Bothwell*.
- lxxiv. 216 15. *Herd thar sawis ilke dele*. So Cantab., which Hart has followed. Edin. has—
Herd ane say tharin "The Dewill!"
- 218 65. *Cuming* is from Cantab. Edin. has *presand* (present.)
- 218 76. *Wordis*, which is the reading in Cantab., is *Cowardis* in Edin.
- lxxv. 221 48. After this line in Cantab. are found two lines—
"And whan into the plas war thai
The King and his meny held vay."
Almost the same with ll. 53-54.
- lxxvi. 223 9-11. These three lines are here given altogether as in Cantab.
22. *But tarying*. In Edin. it is *But mar duelling*. In Cantab., *Without tarying*.
- 225 75-8. Edin. here gives the words of the cry, *Call all! Call all!* anticipating the narrative, l. 47 of next chapter.
- lxxvii. 226 3. *All fully*. From Edin. In Cantab. it is *Assouerit*.
8. *That samin tyme as I devis*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *In this suete tyme that I dewyss*.
- 227 28. *Dress*, from Edin., is *Drif* in Cantab.
- lxxviii. 229 29-32. These lines are from Edin. In Cantab. they are thus—
*Tharfor I think of him to red
And to schaw part of his gud ded,*

- | CAP. | P. | L. | |
|-----------|------|-------|---|
| | | | <i>And to descriſe yhou his faſſoun
With part of his condicioun.</i> |
| lxxix. | 230 | 14. | <i>ficht.</i> So in both MSS. Hart changes to <i>nicht</i> . |
| lxxx. | 231 | 3. | <i>Ane Gascoun.</i> So in Cantab. Edin. reads of <i>Gascone</i> , against the metre. Both MSS. agree in the name of <i>Sir Peris Lumbard</i> , in this place. Later, (lxxxv. p. 247, 6.) the same person is named <i>Lubant</i> in Edin., but <i>Lumbard</i> again in Cantab. |
| lxxxi. | 232 | 10. | <i>Treyn</i> , from Cantab. In Edin. it is <i>Irne</i> : very good sense, yet I think manifestly wrong. |
| | 233 | 31. | <i>That war unbandonit left tharout.</i> So in Cantab. The reading of Edin. (Jamieson, p. 200, l. 683) being unmeaning. Hart has thought it necessary to read— <i>That were unbounden, &c.</i> |
| lxxxii. | 236 | 4. | <i>Bath he and law</i> in Cantab. is <i>Be cleue and law</i> in Edin. |
| | 237 | 14. | <i>Tretit tham</i> from Cantab., which I read as a verb active, is <i>tretit than</i> in Edin. |
| lxxxiii. | 238. | 11. | <i>Throu body</i> in Edin. is <i>throu victory</i> in Cantab., which Hart follows. |
| | | 24. | This line is in Edin., <i>Or that a sege on him mysfur.</i> In Cantab., <i>Or at that sege him forfure.</i> Hart has taken part of each as here. |
| | | 25. | The name is spelt <i>Fransas, Francas, Francuss, Francoys, Francous, Frawnsois, Francois, and Frawnsoys.</i> The first spelling seems best to suit the quibbling prophecy. |
| lxxxiv. | 245 | 125. | <i>Lap fra ane berfrois on the wall.</i> So Cantab., only without <i>ane</i> . In Edin. this line is <i>Lap on bar fors fra the wall</i> , contrary to the meaning. Hart supplies the article, but did not recognise <i>Berfrois</i> —old French for a tower—from which we have the modern <i>Beffroi</i> . |
| | 246 | 164. | The French words are spelt in Cantab., <i>Gardris wous de Francois</i> ; in Edin., <i>Gardys wouuys de Fransais.</i> |
| lxxxvi. | 248 | 6. | For <i>won</i> , read <i>wonnin</i> . |
| | | 12. | For <i>wonnin</i> , read <i>won</i> . |
| | | 23. | <i>Stithly</i> is from Edin. In Cantab. it is <i>suthly</i> . |
| lxxxvii. | 251 | 34-5. | <i>Tham—tha</i> , from Edin. In Cantab. <i>ws—we.</i>
<i>We of that purpos ger tham fale.</i>
For this line, read with the MSS. and Dr. Jamieson—
<i>That we of purpos ger tham fale.</i> |
| lxxxviii. | 252 | 26. | <i>Of Duche als and of Bretanyhe</i> , from Cantab. Edin. and Hart have— <i>And of the worthyast of Bretanyhe.</i> |
| | 253 | 35. | <i>Pouty</i> from Cantab., which is followed by Hart, reading <i>Poytov</i> . Edin. has <i>Poutyne</i> . |

- CAP. P. L.
 lxxxviii. 253 37-40. These four lines are not in Edin. Cantab. has them, which Hart follows.
 45. *Intill playn male.* So in Cantab. Edin. has *in plate and maillyhe.* The distinction between the two kinds of armour, if known, was not so specific in Barbour's age.
 254 61. *Charre* from Cantab., a dissyllable. Edin. has *char*, which, not rhyming with *se* at the end of the next line, led Dr. Jamieson to suppose a line wanting (p. 218, l. 126.)
 xci. 259 13. *How we may let tham of thair purpos.*
 So in Edin. I have let slip the true reading, which is that of Cantab.—*How we may lat tham of purpos.*
 xcii. 262 2-4. These lines are from Cantab. In Edin. they run—
And rycht awise at diuis
Ordanyt his men for the fechting
In gud aray in alkein thing.
 262 9. *New Park* is from Edin. In Cantab. it is *New werk.* Hart makes it *North Park.*
 263 27. *Sonday*, from Edin. Cantab. gives *Settirday.*
 29-30. From Cantab., with which Hart nearly corresponds.
 xciii. 264 17. After this line, Hart, apparently without authority, inserts two lines—
Out of sicht of the great battalyhe
Of men of armis wicht and hardy.
 265 35. *Forout debat to the castele.* So Cantab., much better than Edin., *For to debate the castell.*
 266 62. *Cristindome.* So in Edin. Cantab. has a word which may be read *Crissidoune* or *Cassidoune.* The rest of the line is from Cantab., and better than Edin.
 267 70. *Beaute.* This is the spelling of Edin. In Cantab. it is spelt *Bepte.*
 xciv. 268 22. *Thre banrentis.* So in Cantab. In Edin., *Four lordis.* The rest of the passage, as here given, is from Cantab.
 29. *The best of all the host,* from Cantab. Edin. reads unaccountably, *Off best of ywill the ost.*
 269 40-1. These two lines, not satisfactory in Cantab. (as here printed) are still worse in Edin.
 50. *Faldin* from Cantab. In Edin. *fallyn.* "Fald" means to 'shed' or 'drop' as withered flowers. The same verb occurs again, thus spelt in Cantab., and spelt *fading* in Edin. cx. 2, p. 317.
 56. *Or tha wend.* So in Cantab., where the reading *or than end* is given alternatively on the margin. The latter is the reading of the Edin. MS.

- CAP. P. L.
 xciv. 270 76. *Schir Wilyham Dencort*. So in this place in Cantab. The name is given elsewhere by the same MS. Dancort. Edin. gives here *De Amecout*, and elsewhere *Damecourt*.
 88. Read at end of line a comma instead of a full point.
 273 158. *That of his fais sum sall it fele*. Cantab. has—
That of his fais sum sall it fele. Edin.—*That all his fayis sall it feill*. From both, the reading here given is obtained.
 xciv. 273 8. This line is from Cantab. Edin. has—*And othir alsua to tak consaill*, which Hart has changed to—*And alsua for to tak consale*.
 18. *He rad apon ane gay palfray Litill and joly*. So Cantab. Edin. has—*He raid apon a litill palfray Laucht and joly*. Hart for some unknown reason reads—*proper and joly, Himself rad on ane gray palfray*.
 274 21-2. *And on his basnet he he bar Ane hat of quyrbolle*. So in Cantab. Edin., followed by Dr. Jamieson, gives—*And on his bassinett he bar Ane hat of tyre aboune*.
 Hart, mis-reading Cantab., has printed—
And on his basnet heght he bar Ane hat with carbuncle. 'Quyrbolle' is the French "cuir bouilli," which Dr. Jamieson in his Dictionary explains "Leather greatly thickened and hardened—jacked leather" (voc "Corbuyle").
 33. *Bowschot*, from Edin., is *merkschot* in Cantab., with the same meaning.
 xcvi. 277 24. *Reling*. In both MSS. this word is *relying*, contrary to the sense. To *rele* or "reel," and *rely* to "rally," are both of frequent occurrence in Barbour. The Scribe has confounded them.
 47. *Tham*, from Hart. The MSS. have *him*.
 278 57. *Men*, omitted in both MSS., and necessary for the sense, supplied from Hart.
 59. *Hat* in Cantab. is *Wat* in Edin.
 62. *Fandit thar fais*, from Cantab. Edin. has *fadyt thair force*, contrary to the sense.
 xcvi. 280 21. *The quhethir*. The MSS. give *And quhethir*, which seems unmeaning. Hart has *And yet*—probably the right sense. Freebairn, *The where*—which may, perhaps, at some time have had the meaning of the expression commonly used by Barbour, "the whether"—"nevertheless."
 xcvi. 280 2. After this line Hart inserts four,—

- CAP. P. L. *Sayand that nouther lif nor ded
To sic discomfort suld tham led
That tha suld eschew the fichting,
In hart he had gret rejosung.
And changes the next line thus—
And till him gret gladschip can ta.*
- xcviii. 281 21. *And wreke on tham,* from Cantab. Edin. has—*And think
than on.*
30. *Ay God will ficht.* So in Edin. Cantab. has—*ilk man suld
ficht*—scarcely to be accounted among the “advantages” of
the Scots.
- 282 41-2. The first of these two lines is from Cantab. The second from
Edin. In Cantab. the latter is more rhythmical—*Stoutly
in battale for to stand.*
- 283 72. *The contrar* from Edin., is *the cuntre* in Cantab.
94. *Thar.* Jamieson here again reads *char*, which the Edin. MS.
will bear. *Thar* seems to give the sense. See above,
p. 182, l. 51.
- 284 102. *Cummerit.* So in Cantab. In Edin. *contraryit.*
103. *That the feld planly ouris be,* from Cantab. In Edin. it is
—*That the feld anerly youris be.*
- xcix. 285 20. *Tham* is from Hart. The MSS. have *all*, which Jamieson
follows, to the prejudice of the sense.
- 286 26. *Rowmand,* from Cantab. Edin. gives *Rowtand.* The former
means ‘whispering,’ the latter ‘bellowing.’
51. *Strakis,* from Cantab., is *hart* in Edin.
- 287 59. *Mak,* from Cantab., is *maid* in Edin.
71. *War passit our evirilkane
And the hard feld on hors has tane
All redy for to gif battale
Arait intill thar apparale.* These four lines are from
Cantab., only reading (with Hart) *hard* for *herll* of the
MS. Edin. compresses them into two—
*War passyt our ilkane all hale
Arayit in till thair apparail.*
- c. 287 2. *Thar mes devoutly herd tha say.* So in Cantab. *Herd* is *gert*
in Edin.
- 288 23. *Schiltrum,* nearly so spelt here and elsewhere in Edin., which
Hart follows. In Cantab. it is *Cheldrome.*
25. This line in Cantab. is—*That tha war rad till byd fichting.*
32. *And till the battale mad tham yhar.* So in Cantab. In Edin.,
followed by Hart, the line is—
Quha had bene by, nicht haf sene thar.

- | CAP. | P. | L. | |
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| | 289 | 44. | <i>Yha sekirly schir said ane knicht.</i> In Cantab. the line is <i>Yha sekirly schir than said ane knicht.</i> In Edin., <i>Ya sekyrly said a knycht.</i> Hart gives it as here printed. |
| | | 47. | <i>All the mast,</i> from Cantab. <i>It is the mast,</i> Edin. neglecting the grammar. |
| | 290 | 70. | <i>The Scottismen all full devoutly</i>
<i>Tha knelit down,</i> from Cantab. In Edin.—
<i>The Scottismen comounaly</i>
<i>Knelyt all doune.</i> Hart, giving the sense of Cantab. in other words, has— <i>The Scottismen richt reverently, &c.</i> |
| | | 78. | <i>Nocht,</i> Cantab. <i>Nane,</i> Edin. |
| | | 82. | <i>Tha sall nocht fle.</i> So in Edin. In Cantab., <i>Thar sall nane fle.</i> |
| | | 85. | <i>He</i> in Cantab. is <i>Thai</i> in Edin. |
| ci. | 291 | 12. | <i>Thar,</i> Cantab. <i>That,</i> Edin. |
| | | 15. | <i>And mony ane hardymen douchtely</i>
<i>Was thar eschevit.</i> So in Cantab. In Edin. it is—
<i>And mony hardy men and douchty</i>
<i>Was thar eschewyt</i> —quite missing the meaning. |
| cii. | 293 | 24. | <i>Power,</i> from Cantab. In Edin. it is <i>hap.</i> |
| | | 34. | <i>The,</i> which seems necessary for the sense, is not in either MS. Hart changes the phrase. |
| | 294 | 50. | <i>Wissill,</i> in Cantab., is <i>Wyssyllyt</i> in Edin. After that word both MSS. have <i>thar,</i> which Hart omits, and, as it seems, correctly. |
| ciii. | | 9. | <i>For till help him tha held thar way</i>
<i>With thar battale in gud aray.</i> The second line is found in both MSS., (Edin. only reading <i>and</i> for <i>with</i>) but has been omitted by Dr. Jamieson. |
| | 295 | 20. | <i>Flussis,</i> from Edin., is <i>fus it</i> in Cantab., and perhaps better. |
| | 296 | 48. | <i>Ony,</i> Edin. In Cantab., <i>had.</i> |
| | | 70. | <i>Strikand,</i> Cantab. Edin. has <i>Stekand.</i> |
| | | 78. | This line in Edin. is— <i>And with all thair mycht schot egrely.</i> In Cantab., <i>With all thair micht tha schot full egirly.</i> Each having a foot redundant. |
| civ. | 299 | 40. | <i>Pressit,</i> Edin. Cantab. has <i>previt.</i> |
| | | 42. | After this line, Hart gives fourteen lines, which are not in either MS., and which are merely a repetition of some of the motives to courageous exertion used before. |
| | | 51. | <i>Enkirly,</i> Cantab. In Edin., <i>Archery.</i> The body were armed with "axes." |
| | 300 | 76. | From Cantab. In Edin. the line is perhaps as good— <i>A mighty God! how douchtely.</i> |

- CAP. P. L.
- civ. 300 84. *Than*, Cantab., is *tane* in Edin.
 89. *Sall* is from Hart. The word is *suld* in both MSS. Perhaps the change was unnecessary.
 95. *Armouris and quentis that tha bar*. So in Cantab. "Quentis" (cointise O. F.) seem to be the cognizances or heraldic devices of warriors. Edin. has *Armys and quhytss*, and Dr. Jamieson translates the latter word "hats" (Dict. "quhytyss.")
- cv. 302 1. The first six lines are from Cantab., except only the word *and* after *yhemmen* (l. 5) which is found in Edin. The other readings of Edin. here are inferior.
- 303 26. *Apon tham, on tham hardely!* So in Cantab. In Edin., *Sla! sla! apon thaim hastily!*
 41. *Reling*. Both MSS. have *relying*, which is Barbour's spelling of "Rallying;" but the sense requires *reeling*, which Hart has given.
 43. *Ensenyhe* of Edin., is *Menyhe* in Cantab.
- 304 51. *Tropellis* in Cantab., *trophys* in Edin. (troops.)
- 305 84. *Then to lif schamfully and fle*. Not wholly warranted by either MS. In Cantab. it is *Than to lif her and schamfully fle*. In Edin., *Than for to lyve schamly and fley*.
 85. *Than*, to fill the rhythm, from Hart. Not in either MS.
- 306 114. *Of hors and men sa chargit was*. So in Cantab. In Edin., *Off men off hors swa stekyt was*.
- 307 150. *Knit yhou als sadly as yhe may*. From Cantab. The sense is nearly as good in Edin.—*Richt als sadly as ye may*. "Sadly" means "compactly."
- cvi. 308 12. *Schir Walter Gilbertson*. So in Edin. In Cantab., *Gilbertstoun*.
 18. *Mastry*, from Cantab. Edin. gives *mersy*.
 23. In Cantab., *Schir Moris de Berclay*. In Edin., *Schyr Mawrice the Berclay*.
- cvii. 310 5. The four lines within brackets are from Hart, which Freebairn also has followed.
 25. *Sevin*, in Cantab. In Edin., *twa*.
- 311 30. *Payn Typtot*, in Cantab. In Edin., *Payn Typont*.
- 312 57. *Schir Wilyham of Herth*. So in Cantab. In Edin., *Schyr Wilyam off Keth*. Hart has *Airth*.
- cviii. 313 23. In Cantab. the name is *Mermadak be Twng*. In Edin., *Marmeduk the Twemgue*. In record this personage occurs as "Marmaducus de Thweng" (Rotul. Scot.)
 44. *Becom* in Cantab., is *belewyt* in Edin., which Dr. Jamieson translates "delivered up," I know not on what authority.

- CAP. P. L.
- cix. 314 8. *Four scor*, from Cantab. Edin. has *twenty-four*. Hart, *sextie*.
 315 30. *Schap him*, Edin. Cantab. has *purpos*, which Hart follows.
 35. *Nocht ane stane cast*, Cantab. Edin. has *A pennystane cast*.
 42. *Tha* is from Hart.
 316 77. From Cantab. Edin. gives instead—*Stad thai war full narrowly*.
- cx. 317 2. *Fal ding*, Cantab.; *fading*, Edin.
 12. *Haf*, Edin.; *has*, Cantab.
 15. *Sevintene*, Cantab.; *few men*, Edin.
 19. This and the following line, from Cantab. Edin. has—
For on his syd the guheyle on hycht
Raiss quhen the tothyr down gan lycht.
 21 & 26. These two lines from Cantab. They are not in Edin., but Hart gives them.
 319 83. *Sex and fourty*, from Cantab., which Hart follows. Edin. gives *Fywe and fourty*.
- cx. 320 10. *Throu red of his consals preve*. Edin.
Throu consell of his folk preve. Cantab.
- 321 28. The MSS. have—*was done na chevelry*. Hart omits *done*.
- cxii. 322 9. *Erischry*, Cantab.; *Hyrser*, Edin.; *Irshry*, Hart.
 33. *In Wokingis firth arivit thai*. So Edin. Cantab. has—
In Vaveryng furth arivit thai. Hart gives *Wolyngs firth*.
- 323 47. *Besat*, Edin.; *Byset*, Cantab.
 49. *The Savagis*, Edin.; *De Sawagis*, Cantab.
 69. *Rerit*, Cantab.; *Relit*, Edin. and Hart. I am not sure how early “to rear” became a *vox signata* for the action of a horse.
- 324 100. *Forthirmar*, Cantab., followed by Hart. *Furth*, *forthyr*, in Edin.
- 325 105. *Maksulchiane*, Cantab.; *Makgullane*, Edin.; *Makgoulchane*, Hart.
 106. *Makartane*, Edin.; *Macarthane*, Hart; *Makmartane*, Cantab.
 113. *Endirwillane*, Cantab.; *Innerrmallane*, Edin.; *Endnellane*, Hart.
- 326 143. Edin., *The Breman and Wodoune*. Cantab., *The Bremayne with the Wardoune*. Hart, *The Bryane eke and the Wardane*. The same names occur afterwards (cxv. 69.)
 146. *Schir Moris le fiz Thomas*, from Edin. In Cantab. it is—
Schir Moris besy Thomas, evidently a desperate leap in the dark.
- 329 233. *Levere*, Edin.; *lewerie*, Hart; *lufre*, Cantab—the last a mere mistake.
- cxiii. 2. *Thre dais but mar*, Edin; *and mar*, Cantab.; *or mar*, Hart.

- CAP. P. L.
- cxiv. 332 13. *Odymsey*, Cantab.—the true reading. *Ydymsey*, Edin. Hart makes it *Endrossy*.
- 333 36. *Ooth*. So in Cantab., meaning, apparently, a shelter or hiding-hole. In Edin. the space for the word is left blank. Hart gives *Ane litill south*, which Jamieson adopts.
- 334 59. *Scummar*, Cantab.: *scommar*, Edin.
60. *Thomas of Dwn*, Cantab.: *Thomas of Downe*, Edin.
62. *Salit*, Edin.: *sovit* (*f. rouit*) Cantab.
- 335 90. *Schir Robert Boyd*, Edin.: *Schir Gilbert*, Cantab.
- cxv. 337 24. *Ilkane*, Edin.: *agane*, Cantab.
- 338 48. *And tham that war the toun without*, Cantab. Edin. has—
And thaim that war to cum without.
- 339 69. These names here are in Cantab., *Brioman*, *Wardwn*, and *Syr Waryn*. In Edin., *Brynrame*, *Wedoune*, and *Fyve Waryne*. See above, cxii.
76. *Schir Michel of Kilkenane*, without doubt the true reading. In Edin. it is *Schir Nycholl of Kylkenane*: In Cantab., *Schir Nycholl of Kilbranane*. Hart gives *Schir Michel of Kylcalane*.
- cxvi. 342 39. *Barellferis*. So Cantab. In Edin., *Barell ferraris*, which Dr. Jamieson derives from Fr. “ferriere,” a large leathern bottle.
49. *Stane*. Edin. has *stayne*: Cantab., *stare*. This and the following line are dropt out by Hart.
54. *Routis rid*. So Edin. Cantab. has—*voundis vyde*.
60. *Campioun*. So MSS. Hart thinks he improves it, changing to *scorpioun*!
- 343 75. Dr. Jamieson reads the *syvewarine wes takyn thar*; and says it is a corruption of “Sovereign,” a name given to the first Magistrate of towns in Ireland. The Edin. MS., however, has *Fyvevarine*, here and elsewhere, for this person, and Cantab. gives *Fizwaryne*, the true reading.
- 346 160-2. These three lines are from Cantab. *Hy*, perhaps, means a shout. In Edin. the lines are—
Schyr Eduuard wes commonaly
Callyt the King of Irland.
And quhen he hard sic thing on hand.
178. *His men*, Cantab. Edin. gives *his twelff*.
- 228-231. These four lines omitted in Cantab.
- cxvii. 349 15-18. From Cantab. The same sense somewhat better expressed than Edin.
- 350 38. *Lownit*, Cantab. Edin. has *lompnit*, which Dr. Jamieson explains “laid with trees.” Hart gives *loned*.

- CAP. P. L.
 cxviii. 352 7. *Edmond de Caliou*, Cantab. *Edmound de Cailow*, Edin.
Calhor, Hart.
 23-30. These seven lines from Cantab. They are omitted in Edin.,
 but supplied by Dr. Jamieson from Hart. The word *stale*,
 which occurs in them, and lower, l. 47, may be read *scale*.
 It seems to mean an eschelle or squadron. It occurs, spelt
steill.
 33-4. These two lines from Cantab. They have again been omitted
 by the scribe of Edin., misled by '*omoioleuton*.'
 353 48. From Cantab. In Edin. this line is—*The Douglas saw thair*
lump all hale, which Hart follows.
 57. *Lat ilk man on his luf than mene*, from Cantab. Edin. gives—
Lat ilkane on his leman mene. Hart strangely reads—*of*
his lif than mene.
 359 228. *Contenans*, Cantab.: *wansement* (or *awansement*) Edin.
 cxix. 360 12-13. These two lines missed in Edin. and omitted by Hart.
 17. *Grewit*, Cantab.: *growit*, Edin., meaning 'to make shudder.'
 cxx. 362 13. *Furthwardis*, Cantab. Edin. has *southwart*.
 14. Edin. has—*And sone ar passit* —, leaving a blank for a word
 not understood. Dr. Jamieson has filled the blank from
 Hart, *evirilkane*. Cantab. gives *Endirwillane*, very legible.
 363 25. *Furthward*, Cantab.: *southwart*, Edin.
 30. *Irland*, Edin.: *Inglan*d, Cantab.
 31. From Cantab. In Edin. thus—*assemblit he*
Bath burges and chewalry
And hobilleris and yhumanry.
 364 63. This line in Cantab. is—*That thai weill ner swm power had*.
 365 86. *Amesit*, Edin.: *avisit*, Cantab. Dr. Jamieson explains *amesit*
 mitigated, appeased.
 366 136. *Tuenty*, Cantab.: *thretty*, Edin.
 367 161-4. These lines are not in Edin., but Hart gives them with
 slight variation from Cantab.
 368 188. *Fellit to fet*, Cantab.: *lossyt the suet*, Edin.
 cxxi. 369 22. *Warning*, Cantab.: *obstakill*, Edin.
 26. *Furthwardis*, Cantab.: *southwart*, Edin.
 370 27. *South*, Cantab.: *rycht*, Edin.
Lynrik. Edin. has *Kynrike*: Cantab. *Lwnyk*. Hart reads
Lynrik. The place intended is Limerick.
 36. *Childryn*, Cantab.: *childill*, Edin.
 371 57. *Connach*, Edin.: *conagis*, Cantab.
 58. *All Meth*: in Cantab, *Almyth*: in Edin., *All Methy*. Hart
 gives *All Mich*.

- CAP. P. L.
- cxxi. 371 58. *Irell* from Cantab.: in Edin. *Ireby*. Hart gives *Irrelle*.
- cxxii. 372 6. *Lyntounle*, Cantab.: *Lyntaile*, Edin.
- 374 61. *Hald tham thar*, Cantab. *Sow tham sar*, Edin.
- 376 127. *Entremas*, Cantab.: in Edin., *eftremas*.
128. *Surchargis*: in Edin., *sowrchargis*: in Cantab., *suchargis*.
Hart makes it *subcharge*.
- cxxiii. 13-16. These lines not in Edin. Dr. Jamieson has given them from Hart.
- cxxv. 385 49. *Redis Swyr*, Cantab. Edin. has *the Red Swyr*.
- 386 81. This line in Edin. is—*Ane othyr lettre suld writtyn be*, affording no meaning. In Cantab.—*Ane or othir suld wrethit be*. Hart gives the line as here printed, and, I think, as Barbour wrote it, while it differs only in one syllable from Cantab. Freebairn gives—*One another should witting be*.
- cxxvi. 393 58. *Trewit he*, Cantab., which Hart modernises into *trewis tuk he*. Edin. has—*tholit he*.
66. *Burges*, Cantab. In Edin. *Burdowys*, which Dr. Jamieson explains "club-men."
- cxxvii. 394 7-11. The MSS. here agree in confusing the counsel of the King with his acts. I have not thought it allowable to correct the readings conjecturally.
18. *And thocht all suth for gret foly*. Edin. has—*Thought all Scottis for gret foly*. In Cantab. the middle letter of the word *s.th* is blotted. It may have been *suth* or *such*—assuredly not *Scottis*. Hart cuts the knot, printing *forsuth*. It must be confessed none of the readings is satisfactory.
- 395 25. *Of Longcastell the Erl Thomas*. Cantab. gives *Lacister*, the Scribe having copied from "Lancaster," and without observing the *n* superscribed.
- 396 59. *Allye*, Cantab.: *elye*, Edin.
- cxxviii. 399 93. *Rek*, Cantab (reach) *reych*, Edin.
94. In Edin.—*Foroucht thai mycht gud or ill*.
- cxxix. 407 45. This line is in Edin.—*Had mad tham for defending*: in Cantab.—*Had mad tham for thar assaling*, which Hart follows.
63. *Skunnerit*, Cantab.: *scounryt*, Edin.
- 409 101. *Gentilly*, Edin. In Cantab. it may be read *jinctly*, *jinttly*, *juntly*, or as here printed.
- cxxx. 108. *Summer*, Cantab.: Edin., *Sower*.
110. *He*, Cantab.: *it*, Edin.
- 410 133. In Cantab.—*Sum ded dosnit sum ded vyndland*.
- cxxxi. 412 4. *Mate* (weary) Cantab.: *mad*, Edin.
- 413 19. *Wikkitly*, Cantab.: *utrelly*, Edin.: *cruelly*, Hart.

- CAP. P. L.
- cxv. 413 33. From Cantab.: in Edin.—*Arrowys and stanys nane slayn war.*
 414 66-7. *South . . . northir.* So in Edin. Cantab. has *North . . . Southren*, which Hart follows, but the inclination was the King's, not the Earl's.
- cxvii. 419 64. *To tell the king*, Cantab.: *to tell tithing*, Edin.
 72. *Fiften hundreth*, Cantab.: *fiften thousand*, Edin.
 421 127 *Twenty thousand*, Edin.: *fourty*, Edin.: *thretty*, Hart.
 131. *Fourty thousand*, Edin. and Cantab. Hart has *thretty*.
 422 168. *Strekkit*, Cantab. (stretched): *stickit*, Edin.
- cxviii. 424 8. *Outraying*, Cantab.: *owtrayng*, Edin. The meaning is "destruction."
- cxix. 437 65. Cantab. has *kow* throughout: Edin., *bule*.
 73. *Bef*, Cantab.: *best*, Edin.
 121-2. From Cantab. In Edin. these two lines are—
That conwoyit thaim agayn rudly
And warnyt planly herbery.
- cx. 431 56-7. From Cantab. In Edin.—
The king said than till him agayn
Do than, quhar mychty God the speil.
 64. Cantab., *thre*: Edin., *four*. Hart gives *few*, which I have ventured to follow.
 432 72. *Hamlyly*, Edin.: *full humylly*, Cantab., and, perhaps, better. Hart gives *honorably*.
 77. *Thomas Arthy*, Cantab.: *Auchtre*, Edin.: *Thomas of Struthers*, Hart.
 85. *Arrowis*, Cantab.: *Harnis*, Edin.
 91. *Up till his hors*, Edin.: in Cantab., *richt til his host*.
- cxvi. 433 14. From Cantab. In Edin. this line is—
Than mycht men se thaim stoutly ga.
 15-18. These four lines are not in Cantab. *Clymb* and *leve* of Edin. are changed by Hart to *clam* and *left*, in accordance with the reading of l. 14. Hart, for *all gat*, gives *as gutis*.
 21-24. Hart omits these four lines, which, indeed, seem a new version of the preceding. They are found in both MSS.
 434 36. *The lord of Souly*, Cantab.: *the lord the Sule*, Edin.: *of Sowllie*, Hart.
 48. *Quytly*, Cantab. Edin. has *quitly*, which Hart and Dr. Jamieson read "quickly."
 435 62. *Riveus*, Cantab.: *Ryfuowis*, Edin.: *Rewes*, Hart. Rievaulx Abbey.
 72. *Disdane*, Cantab. Edin. has *engage*.
- cxvii. 437 15 25. Much of these omitted in Cantab., which gives—

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*Tha knelit and thankit him gretly
Of the gras he tham did suthly
And he gert tret tham curtasly.
Freendis he coude resair hamely
And his fais stoutly till stonay.*

- cxxxvii. 437 33. *Wald.* So in both MSS. Hart reads *wall*.
 cxxxviii. 438 16. *Maleherbe*, Edin.: *Mayle Erll*, Cantab.
 19. *Schir David the Brechyn*, Cantab. Edin. has *Schyr Dawy off Breichyn*.
 441 94. *Anoyis*, Cantab.: *Amowis*, Edin.
 106. *Feloun*, Cantab.: *Welanys*, Edin.
 cxxxix. 443 15. *Merring*, Cantab.: *nethring*, Edin.: *hurting*, Hart.
 444 50. *Thretten*, Cantab.: *aucht*, Edin.
 cxli. 447 19. *Bruderys*, Edin.: *Brothir*, Cantab.: *Brandane*, Hart.
 450 110. This line is from Cantab. In Edin. it is—
Thai ger thaim cum apon thaim doun.
 130. *Endlang*, Cantab.: in Edin., *lingand*.
 xli. 451 149-50. These two lines from Cantab.; not in Edin., which spoils the sense by joining *thar was* to *chasyt*. Erskyn was the pursuer, not the pursued.
 cxlii. 454 55. *Degyse*, from Cantab. The space for this word is left blank in Edin. Hart has supplied *tragedie*, which Dr. Jamieson has followed without consideration.
 cxliii. 455 15. *Nichtirdale*, Cantab.: *Nichtirtale*, Edin. The derivation given in Jamieson's Dictionary favours the former spelling.
 17. Both MSS. have *mar*. Hart, not satisfied with that sense, has substituted *yhar*.
 457 60-3. These lines not in Cantab.
 73. Both MSS. have *fyr sid*. Hart gives *said*, which is evidently right.
 458 86. *And mony palyheounis doun tha drew*. So Cantab. Edin. has—*And palyheounis doun yarne tha drew*. Dr. Jamieson gives a meaning to *yarne* in his Dictionary, showing, perhaps, the danger of an Editor being also a Dictionary maker.
 460 163. *Foray*, Cantab. Edin., *ferrar*.
 cxliv. 464 23. *A lang mile*, Cantab.: *two mile lang*, Edin.
 26. After this line Hart gives four, for which he may have had good authority, though they are not in either of the extant MSS.:—
*But flaikis in the wood they maile
Of wands, and them with them had:
And sykes therewith brigged they
And so had well their horse away.*

- CAP. P. L.
- cxliv. 465 58. *Twenty thousand*, Cantab. Edin. has *ten thousand*.
 60. This line from Cantab. Edin. has—*Of the Merse*: Hart, *Of Stratherne*. He did not know even by name the once great earldom of the Dunbars.
- cxlv. 467 14. *Apert assaltis mad tha thar*. Edin. has—*Apert escheoris*. Cantab.—*Part of assaltis*, which Hart follows.
 469 73, 75. *Male es* (malaise) from Cantab. Edin. has *malice*.
 75. *Ane fundying*, Cantab., *enfundeyng*.
 470 107. *Men nicht se*, Cantab.: *men thurst se*, Edin.
 471 130. *Manrent*, Cantab. Edin., *Manredyn*.
- cxlvi. 474 58-63. These six lines, from Cantab, omitted in Edin., where the Scribe has been misled by the word *Douglas* ending line 57, and also line 63.
- cxlvii. 476 35. *Fais*, Cantab.: *nichtbouris*, Edin.
 477 47-60. The eight lines which here, as in Cantab., end the chapter, are in Edin. placed before the six lines which here precede them, injuring the sense.
- cxlviii. 478 33. *Sevill*. In Cantab. *Sevell*: Edin, *Sabill*: Hart., *Sibille*.
 479 40. *The King alsone*. So the MSS. Hart gives *King Alphons*, which Freebairn follows.
 480 98. *For till manyhe*, from Cantab. The space for the last word is blank in Edin. Dr. Jamieson, following Hart, has supplied *demainye*.
 481 122. After this line Hart adds—
 “But ere they joyned in battell,
 What the Dowglas did I shall you tell.
 The Bruce’s heart than on his brest
 Was hinging, in the field he kest
 Upon a stone-cast and well more before,
 And said, ‘Now passe thou foorth before
 As thou was wont in field to bee,
 And I shall follow or else die.’
 And so hee did withoutten ho,
 He faught even while he came it to
 And took it up in greit daintie;
 And ever in field thus used hee.”
 These lines are not in either of the extant MSS. Pinkerton thinks them genuine; and Dr. Jamieson, in support of that opinion, quotes “*the Houlate*” (II., 14, 15) which contains the same story of Bruce’s heart, and was written about eighty years after Barbour’s poem.
- cxlix. 484. 11, 12. These lines are ordered here as in Hart. In the MSS. they are transposed.

- CAP. P. L.
 cxlix. 484 17. *Mischef*, Cantab.: Edin. has *malice*: Hart, *dises*, all meaning the same.
 20-5. These six lines from Edin., not in Cantab.
 485 35. *Swet*, Edin.: *stout*, Cantab.
 48. *Lufit tresoun*, as in MSS. Hart and Freebairn give *Hatit tresoun*.
 59. *Potatioune* in both MSS. Dr. Jamieson, without even Hart's authority, has substituted *potioun*.
 486 68-70. From Cantab. In Edin. thus:--
 I sall the get a warysoun
 Ga to Pyrrus: and lat him do
 Qhat ewir him lyis on hart thar to.
 92. *Strangis*, Cantab.: *strang*, Edin.
 487 95. *Seth*, Cantab.: *scher*, Edin.
 cl. 488 14, 15. *Power*, Edin. Cantab. has *pure*; and *law* in the next line where Edin. has *lave*.
 29. From Cantab. In Edin.--*Bring us hey till his mehill blis.*

77

N O T E S.

p. 4, *l.* 2. Andrew of Wyntown quotes this whole chapter, with thirty-six lines at the beginning of cap. III.; also chapter IV., l. 9-37; only correcting his author by distinguishing the three generations of Bruces, whom Barbour runs into one, and stopping as if careful to avoid the noble apostrophe to freedom. It may be observed that the MS. of Wyntown used by Macpherson (Royal Library, British Museum, 16 (or 17) D. xx.*) is undoubtedly of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and thus affords the means of comparing Ramsay's transcripts of Barbour with one at least half a century earlier. The change is exceedingly slight.—*Wyntown Cronykil*, VIII., ii., and xviii.

p. 8, *l.* 20. "Gif thou will had in chef of me

I sall do sa thou sall be king."

In making Edward offer the crown to Bruce, and Bruce reject it—"bot gif it fall of richt to me," the poet only follows the tradition of his time. Fordun tells the same story.

p. 19, *l.* 20. "Tha war lik to the Machabeis."

The middle age writers were fond of the Maccabees. Judas Maccabeus was numbered among the Nine Worthies. Fordun

* Innes refers to it by the former, M'Pherson by the latter number.

likens Bruce to him in a higher strain of feeling than he usually shows—"Misericors Deus Scottorum miseriis continuis clamoribus compassus et doloribus solito more paternæ pietatis suscitavit eis salvatorem et propugnatorem, unum scilicet de suis confratribus nomine Robertum de Bruce, qui eos in lacu miseræ prostratos et omni spe salutis et auxilii totaliter destitutos videns . . . tanquam alter Machabeus manum mittens ad fortia pro fratribus liberandis, innumeros et importabiles diei oestus frigoris et famis in terra et in mari subiit labores . . . inedias et pericula lætanter amplectando."—*Scotichron*, XII., 4.

p. 25, l. 57-60 "And thartill into burch draw I myn heritage."

"Sen he in burch his landis dreuch."

'Burch' or 'Borgh' is a pledge, and to 'draw in burch' was the technical phrase for finding caution to stand as pursuer or defender in a suit at law.

p. 27, l. 44. 'That gaf na gerth to the awter.'

i. e. 'Who did not respect the sanctity of the altar.' "Girth" is the place of sanctuary, and also (as here) the privilege of sanctuary, which was inherent in every church, though held more sacred and enforced by more solemn sanctions in particular places.

p. 32, l. 5. And syn to Scone in hy rad he
And was mad king.

Bruce was crowned at Scone on the Feast of the Annunciation, 27th March, 1306. Robert Wischard, Bishop of Glasgow, who had previously given him absolution for the slaughter of Cumyn, now prepared in his own wardrobe the robes of state for his coronation, and produced for the solemnity from his treasury, where it had long lain concealed, a banner of the arms of the late king, Alexander III.*

The crown was placed on the new king's head by the Countess

* Palgrave Scotch Documents, p. 346.

of Buchan, apparently* a lady of the house of the Earls of Fife, to whom that honour belonged hereditarily. The crown itself we hear of accidentally, when, a year afterwards, a writ of pardon passed the Great Seal of England in favour of Geoffrey of Coigners—"de eo quod detinuit et concealavit quandam coronettam auream cum qua Robertus le Brus rebellis Regis fecit se coronari," dated at Carlisle, 20 Mar., 15, Edw. I.—*Patent Rolls*.

p. 33, l. 25. "Out of his wit he went wele ner
And callit till him Schir Amer
The Vallanch."

Lord Hailes observes that "the letters patent to Pembroke are drawn up in an enraged and vindictive style." Edward's ferocity, which is not the mere creation of the poet, was caused without doubt partly by the weight of years and disease rendering him unfit to meet the never-ending opposition of the Scots.

"Schir Amer the Vallanch"—"Odomarus de Valance" of Fordun—"Eymer de Valoins" of the Norman chroniclers—"Adomarus de Valencia" of the English records—Earl of Pembroke and near kinsman to the King of England, a faithful servant of his sovereign, and, as such, odious to the Scots; but Barbour shows him as the honourable, brave knight, able to appreciate knightly qualities in his adversaries.

p. 40, l. 60. "Schir Thomas Randol thar was tane
That than was ane young bachelor,
And Schir Alexander Fraser," &c.

Thomas of Randolph, Bruce's nephew, here taken prisoner, was pardoned on the request of Adam of Gordon, and "continued English" (*demora Engles*^b) till he was again taken prisoner by Douglas and brought to his duty.

Barbour does not inform us of the capture of Sir Simon Fraser, which, however, made more noise in England than his brother Sir

* The English chroniclers, whom Hailes follows, ascribe the bold act to Isobel, sister of the young Earl of Fife, wife of John Cumyn, Earl of Buchan. The author of the *Scala*

Cronica says, the Countess acted for her son, who had the right, failing the Earl of Fife.

^b *Scala Cron.*, p. 131.

Alexander's. An English contemporary ballad, not of great merit, takes his execution for its chief subject, but has some verses of more interest :—

"Thourh counsall of thes blisshopes y-nemmed byfore
 Sir Robert the Bruytz furst kyng was y-core
 He mai everuche day ys fon him se byfore
 Gef hee mowen him hente, ichot he blith forlore
 Sauntz fayle.
 Soht for te sugge
 Duere he shal abugge
 That he bigon batayle.
 Hii that him crownede, proude were ant holde
 Hii maden kyng of somere, so hii ner ne sholde
 Hii setten on ys heved a crowne of rede golde
 And token him a kyne-yerde so me kyng sholde
 To deme
 Tho he wes set in see
 Lutel god couthe he
 Kyne-riche to yeme.
 Now Kyng Hobbe in the mures gongeth
 For te come to toune nout him ne longeth
 The barouns of Engelond, myhte hue him gripe
 He him wolde techen on Englysshe to pype.
 Sire Edward of Carnarvan Jesu him save ant see !
 Sire Emer de Valence, gentil knyht ant free
 Habbeth y-suore huere oht that par la grace Dee
 Hee wollith ous delyvren of that false contree
 Gef hii conne.

The subject of the ballad was taken at "Kyrkenclif, beside Stirling," before Saint Bartholomew's masse (Aug. 24.) He was brought in chains to London, and, with reproach and derision, executed, to the great triumph of the ballad-writer, who concludes thus :—

"The traytours of Scotland token hem to rede
 The barouns of Engelond to brynge to dede;
 Charles of Fraunce, so moni mon tolde
 With myht ant with streynthe hem helpe wolde;
 His thonkes!
 Tprot Scot for thi strif!
 Hang up thyn hachet ant thi knyf
 Whil him lasteth the lyf
 with the longe shonkes." *

* Wright's Political Songs of England, p. 212.

p. 195, l. 108. "And till the Slevach held thar way."

The conjecture of D. Macpherson, followed by Tytler, that Slains was the place of the King's retreat, in itself extremely improbable, as being in the middle of the Cumins' territories, is exploded by the more accurate investigations of recent inquirers. In an early publication (*Book of Bon-accord*, p. 355) Mr. Joseph Robertson, already co-operating with Mr. John Stuart, both subsequently to be the illustrators of northern history, had showed cause to believe that the place meant is the "Slioch," in the parish of Drumblate, in the Garioch, in the midst of Bruce's hereditary possessions. In support of his opinion, Mr. Robertson afterwards quoted an anonymous authority, which should not have been unknown to D. Macpherson—"In this paroch (Drumblate) is the park of Sliach, noted for being the place where King Robert Bruce encamped in his sickness before the battle of Old Meldrum, where he defeat the Cummins." *Collections on the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff*, p. 476.

p. 260, l. 2-6. "And methink that richt spedfull war

To gang on fut to this fechtig."

The change of warfare thus slightly noticed by Barbour was of infinite importance to the fortunes of Scotland. Thomas Gray, the author of the *Scala Cronica*, who was himself in the battle, tells us that the Scots took example of the Flemings, that, on foot, a little before, had discomfited the power of France at Courtray; and at sun-rise they issued from the wood in three battles *on foot*, and held their way stoutly towards the English host, who had passed the night under arms, with their horses saddled and bridled, and who now mounted in great fear, for they had never been used to dismount to combat on foot.* This was the strategy which gave Bruce the victory, and not the "pots," nor the army of camp followers, nor the other tricks, like Hannibal's vinegar, to which the popular mind loves to attribute such great success. Gray's account of the matter is assuredly true. The Swiss, afterwards the best infantry of Europe, and who so long formed

* *Scala Cronica*, p. 142.

its chief mercenary force, were not yet heard of beyond their mountains; but, just twelve years before Bannockburn, the burghers of Bruges, warlike no doubt from their habitual resistance of the exactions of their lords, and well armed from their wealth,^a but altogether a force of infantry, withstood the shock of the best chivalry of France at Courtray, where the number of gilt spurs of knights rivalled the cargo of rings sent from Cannæ. After the success at Bannockburn, the Scots continued preeminently a nation of foot soldiers. The borderers, indeed, mounted on the active nags of their glens, having their store of provisions for many days slung at their saddle bows, formed an efficient light cavalry, admirable for driving a prey, and for annoying an enemy; but the strength of the battle was in the spearmen. The Scotch spear was six elns long, or five elns "before the burr" "of a clyft," that is, of one piece, a length which, at least in later times, obliged the spear staves to be drawn from foreign countries. A fully armed Scotch soldier had one of these formidable pikes, an axe, with a knife for finishing the work which these might leave imperfect, and a large shield of hide, "to resist the shot of England."

p. 291, l. 9. "Sa that at the assemble thar

Sic ane frusching of speris war

That fer away men nicht it her."

Here is the Lanercost chronicler's account of this charge, as told him by a trust-worthy person, "qui fuit presens et vidit." I will not venture to translate it.

"Quando vero ambo exercitus se mutuo conjunxerunt et magni equi Anglorum irruerunt in lanceas Scottorum sicut in unam densam sylvam, factus est sonus maximus et horribilis ex lanceis fractis et ex dextrariis vulneratis ad mortem; et sic steterunt in pace ad tempus. Anglici autem sequentes non potuerunt attingere ad Scottos . . . et ideo nihil restabat nisi ordinare de fuga."

—p. 225.

^a When Joan of Navarre (wife of Phillip le Bel, King of France) visited Bruges in 1302, she was astonished at the opulence displayed by the burghesses. "I had imagined," she

said, "I was the only queen here, but I find more than 600 women in this city who queen it in apparel as sumptuous as mine"

p. 322, l. 33. "In Wokingis firth arivit tha."

This name has disappeared, if it ever existed—"Apud Glondonne appulit classis Scotiæ," says Grace, "quam duxit Edouardus Brus frater Roberti regis et cum eo comes de Morrey, Johannes Mentieth, Johannes Steward, Johannes Cambel, Thomas Candiff, Fergus Ardressam, Johannes de Bosco, Johannes Bisset," p. 62. The Irishman is as careless of Scotch names as Barbour of the Irish; and even the "Glondonne" of his own country is as little known as "Wokingis firth." Olderfleet, which is the name for Larue Harbour in books and maps of the seventeenth century, is set down by Lodge, a diligent writer, as the place of Bruce's disembarkation. (*Peerage, Athenry*.)

p. 323, l. 47. "Mandwell, Besat, and Logane,
Thar men assemblit evirilkane;
The Savagis was alsua thar."

The Mandevilles were lords of the barony of Dufferin.

After the murder of Patrick, Earl of Athol, at Haddington in 1242, the Bissets, then a numerous and powerful family, fled from Scotland and took refuge in the Glynns of Antrim, where they obtained a settlement under the De Burghs, Earls of Ulster. The Macdonnells of Antrim are said to owe their possessions there to a marriage with the heiress of the Bissets.

The Logans were considerable proprietors in the North of Ireland; and two parishes in the Diocese of Connor had the names respectively of *Ecclesia villæ Hugonis de Logan*, and *Ecclesia villæ Walteri de Logan*, now Templepatrick and Ballywalter. (*Dr. Reeves's Down and Connor*.)

The Savages had the manors of Rathmore, Duntorsy, and others, in Ulster. A townland in the parish of Donegore, called Ballysavage, preserves this family name. They are lineally represented by Mr. Nugent of Portaferry in the Ards. (*Dr. Reeves's Down and Connor*.)

p. 324, l. 100. "Of the kingis of that cuntre
Thar com till him and mad fewte
Wele ten or tuelf, as I herd say,
Bot tha held him schort quhile thar fay."

Of the Reguli of Uladh or Ulster, see Reeves's *Down and Connor*, p. 364-9. One no doubt was that Douenaldus Oneyl Rex Ultoniæ, and claiming yet higher style, who was the head of the Cinel Owen, or Tyrone Oneills, from 1283 to 1325, and who is known to us from the remarkable appeal which he made to the Pope, in the name of the whole Irish people, against the dreadful oppression of the English in 1318. (*Fordun*, xii. 26.)

Edward Bruce did not succeed in attaching the Irishry any more than the English had done. O'Neil complained, that, in the court and presence of a noble lord, Edward de Bruce, Earl of Carrick, a malignant friar, brother to the Bishop of Connor, uttered such impudent words as these—"that it was no sin to slay an Irishman, and, if he should himself happen to do so, he would still feel free to celebrate mass." (*Fordun*, xii. 30.) It seemed to be a custom for churchmen to put on armour and sally forth and slay the native Irish!

p. 325, l. 105. "For twa of thame, ane Maksulchiane
And ane othir hat Makartane."

The uncouth name in the first line is not Mac Quillan of 'the Route' as has been conjectured, but Mac Coolechan of Clann-brassil—"a very fast country of wood and bogg."

"The principal seat of the Mac Cartanes, says Harris, was at a place called Annadorn, on an eminence, near which, now called *Castle-Hill*, it stood." It is in the parish of Loughin-island. (*Reeves's Down and Connor*.)

p. 325, l. 113. "Men callis that plas Endirwillane."

Dr. Reeves believes this to be an old garbled name for that pass, known later as *Bealach an Maghre*, or Moyry Pass. It was on the old road, indeed the only passable one, from Leinster to Ulster, and was always regarded as a place of extreme importance. It is in the parish of Killeavy, county of Armagh, but only a few perches from the boundary of Lowth. A small square castle in ruins still marks the place. Grace relates (a. 1343) how the Justiciary of Ireland going into Ulster, "suffered great loss from Mac Cartan in the pass of Emerdullam, having lost his clothes, his

money, his vessels of silver, and some of his horses, and also some of his men, yet by the help of the men of Uriel (Lowth) he at last made his escape into Ulster." It was evidently the favourite pass for Mac Cartan and his light friends to waylay a regular army whether going to or from Ulster.

p. 325, *l.* 133. "At Kilsagart Schir Eduard lay."

About a quarter of a mile from Moiry Castle is Kilnasaggart, where there are traces of a cemetery, and a curious tall stone monument in memory of Ternohc Mac Ceran.

p. 326, *l.* 135. "At Dundalk was assemble
Mad of the lordis of that cuntre."

Dundalk was within the pale, and a strong hold of the Anglo-Irish in those days.

p. 326, *l.* 138. . . . "Schir Richard of Clar
That in all Irland was luftenand."

Barbour everywhere calls Richard de Clare the King's Lieutenant. Edmund Butler was Justiciary. Richard Clare, however, was one of the chiefs of the English party in Ireland.

p. 326, *l.* 143. "The Breman with the Wardoun."

"Breman" is plainly Bermingham. "Wardoun" is Verdon.

p. 330, *l.* 14. "Kilros it hat."

'Kilros' (Cell-rois of Adamnan) is now Magheross, or Carrickmacross. The territory of Ros (lying south-west of Dundalk) comprehended the southern part of the barony of Farney in Co. Monaghan, part of the barony of Slane in Meath, and a little of Cavan.

p. 332, *l.* 13. "Toward Odymsey syn tha rad."

O-Dempsey was the name of the hereditary lords of Clanma-liere, a territory on either side of the Barrow, comprising the baronies of Portnahinch in Queen's County, and Upper Philipstown in King's County.

p. 333, *l.* 21. "Ane gret river he gert him pass.
Probably the Barrow.

p. 334, *l.* 53. "And tha betuix riveris twa
War set."
Apparently the Ban and the Foyle, eastward of Londonderry.

p. 334, *l.* 55. "The Ban that is ane arm of se
That with hors may nocht passit be,
Was betuix tham and Ullister."
Ulster is here used in its limited acceptation, as including only the counties of Antrim and Down. The English had built a bridge over the lower Bann at Coleraine in 1248 (An. Four Masters) which had been broken down by Bruce to prevent the pursuit of the Earl of Ulster (An. of Clonmacnoise).

p. 335, *l.* 78, &c. "The toun of Coigneris,"
called afterwards "the City," is Connor, the seat of the Bishop, now a poor village, which the neighbours still call "Con-ye." Grace and Pembridge relate that on this occasion the Bishop fled to the Castle of Carrickfergus.

p. 339, *l.* 76. "Ane
Hat Schir Michel of Kilkenane."
Kilkenane was, before the Reformation, a church and parish in Island Magee in the county of Antrim. In 1310, Michael of Kylkenan was summoned to a parliament at Kilkenny. (Cal. Canc. Hib.)

p. 370, *l.* 55. "Throw all Irland thus passit tha."
The mischief inflicted by the Scotch invasion of Ireland was dreadful, and not confined to the temporary damage of an army passing through a country, which, perhaps, of necessity destroys growing corn and cattle. In the Red Book of Ossory are two taxations of the Diocese, one of them Pope Nicholas's (c. 1293) the other is titled "Nova Taxatio Episcopatus Ossoriensis post guerram Scotorum." The following taxations of the Deanries serve

to show the depreciation of property (as our own early *Retours* show the miserable poverty of Scotland after the War of Independence, in contrast with the prosperity, *tempore pacis*, in the days of good King Alexander).

Deanries.	Tax. c. 1298. Decimæ.		Tax. post Guerr. Decimæ.
Kenlys,	£22 12 0	...	£10 3 4
Obargoin,	6 0 4½	...	1 11 0
Overk,	7 9 1	...	2 11 2
Kilkenny,	9 4 7½	...	1 7 0
Claragh,	11 0 7½	...	4 9 8
Siller,	6 4 8	...	2 19 4
Aghthour,	6 17 0	...	2 14 8
Odogh,	11 4 4½	...	5 9 8
Aghebo,	13 0 0	...	1 16 0
Bishop and rel. houses,	30 17 10½	...	25 11 6½
Sum,	104 18 5½	...	58 13 4½

p. 371, l. 58. Throu all Meth and Irell.

Uriel was the district now comprised in the counties of Louth and Monaghan. It joined Meath on the north-east, and through it lay the road northward.

p. 372, l. 13. Ane Erl men callit Schir Thomas.

p. 375, l. 85. The Richmond born down thar was.

He was no "Earl," but Sir Thomas of Richmond, a knight of Yorkshire: "En meisme le temps le roy Dengleterre envoya le count de Aroundel chevetayn sur la marche Descoce qi fust rebukez a Lintelly en la forest de Jedeworth par James de Douglas, et, mort Thomas de Richemond, le dit count se retrey devers le sew saunz plus faire.—*Scala Cronica*, p. 143.

p. 415, l. 83. Men said syn eftir this Thomas
That on this wis mad martyr was
Was sanctit and gud mirakillis did.

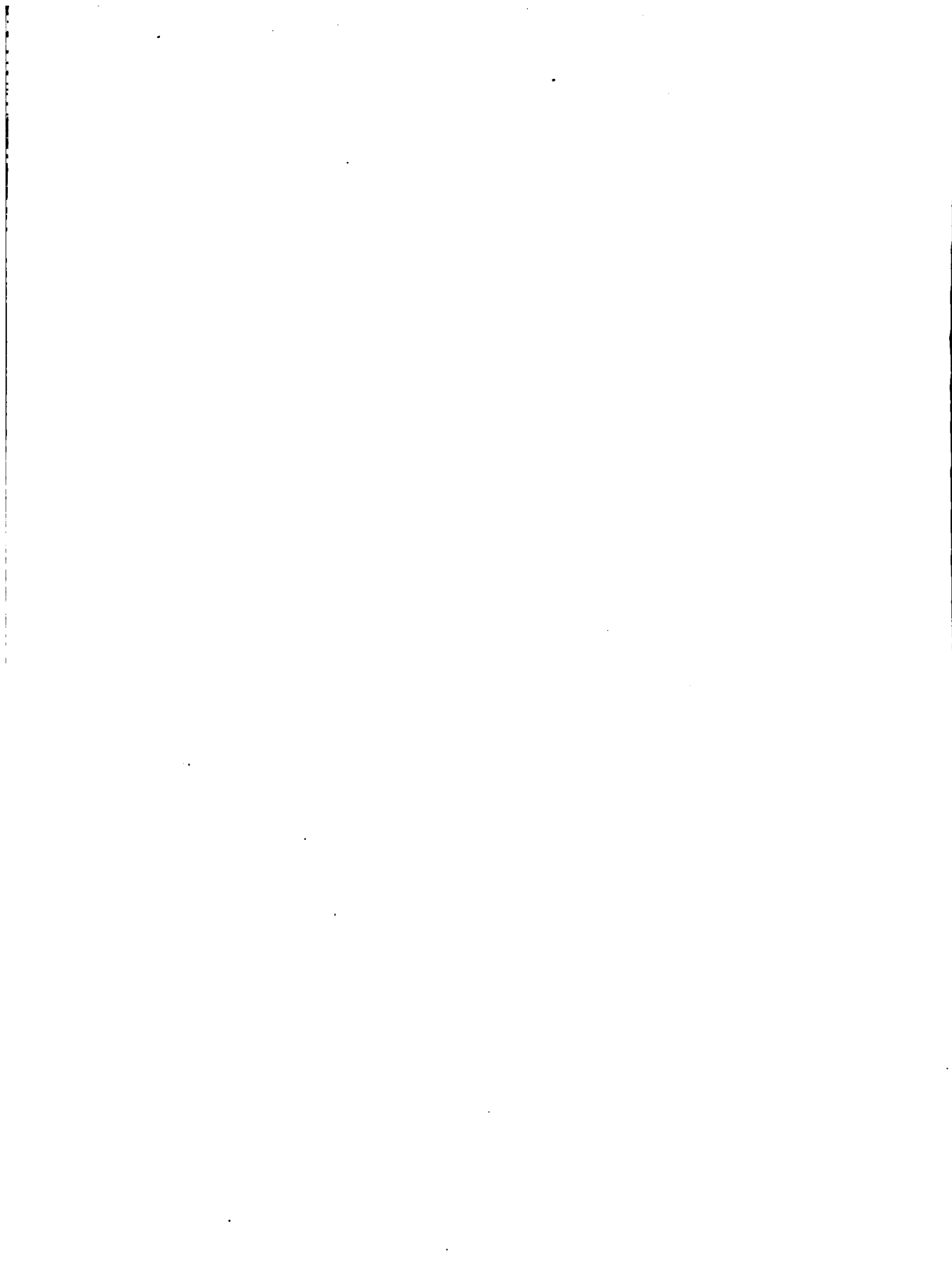
Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the popular leader, executed by his cousin, the unlucky Edward II., was soon canonized by the people's favour, and a regular office was instituted to commemorate him, like other popular English martyrs from Thomas of Canterbury and Simon de Montfort downwards.—*Political Songs of England*, p. 268.

p. 467, l. 22. And till tham that war with him thar
 The landis of Northumberland
 That nest to Scotland war lyand
 In fe and heritage gaf he.

It was not only to his Scotch followers that Bruce gave Northumbrian lands. Nothing serves better to mark his success and great ascendancy than the number of native lords of Northumberland and the Bishoprick who now professed adherence to him, and whose subsequent forfeiture for that cause appears in the English records.—*Patent Rolls, &c.*

p. 477, l. 59. And him solemnly erdit syn
 In ane far tumb intill the quer.

The expenses of Bruce's funerals are very minutely recorded in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland. The marble tomb was brought from Paris. A large part of it must have been gilded, if we are to judge from the quantity of leaf gold (*foliorum aureorum*) entered among the articles purchased.



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